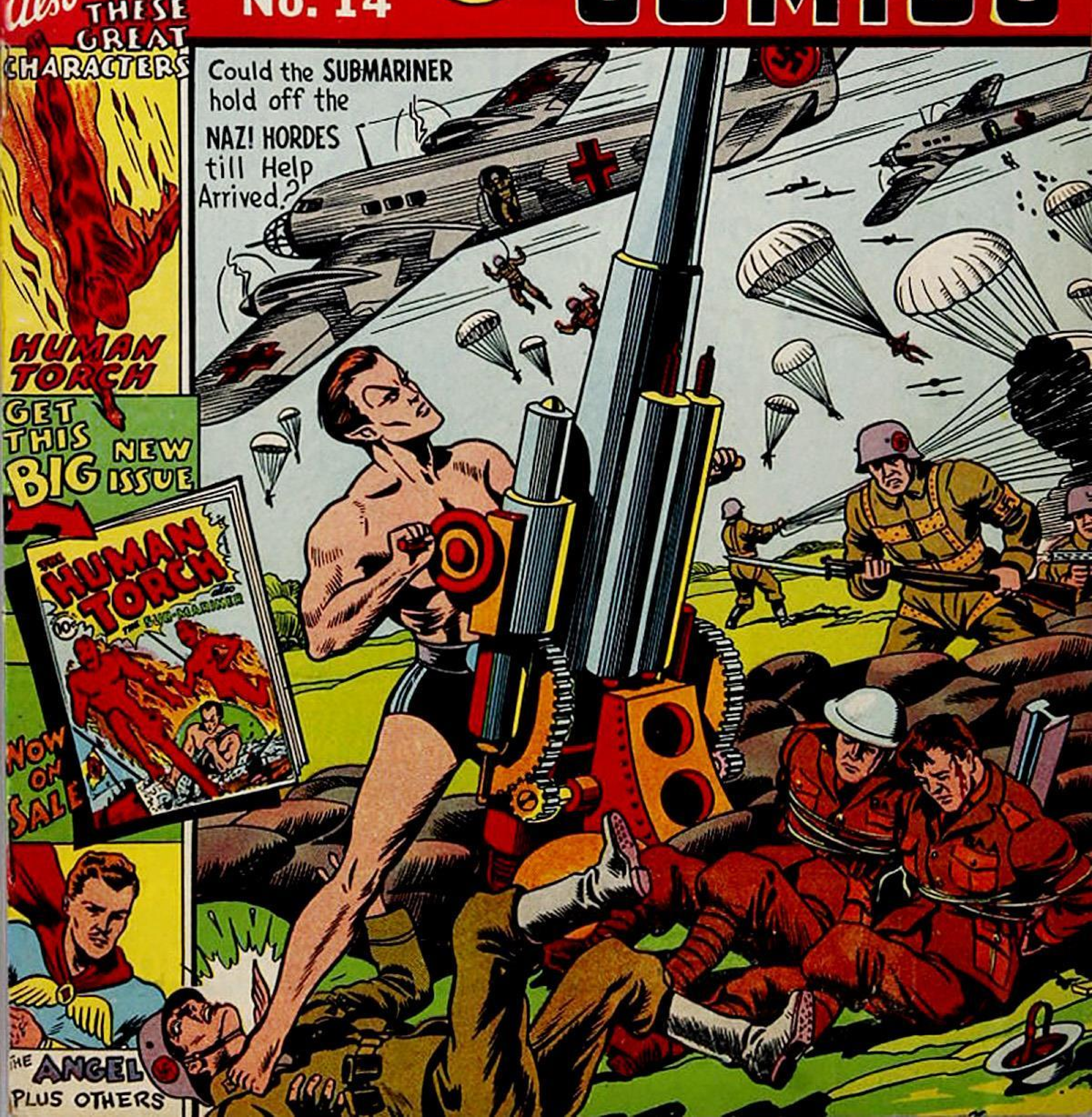
# MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

DECEMBER

IN CANADA 15¢

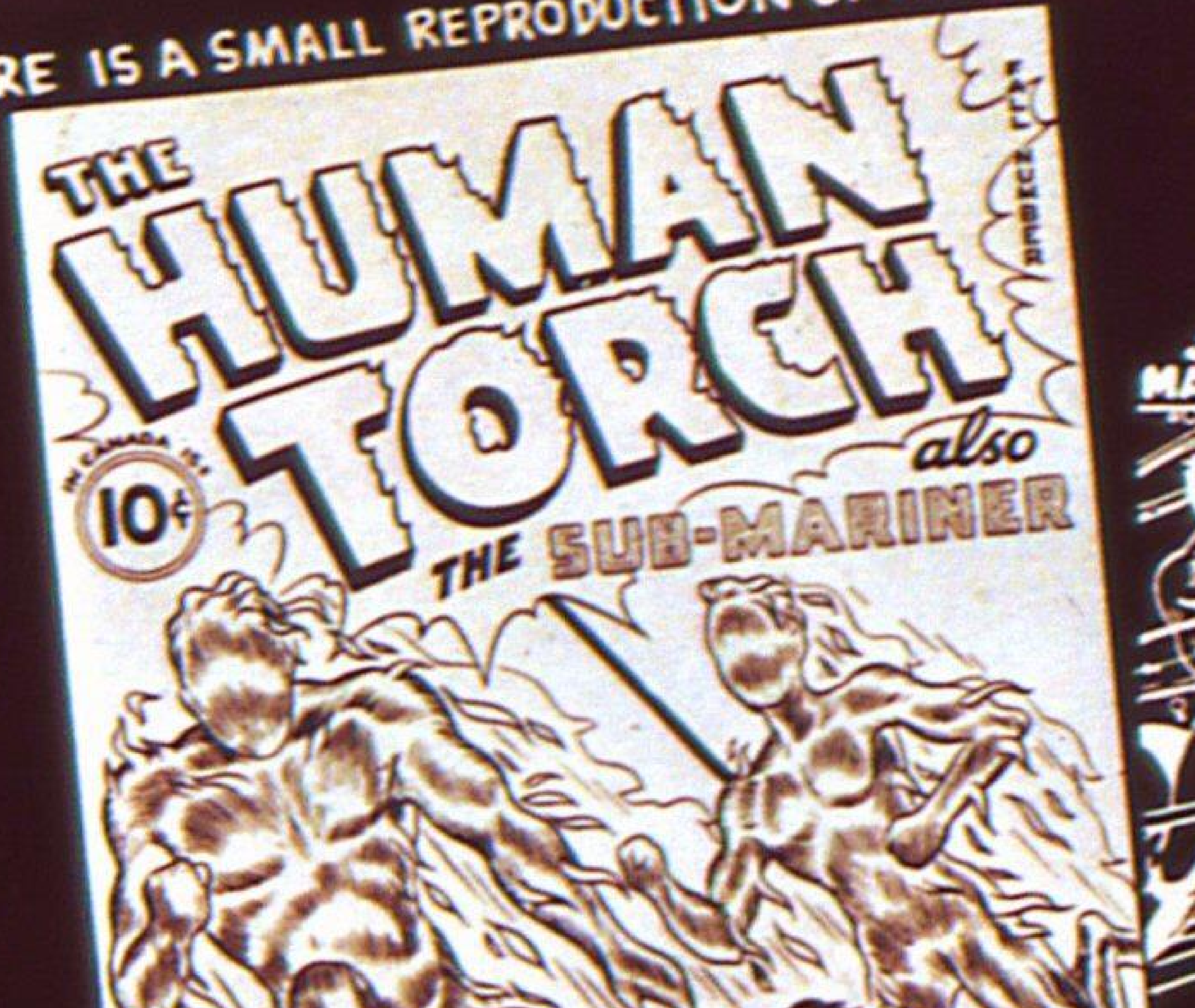
10¢

No. 14


Also THESE GREAT CHARACTERS
HUMAN TORCH
GET THIS BIG NEW ISSUE
THE HUMAN TORCH also THE SUB-MARINER
10¢
NOW ON SALE
THE ANGEL
PLUS OTHERS
Could the SUBMARINER hold off the NAZI HORDES till Help Arrived?

HEY FELLAS! LOOK at THIS!
A BIG *ACTION-PACKED* ISSUE OF YOUR 2 FAVORITE CHARACTERS.
THE HUMAN TORCH. SUB-MARINER
HERE IS A SMALL REPRODUCTION OF THE COVER

HUMAN TORCH



Sub-MARINER

THRILLS!
ACTION!
ALL NEW FEATURES

64 PAGES OF FULL COLOR ADVENTURE!

*INTRODUCING* TORO *- THE BOY TORCH - AN AMAZING LAD WHO WHIRLS THROUGH WITH* THE HUMAN TORCH *ON HIS DANGEROUS ADVENTURES - SEE HOW* TORO *IS CREATED AND FOLLOW BOTH THEIR DARING ADVENTURES!*
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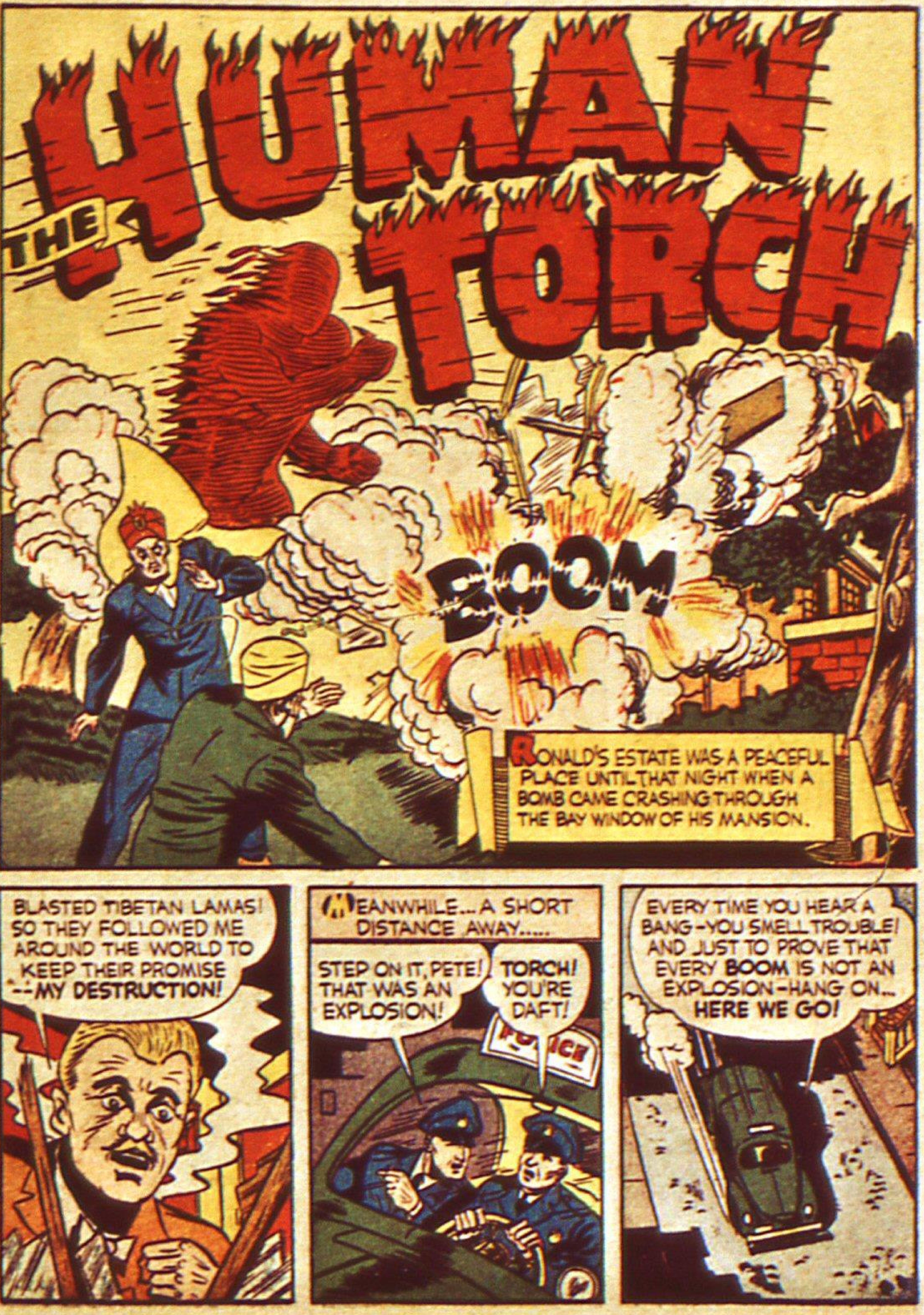
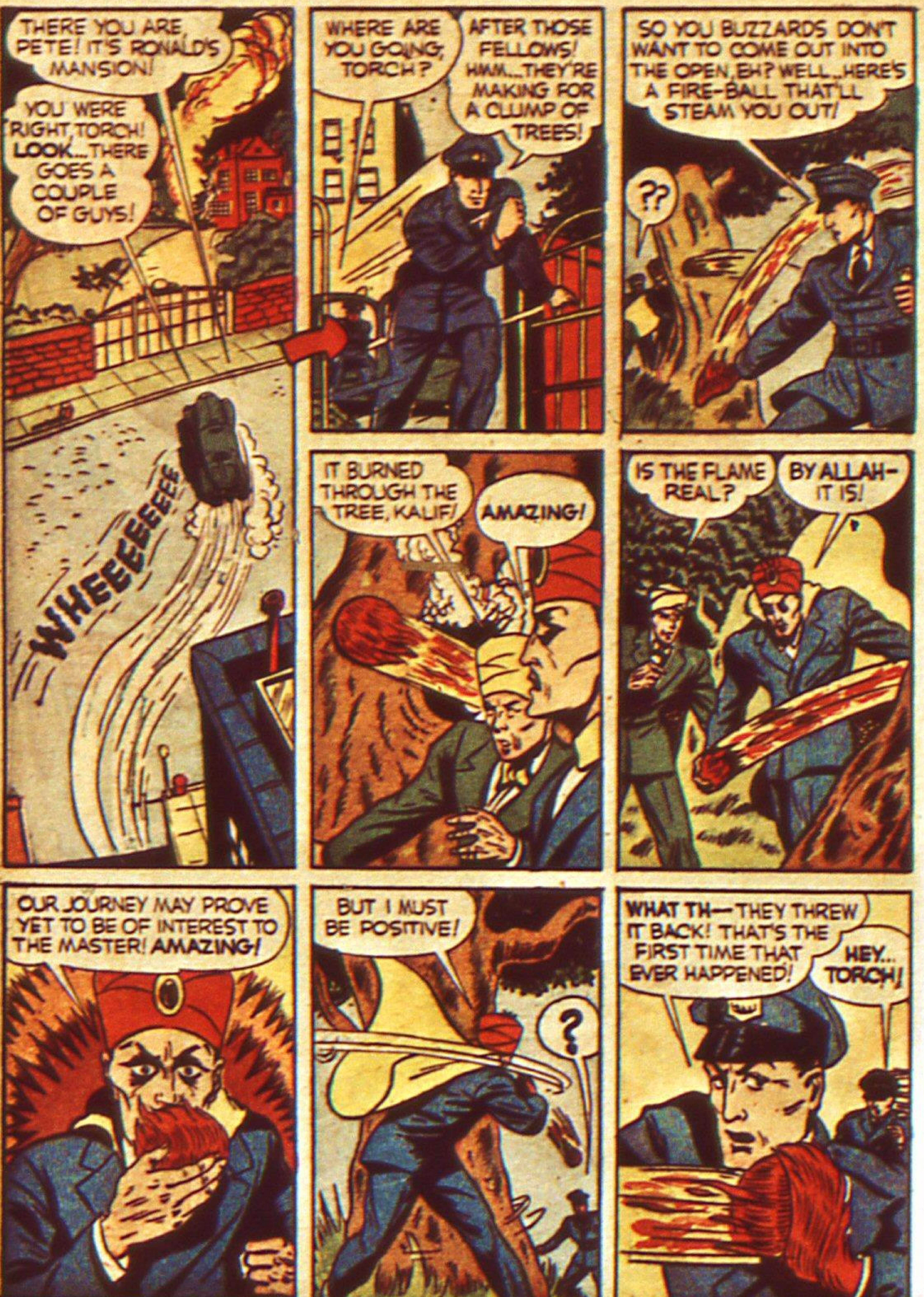
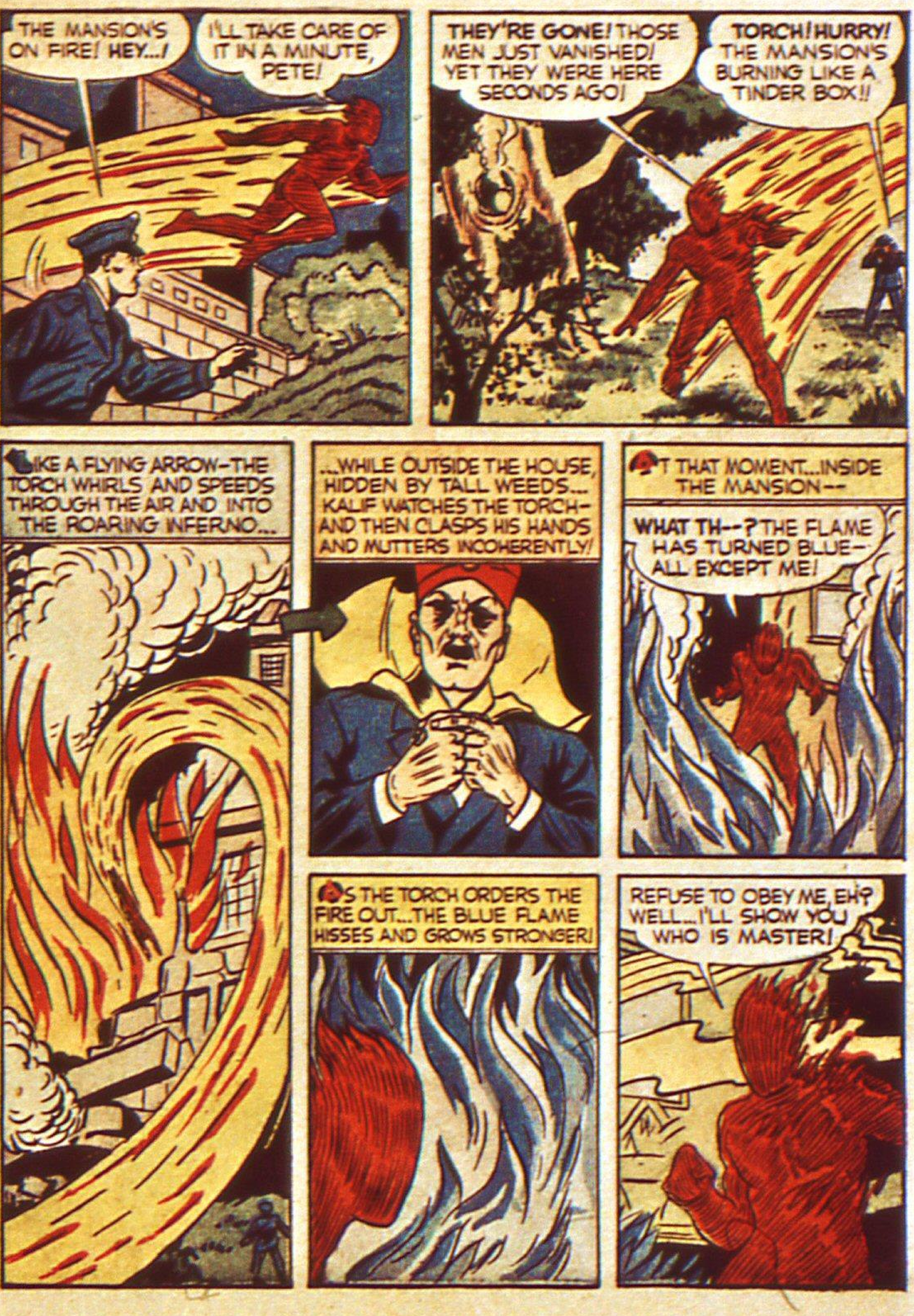
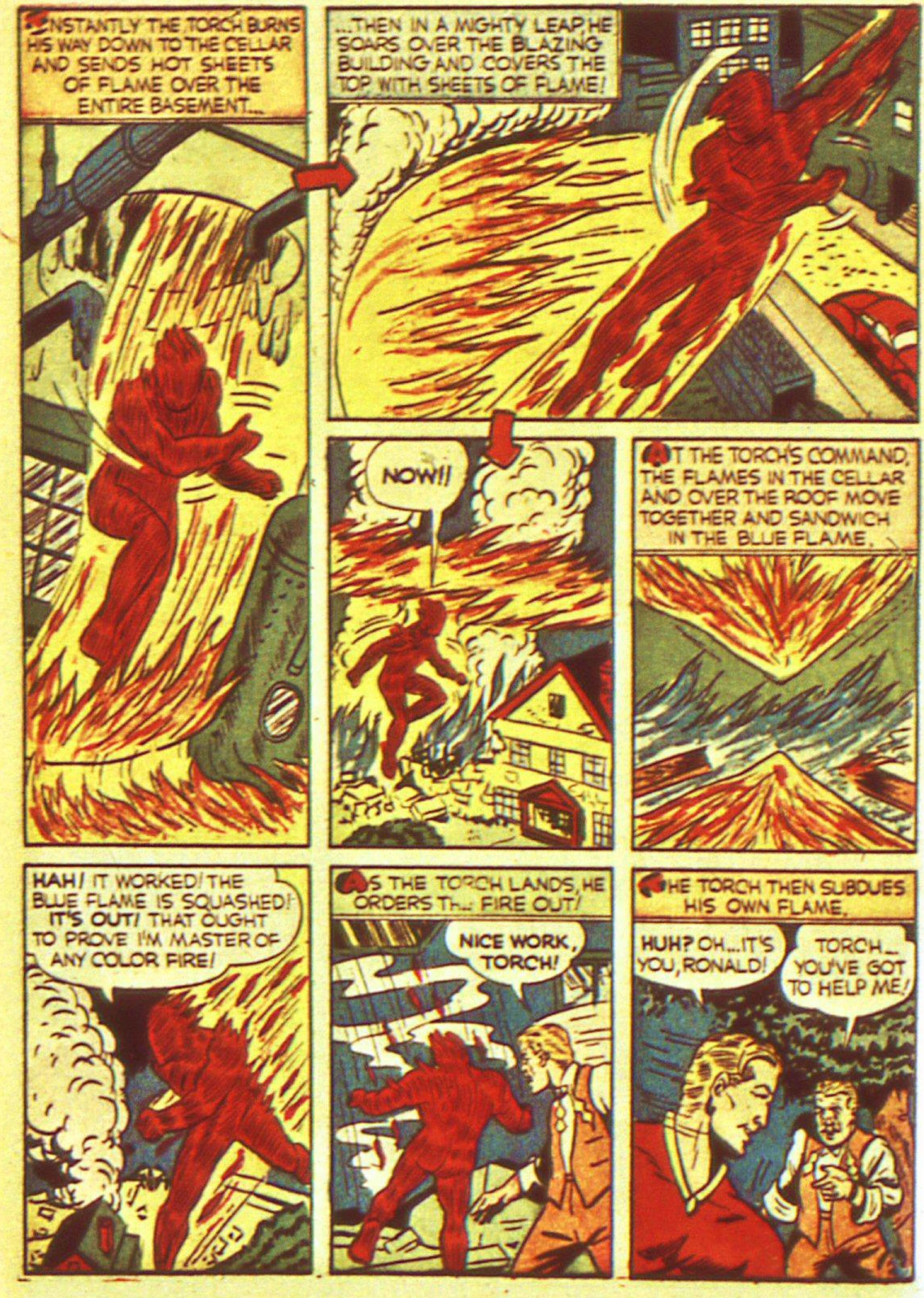
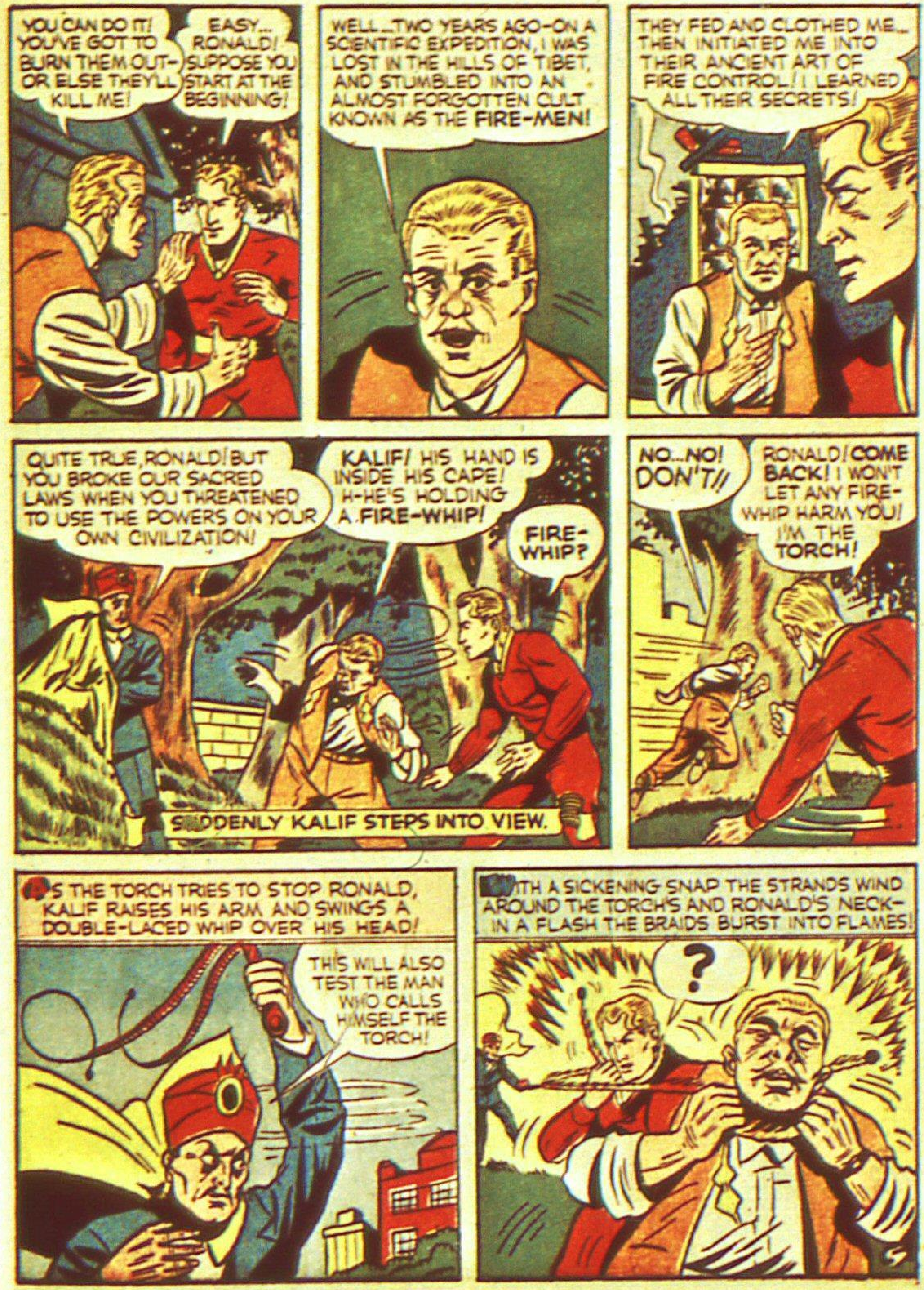
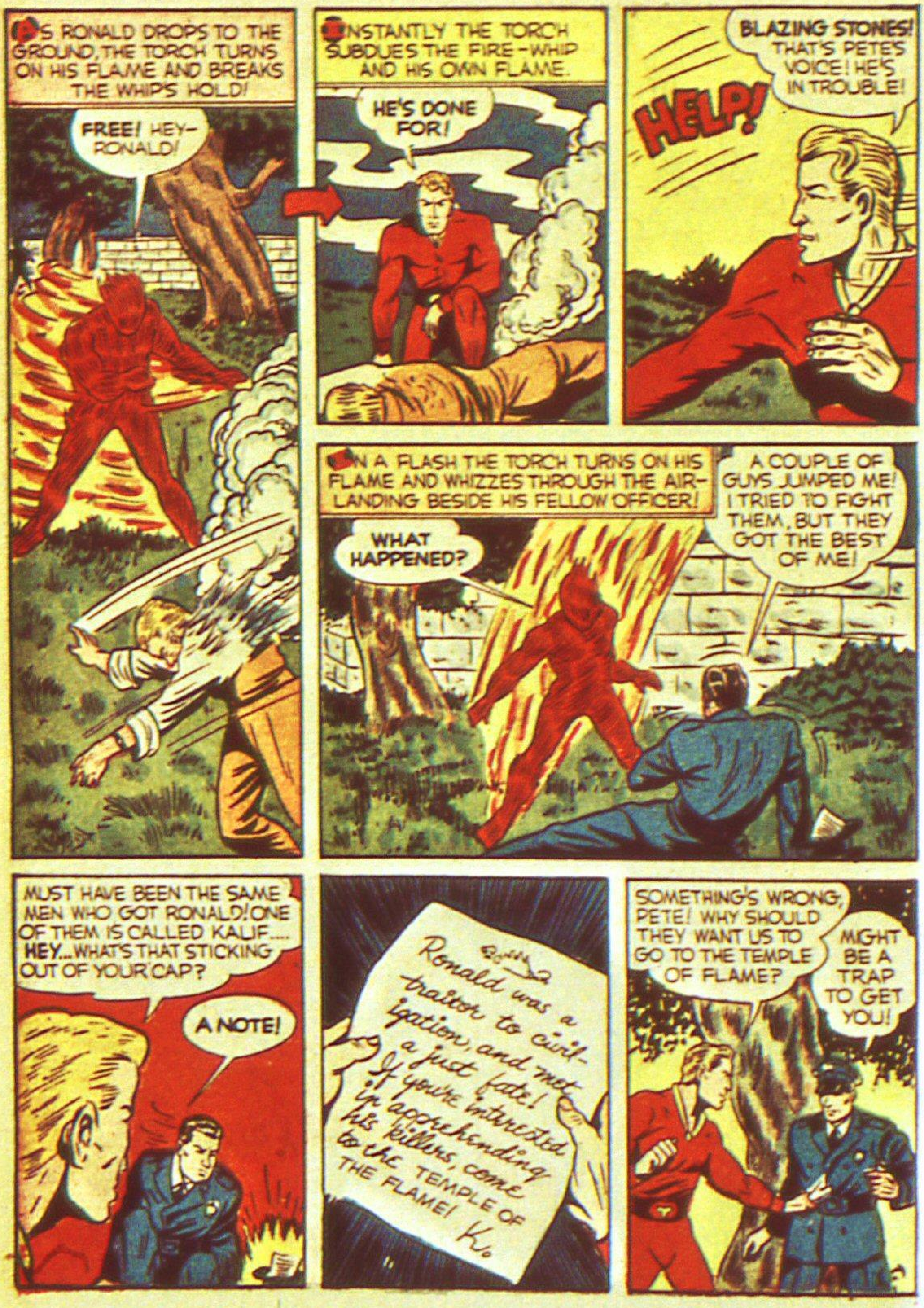

THE HUMAN TORCH
BOOM
RONALD'S ESTATE WAS A PEACEFUL PLACE UNTIL THAT NIGHT WHEN A BOMB CAME CRASHING THROUGH THE BAY WINDOW OF HIS MANSION.
BLASTED TIBETAN LAMAS! SO THEY FOLLOWED ME AROUND THE WORLD TO KEEP THEIR PROMISE --MY DESTRUCTION!
MEANWHILE... A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.....
STEP ON IT, PETE! THAT WAS AN EXPLOSION!
TORCH! YOU'RE DAFT!
POLICE
EVERY TIME YOU HEAR A BANG-YOU SMELL TROUBLE! AND JUST TO PROVE THAT EVERY BOOM IS NOT AN EXPLOSION-HANG ON... HERE WE GO!

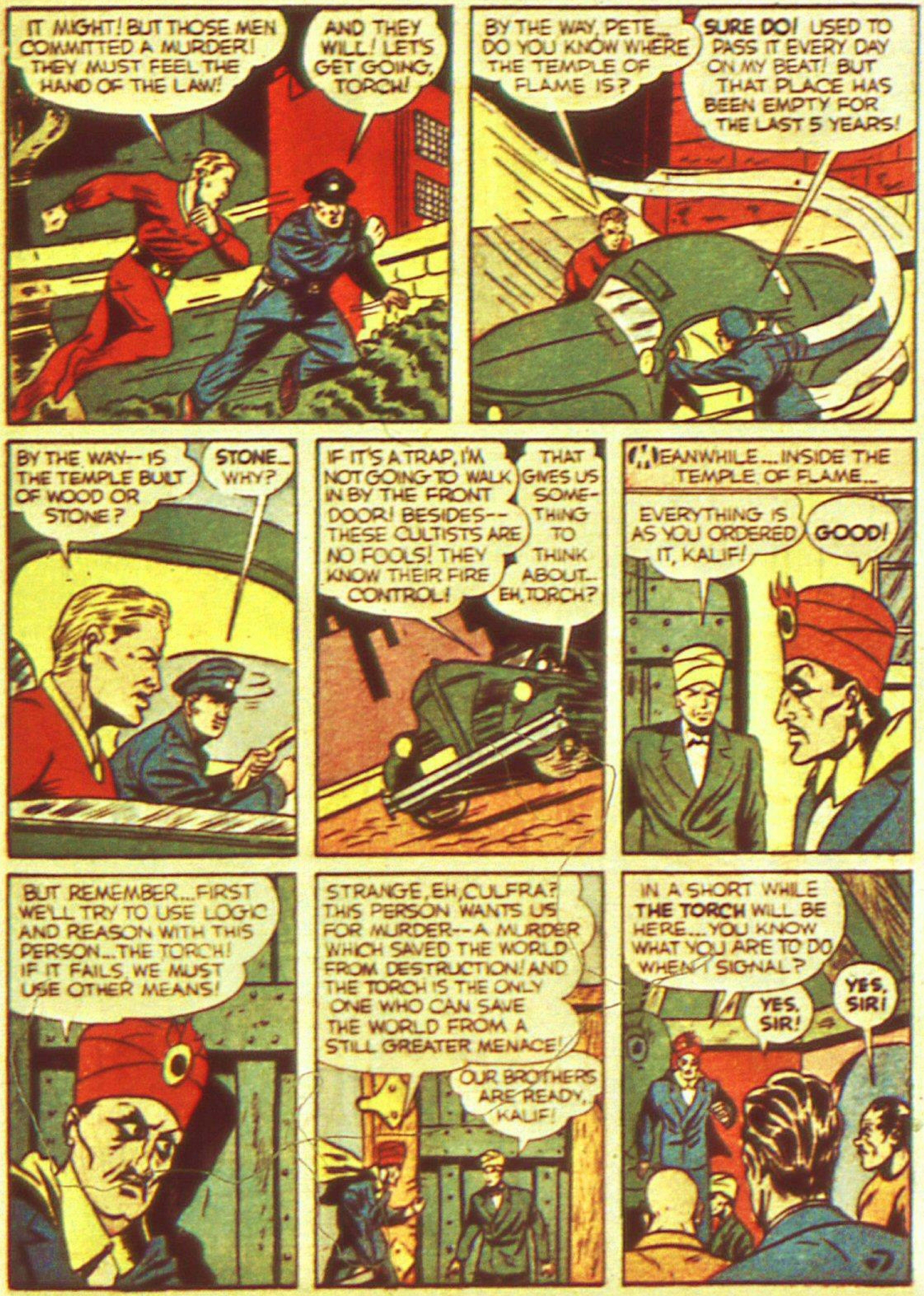

THERE YOU ARE, PETE! IT'S RONALD'S MANSION!
YOU WERE RIGHT, TORCH! LOOK...THERE GOES A COUPLE OF GUYS!
WHEEEEEEEEE
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TORCH?
AFTER THOSE FELLOWS! HMM...THEY'RE MAKING FOR A CLUMP OF TREES!
SO YOU BUZZARDS DON'T WANT TO COME OUT INTO THE OPEN, EH? WELL...HERE'S A FIRE-BALL THAT'LL STEAM YOU OUT!
??
IT BURNED THROUGH THE TREE, KALIF!
AMAZING!
IS THE FLAME REAL?
BY ALLAH—IT IS!
OUR JOURNEY MAY PROVE YET TO BE OF INTEREST TO THE MASTER! AMAZING!
BUT I MUST BE POSITIVE!
?
WHAT TH—THEY THREW IT BACK! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THAT EVER HAPPENED!
HEY... TORCH!

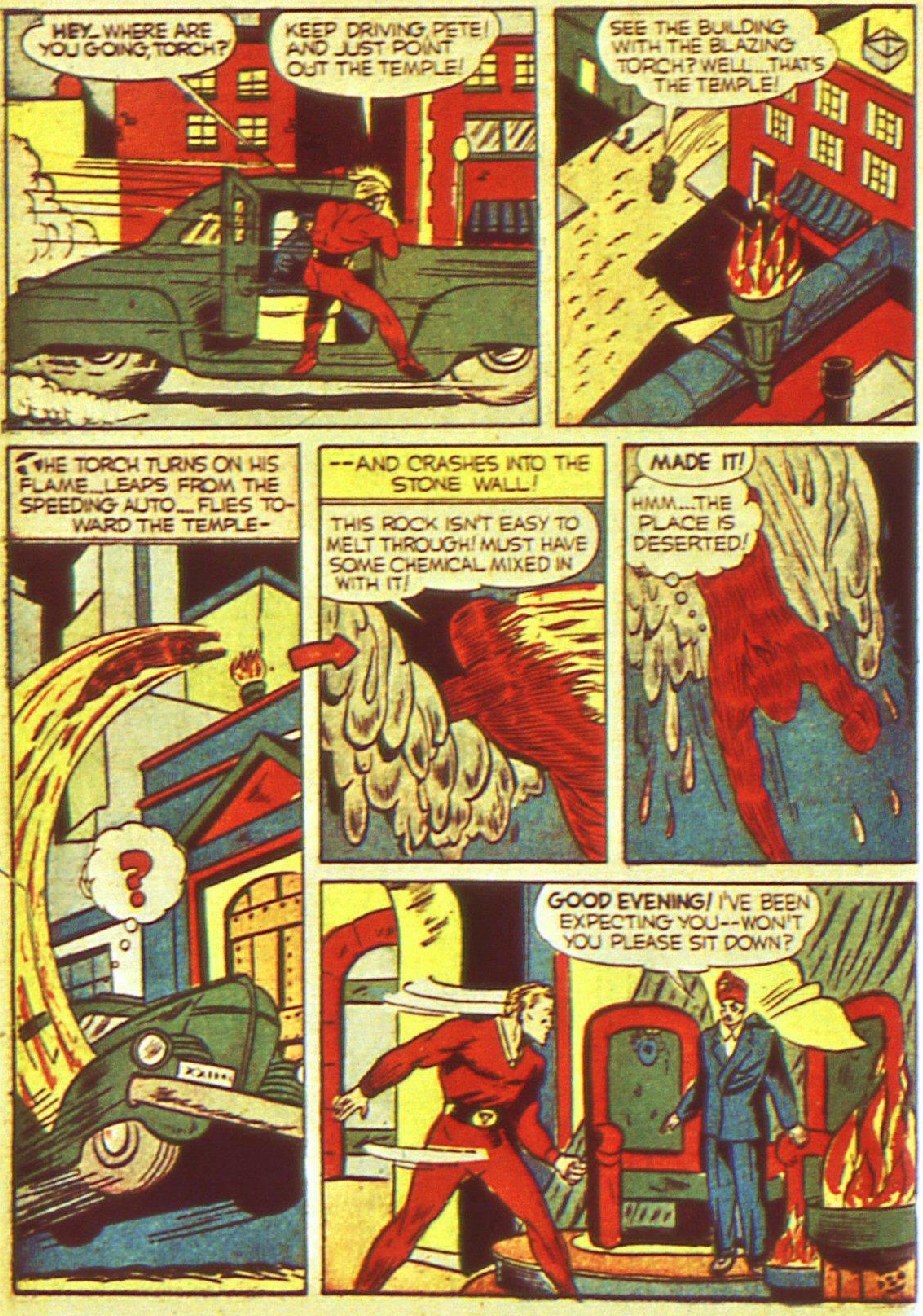

THE MANSION'S ON FIRE! HEY...!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT IN A MINUTE, PETE!
THEY'RE GONE! THOSE MEN JUST VANISHED! YET THEY WERE HERE SECONDS AGO!
TORCH! HURRY! THE MANSION'S BURNING LIKE A TINDER BOX!!
LIKE A FLYING ARROW—THE TORCH WHIRLS AND SPEEDS THROUGH THE AIR AND INTO THE ROARING INFERNO...
...WHILE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, HIDDEN BY TALL WEEDS... KALIF WATCHES THE TORCH—AND THEN CLASPS HIS HANDS AND MUTTERS INCOHERENTLY!
AT THAT MOMENT...INSIDE THE MANSION--
WHAT TH--? THE FLAME HAS TURNED BLUE—ALL EXCEPT ME!
AS THE TORCH ORDERS THE FIRE OUT...THE BLUE FLAME HISSES AND GROWS STRONGER!
REFUSE TO OBEY ME, EH? WELL...I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS MASTER!

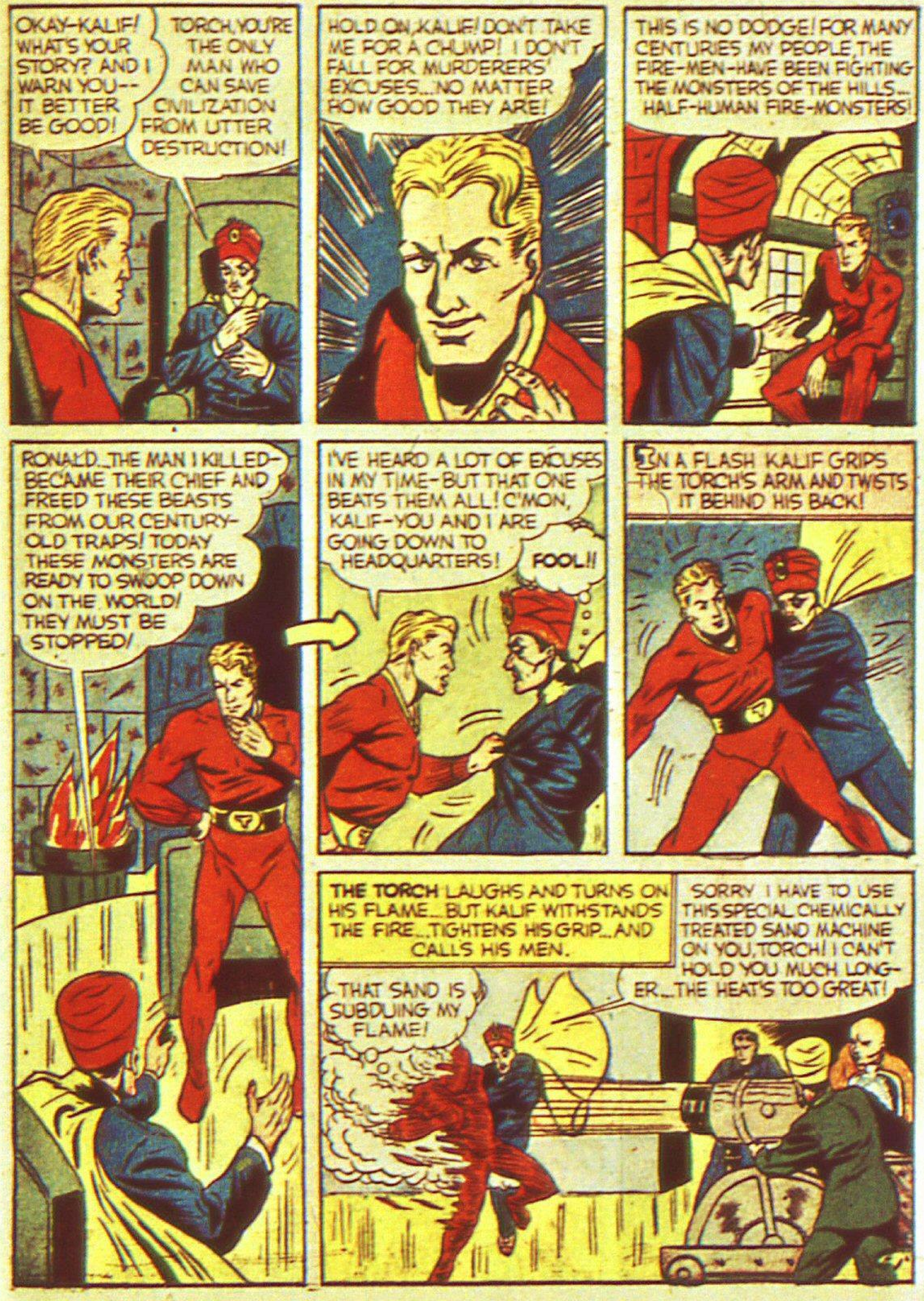

INSTANTLY THE TORCH BURNS HIS WAY DOWN TO THE CELLAR AND SENDS HOT SHEETS OF FLAME OVER THE ENTIRE BASEMENT...
...THEN IN A MIGHTY LEAP HE SOARS OVER THE BLAZING BUILDING AND COVERS THE TOP WITH SHEETS OF FLAME!
NOW!!
AT THE TORCH'S COMMAND, THE FLAMES IN THE CELLAR AND OVER THE ROOF MOVE TOGETHER AND SANDWICH IN THE BLUE FLAME.
HAH! IT WORKED! THE BLUE FLAME IS SQUASHED! IT'S OUT! THAT OUGHT TO PROVE I'M MASTER OF ANY COLOR FIRE!
AS THE TORCH LANDS, HE ORDERS THE FIRE OUT!
NICE WORK, TORCH!
THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES HIS OWN FLAME.
HUH? OH...IT'S YOU, RONALD!
TORCH... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

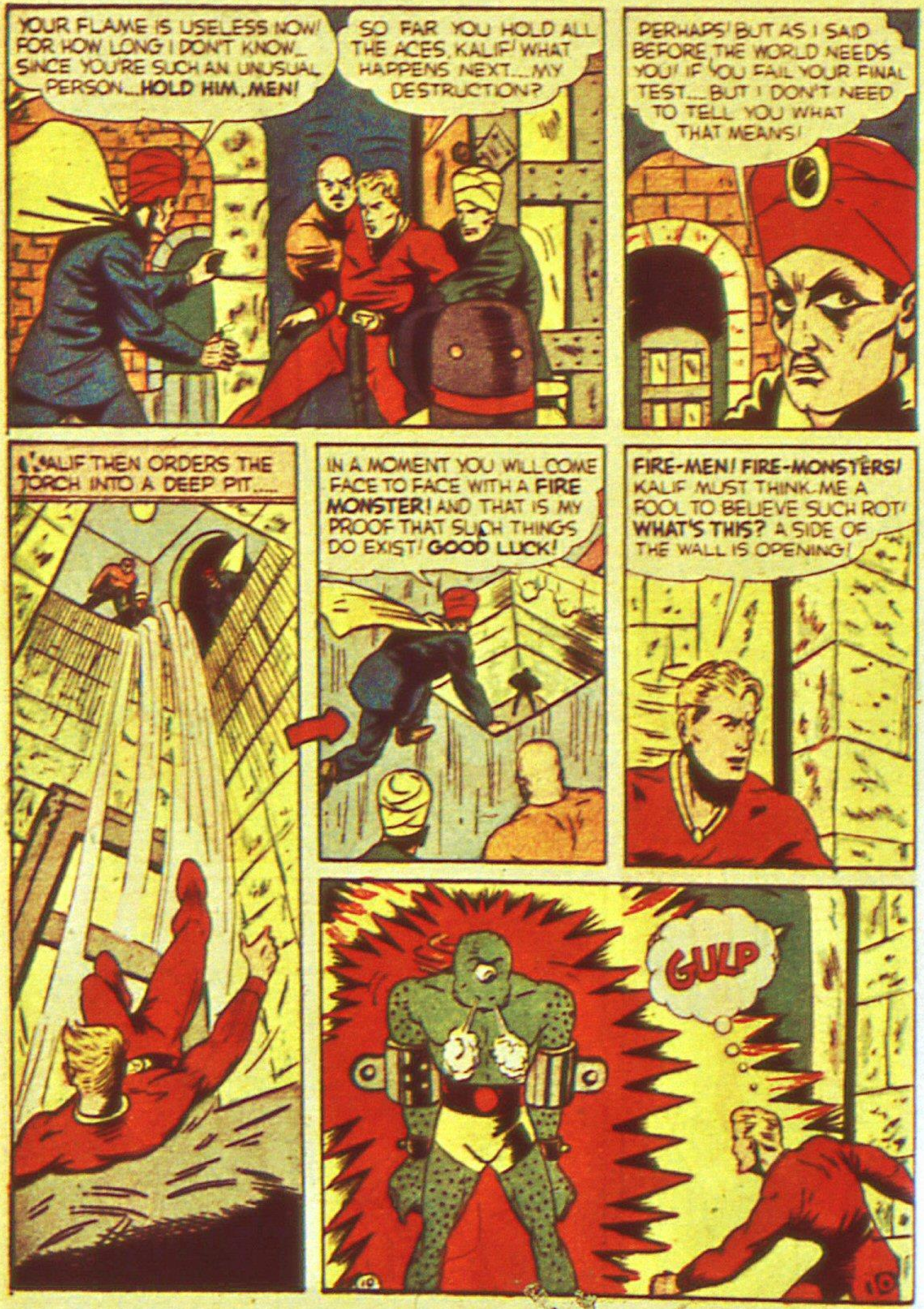

YOU CAN DO IT! YOU'VE GOT TO BURN THEM OUT-OR ELSE THEY'LL KILL ME!
EASY... RONALD! SUPPOSE YOU START AT THE BEGINNING!
WELL...TWO YEARS AGO-ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, I WAS LOST IN THE HILLS OF TIBET, AND STUMBLED INTO AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN CULT KNOWN AS THE FIRE-MEN!
THEY FED AND CLOTHED ME... THEN INITIATED ME INTO THEIR ANCIENT ART OF FIRE CONTROL! I LEARNED ALL THEIR SECRETS!
QUITE TRUE, RONALD! BUT YOU BROKE OUR SACRED LAWS WHEN YOU THREATENED TO USE THE POWERS ON YOUR OWN CIVILIZATION!
KALIF! HIS HAND IS INSIDE HIS CAPE! H-HE'S HOLDING A FIRE-WHIP!
FIRE-WHIP?
SUDDENLY KALIF STEPS INTO VIEW.
NO...NO! DON'T!!
RONALD! COME BACK! I WON'T LET ANY FIRE-WHIP HARM YOU! I'M THE TORCH!
AS THE TORCH TRIES TO STOP RONALD, KALIF RAISES HIS ARM AND SWINGS A DOUBLE-LACED WHIP OVER HIS HEAD!
THIS WILL ALSO TEST THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE TORCH!
WITH A SICKENING SNAP THE STRANDS WIND AROUND THE TORCH'S AND RONALD'S NECK-IN A FLASH THE BRAIDS BURST INTO FLAMES!
?

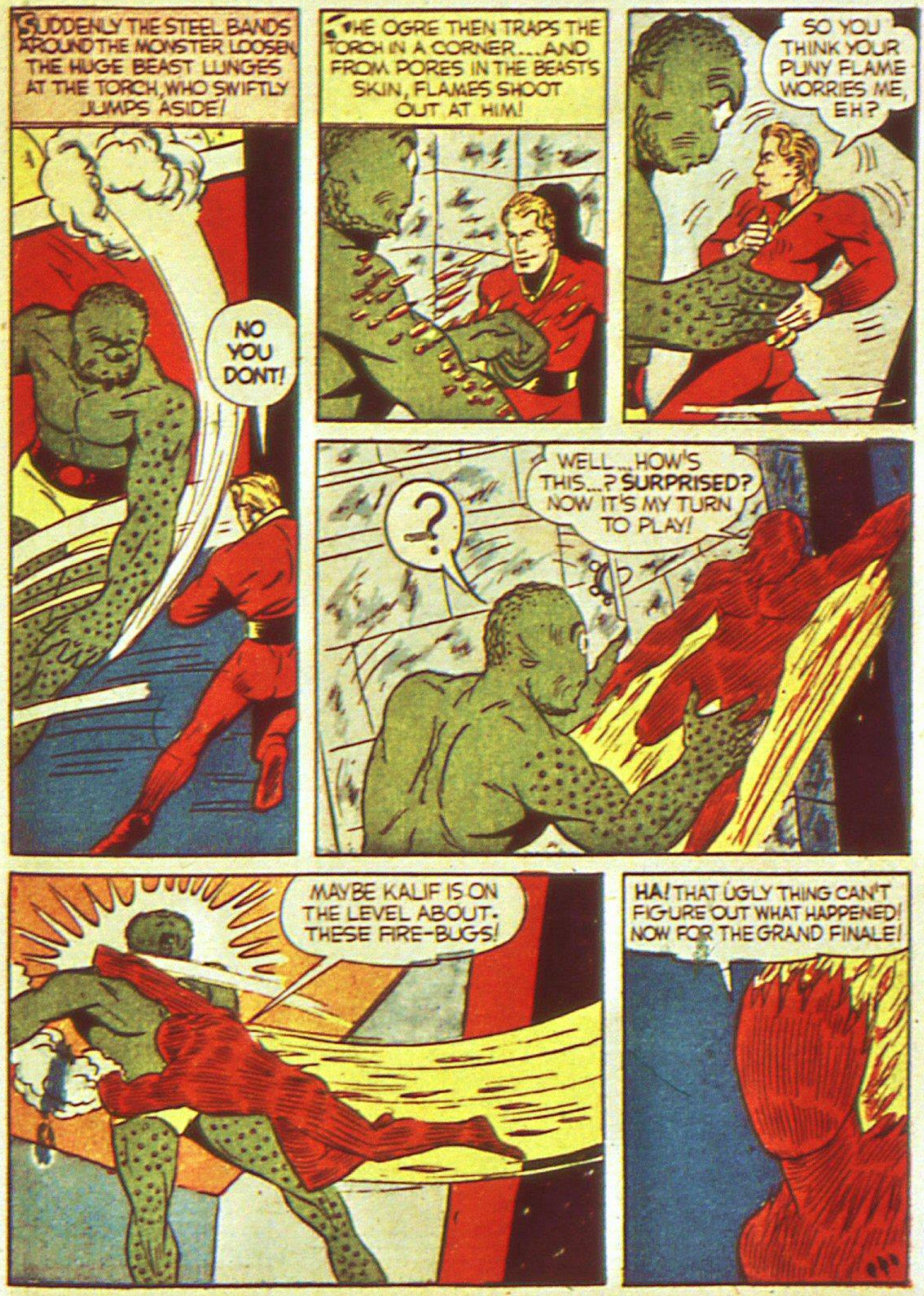

AS RONALD DROPS TO THE GROUND, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND BREAKS THE WHIP'S HOLD!
FREE! HEY-RONALD!
INSTANTLY THE TORCH SUBDUES THE FIRE-WHIP AND HIS OWN FLAME.
HE'S DONE FOR!
HELP!
BLAZING STONES! THAT'S PETE'S VOICE! HE'S IN TROUBLE!
IN A FLASH THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR-LANDING BESIDE HIS FELLOW OFFICER!
WHAT HAPPENED?
A COUPLE OF GUYS JUMPED ME! I TRIED TO FIGHT THEM, BUT THEY GOT THE BEST OF ME!
MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME MEN WHO GOT RONALD! ONE OF THEM IS CALLED KALIF.... HEY...WHAT'S THAT STICKING OUT OF YOUR CAP?
A NOTE!
Ronald was a traitor to civilization, and met a just fate! If you're interested in apprehending his killers, come to the TEMPLE OF THE FLAME! K.
SOMETHING'S WRONG, PETE! WHY SHOULD THEY WANT US TO GO TO THE TEMPLE OF FLAME?
MIGHT BE A TRAP TO GET YOU!

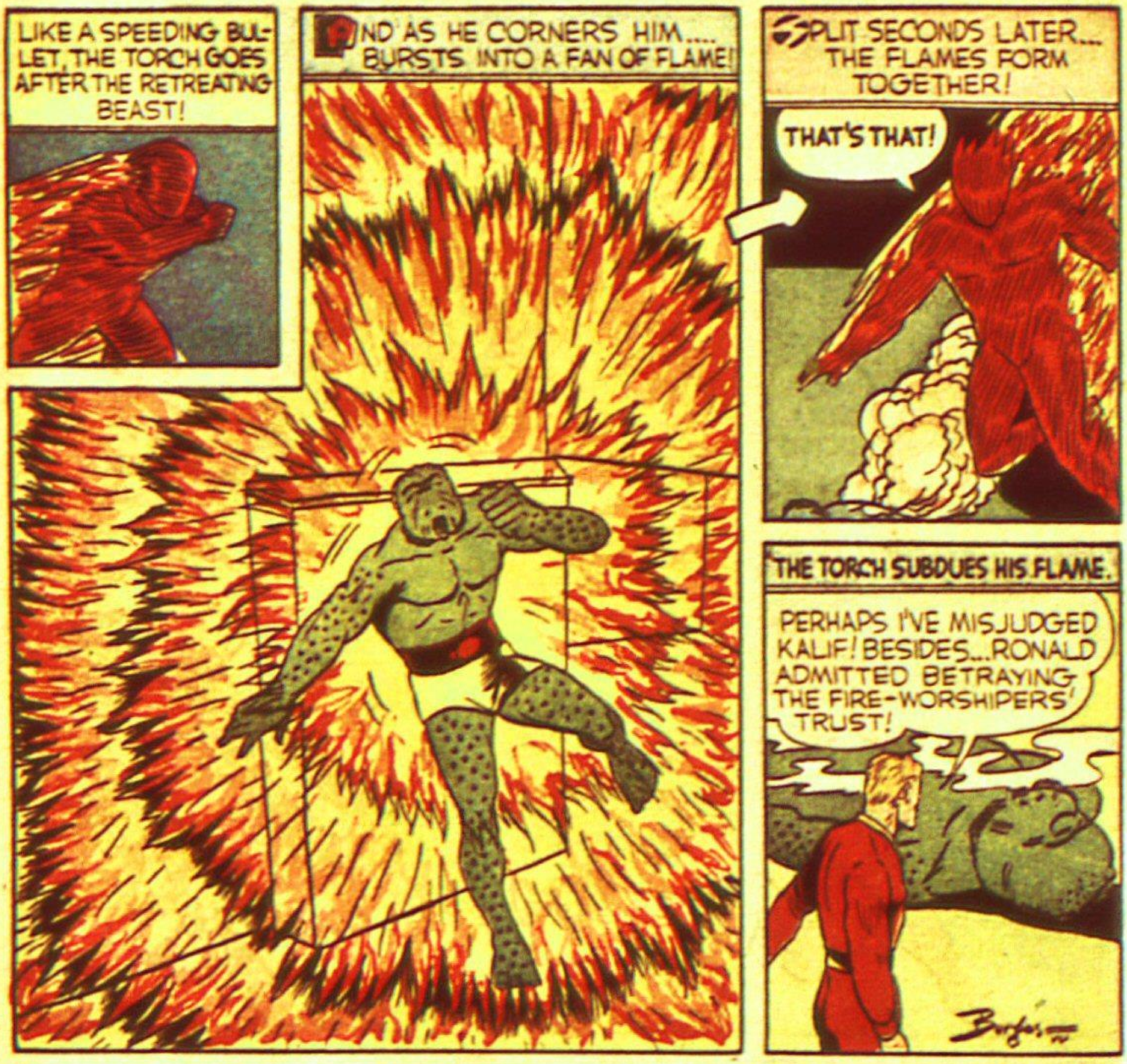

IT MIGHT! BUT THOSE MEN COMMITTED A MURDER! THEY MUST FEEL THE HAND OF THE LAW!
AND THEY WILL! LET'S GET GOING, TORCH!
BY THE WAY, PETE... DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE TEMPLE OF FLAME IS?
SURE DO! USED TO PASS IT EVERY DAY ON MY BEAT! BUT THAT PLACE HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR THE LAST 5 YEARS!
BY THE WAY-- IS THE TEMPLE BUILT OF WOOD OR STONE?
STONE... WHY?
IF IT'S A TRAP, I'M NOT GOING TO WALK IN BY THE FRONT DOOR! BESIDES-- THESE CULTISTS ARE NO FOOLS! THEY KNOW THEIR FIRE CONTROL!
THAT GIVES US SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT... EH, TORCH?
MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE TEMPLE OF FLAME...
EVERYTHING IS AS YOU ORDERED IT, KALIF!
GOOD!
BUT REMEMBER... FIRST WE'LL TRY TO USE LOGIC AND REASON WITH THIS PERSON... THE TORCH! IF IT FAILS, WE MUST USE OTHER MEANS!
STRANGE, EH, CULFRA? THIS PERSON WANTS US FOR MURDER-- A MURDER WHICH SAVED THE WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION! AND THE TORCH IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THE WORLD FROM A STILL GREATER MENACE!
OUR BROTHERS ARE READY, KALIF!
IN A SHORT WHILE THE TORCH WILL BE HERE... YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO DO WHEN I SIGNAL?
YES, SIR!
YES, SIR!

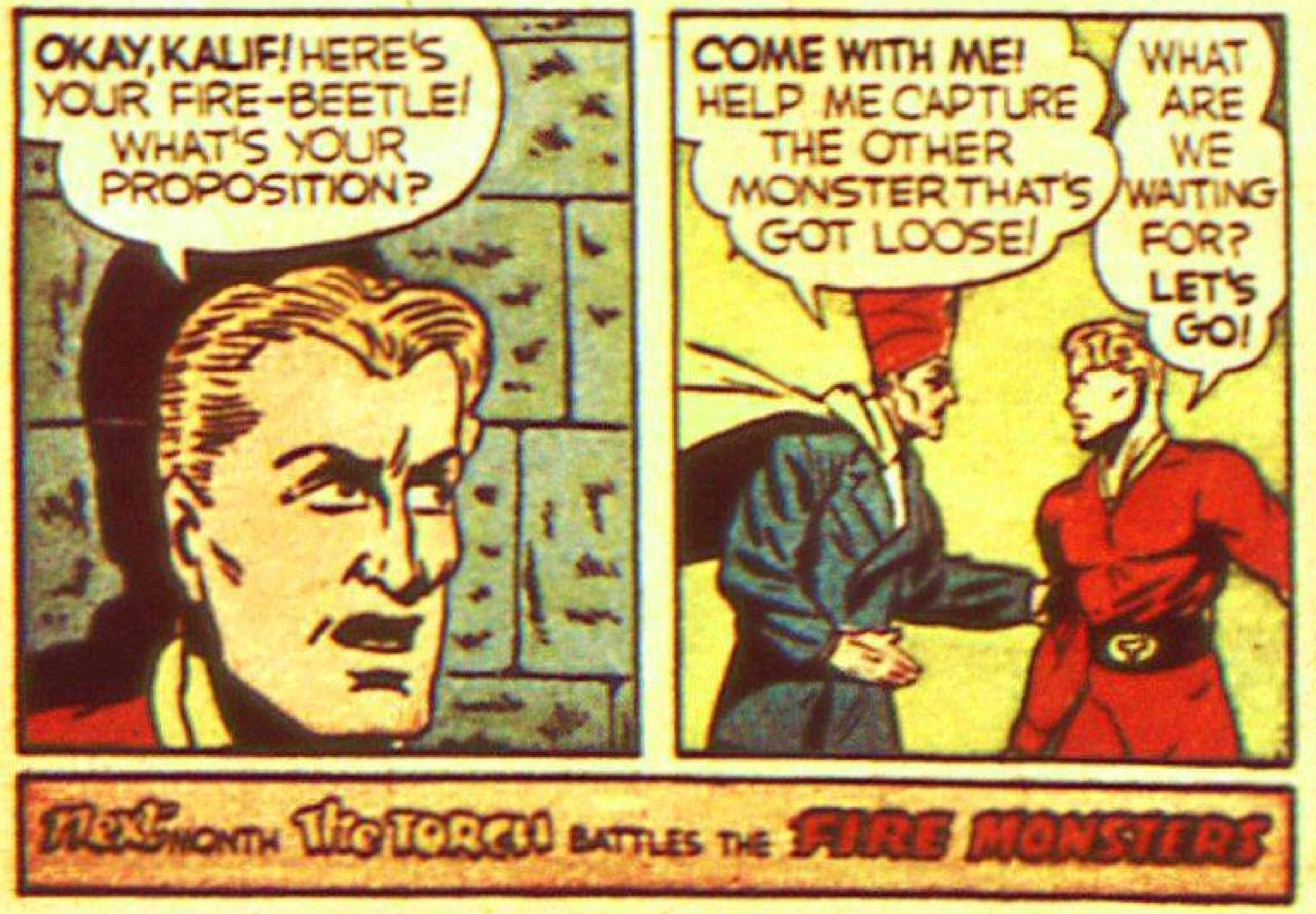

HEY...WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TORCH?
KEEP DRIVING, PETE! AND JUST POINT OUT THE TEMPLE!
SEE THE BUILDING WITH THE BLAZING TORCH? WELL...THAT'S THE TEMPLE!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME...LEAPS FROM THE SPEEDING AUTO...FLIES TOWARD THE TEMPLE-
?
--AND CRASHES INTO THE STONE WALL!
THIS ROCK ISN'T EASY TO MELT THROUGH! MUST HAVE SOME CHEMICAL MIXED IN WITH IT!
MADE IT!
HMM...THE PLACE IS DESERTED!
GOOD EVENING! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU--WON'T YOU PLEASE SIT DOWN?


OKAY-KALIF! WHAT'S YOUR STORY? AND I WARN YOU-- IT BETTER BE GOOD!
TORCH, YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM UTTER DESTRUCTION!
HOLD ON, KALIF! DON'T TAKE ME FOR A CHUMP! I DON'T FALL FOR MURDERERS' EXCUSES...NO MATTER HOW GOOD THEY ARE!
THIS IS NO DODGE! FOR MANY CENTURIES MY PEOPLE, THE FIRE-MEN-HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THE MONSTERS OF THE HILLS... HALF-HUMAN FIRE-MONSTERS!
RONALD...THE MAN I KILLED-BECAME THEIR CHIEF AND FREED THESE BEASTS FROM OUR CENTURY-OLD TRAPS! TODAY THESE MONSTERS ARE READY TO SWOOP DOWN ON THE WORLD! THEY MUST BE STOPPED!
I'VE HEARD A LOT OF EXCUSES IN MY TIME-BUT THAT ONE BEATS THEM ALL! C'MON, KALIF-YOU AND I ARE GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!
FOOL!!
IN A FLASH KALIF GRIPS THE TORCH'S ARM AND TWISTS IT BEHIND HIS BACK!
THE TORCH LAUGHS AND TURNS ON HIS FLAME... BUT KALIF WITHSTANDS THE FIRE...TIGHTENS HIS GRIP...AND CALLS HIS MEN.
SORRY I HAVE TO USE THIS SPECIAL CHEMICALLY TREATED SAND MACHINE ON YOU, TORCH! I CAN'T HOLD YOU MUCH LONGER...THE HEAT'S TOO GREAT!
THAT SAND IS SUBDUING MY FLAME!


YOUR FLAME IS USELESS NOW! FOR HOW LONG I DON'T KNOW... SINCE YOU'RE SUCH AN UNUSUAL PERSON... HOLD HIM, MEN!
SO FAR YOU HOLD ALL THE ACES, KALIF! WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.... MY DESTRUCTION?
PERHAPS! BUT AS I SAID BEFORE THE WORLD NEEDS YOU! IF YOU FAIL YOUR FINAL TEST.... BUT I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU WHAT THAT MEANS!
KALIF THEN ORDERS THE TORCH INTO A DEEP PIT.....
IN A MOMENT YOU WILL COME FACE TO FACE WITH A FIRE MONSTER! AND THAT IS MY PROOF THAT SUCH THINGS DO EXIST! GOOD LUCK!
FIRE-MEN! FIRE-MONSTERS! KALIF MUST THINK ME A FOOL TO BELIEVE SUCH ROT! WHAT'S THIS? A SIDE OF THE WALL IS OPENING!
GULP


SUDDENLY THE STEEL BANDS AROUND THE MONSTER LOOSEN THE HUGE BEAST LUNGES AT THE TORCH, WHO SWIFTLY JUMPS ASIDE!
NO YOU DONT!
THE OGRE THEN TRAPS THE TORCH IN A CORNER....AND FROM PORES IN THE BEASTS SKIN, FLAMES SHOOT OUT AT HIM!
SO YOU THINK YOUR PUNY FLAME WORRIES ME, EH?
?
WELL...HOW'S THIS...? SURPRISED? NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY!
MAYBE KALIF IS ON THE LEVEL ABOUT THESE FIRE-BUGS!
HA! THAT UGLY THING CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED! NOW FOR THE GRAND FINALE!


LIKE A SPEEDING BULLET, THE TORCH GOES AFTER THE RETREATING BEAST!
AND AS HE CORNERS HIM.... BURSTS INTO A FAN OF FLAME!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER... THE FLAMES FORM TOGETHER!
THAT'S THAT!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME.
PERHAPS I'VE MISJUDGED KALIF! BESIDES...RONALD ADMITTED BETRAYING THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS' TRUST!
Burgos


OKAY, KALIF! HERE'S YOUR FIRE-BEETLE! WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION?
COME WITH ME! HELP ME CAPTURE THE OTHER MONSTER THAT'S GOT LOOSE!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
NEXT MONTH THE TORCH BATTLES THE FIRE MONSTERS

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THE HUMAN TORCH 10¢

BOTH TOGETHER--IN A SPECIAL ISSUE!

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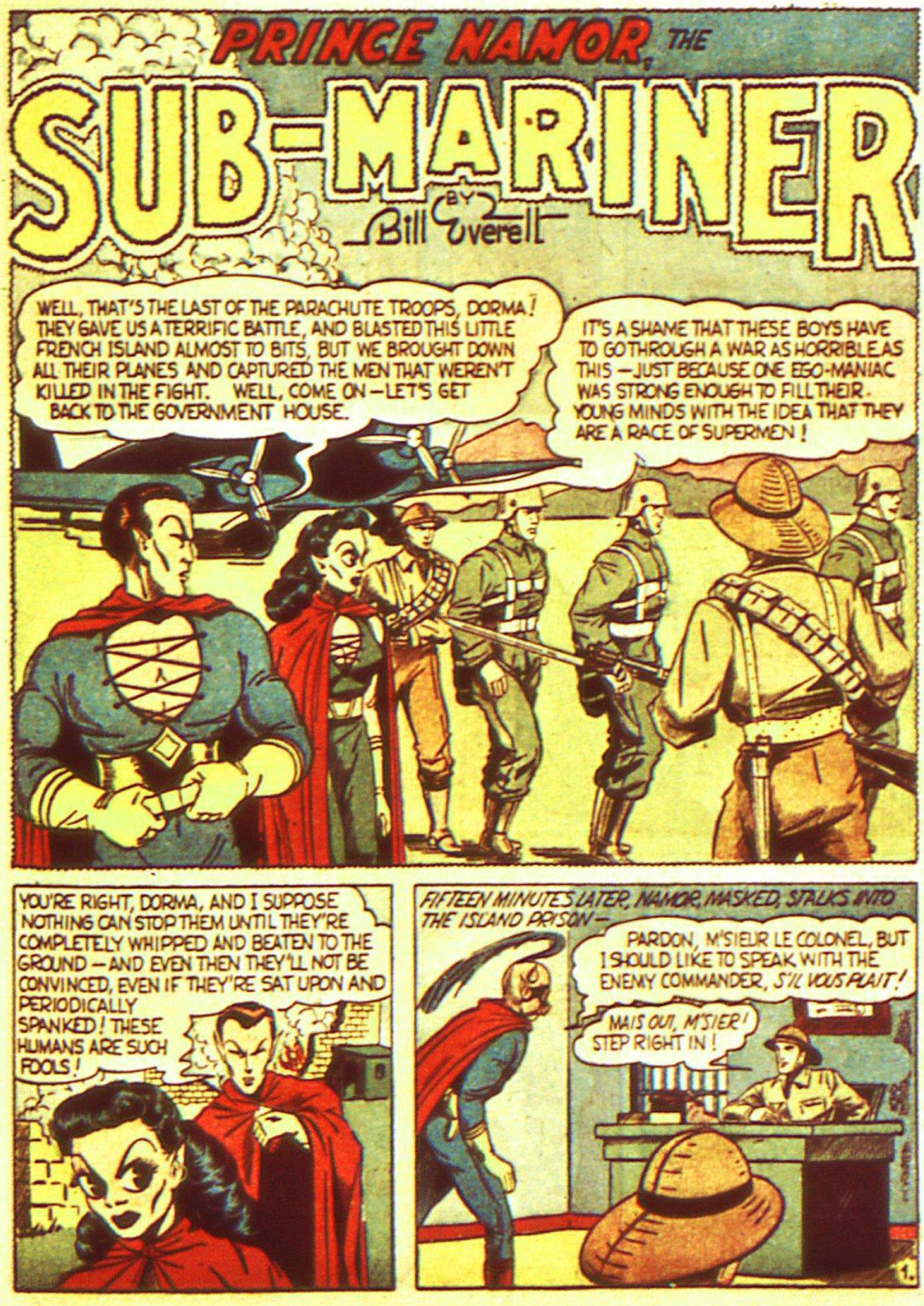
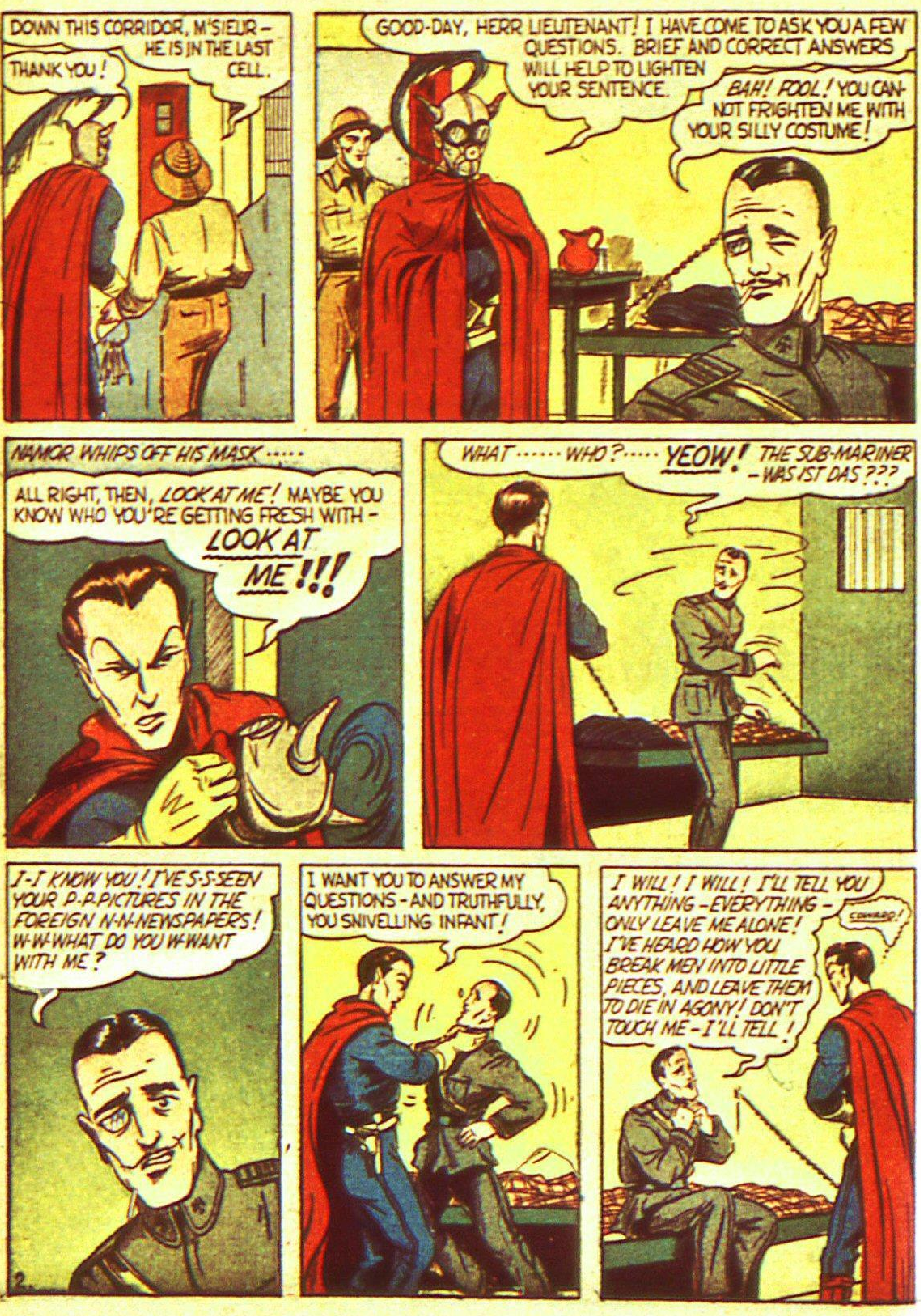
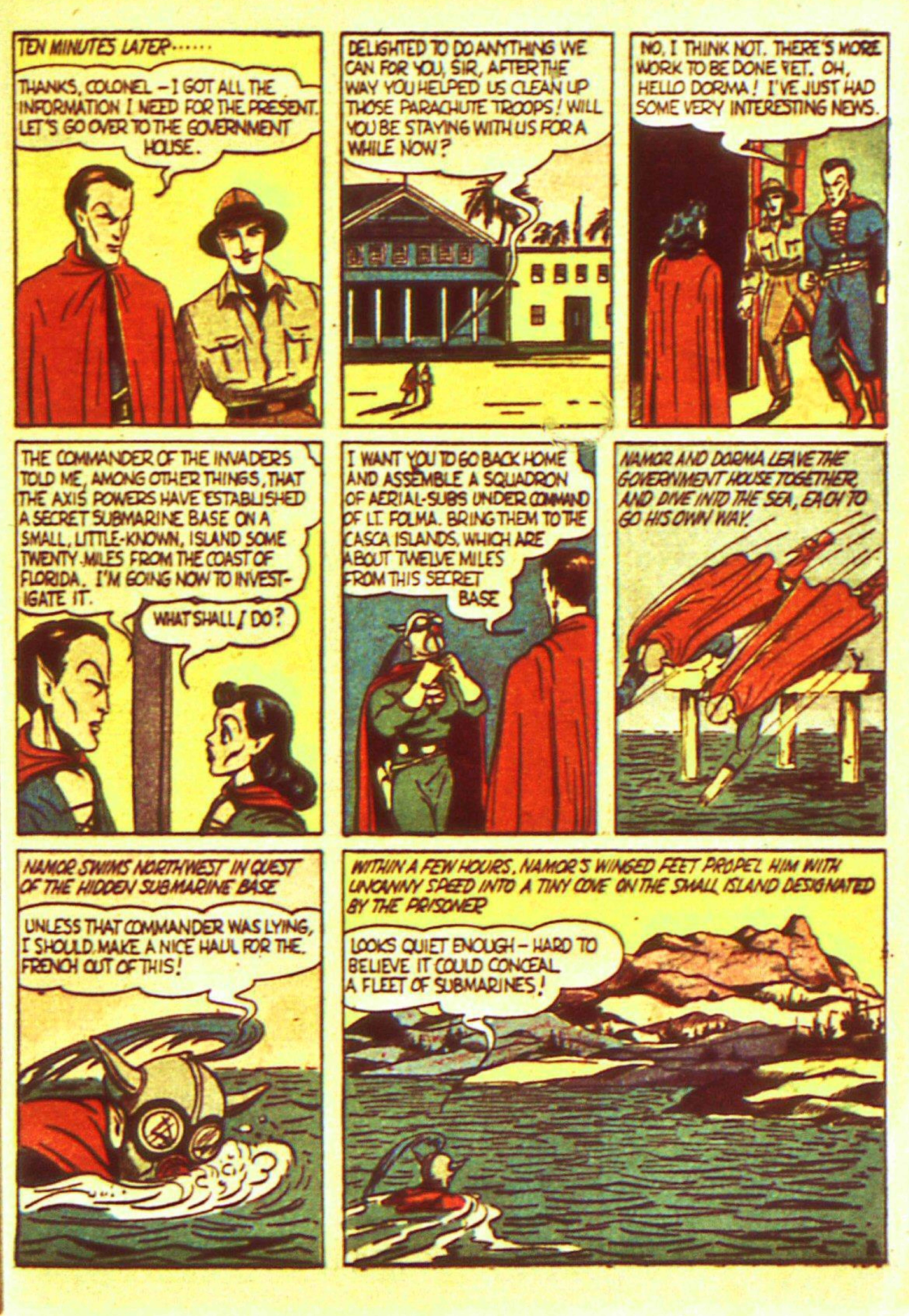
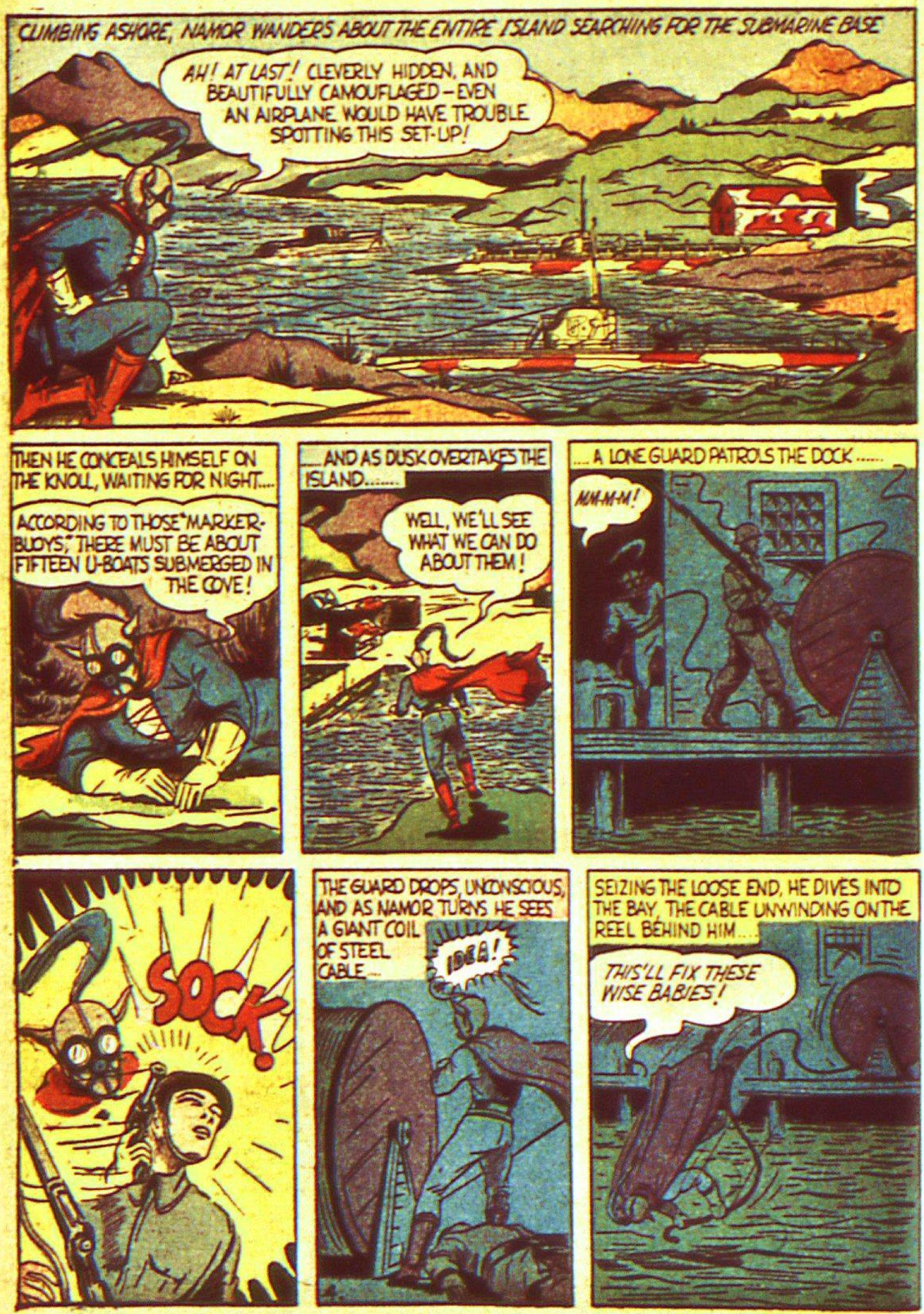
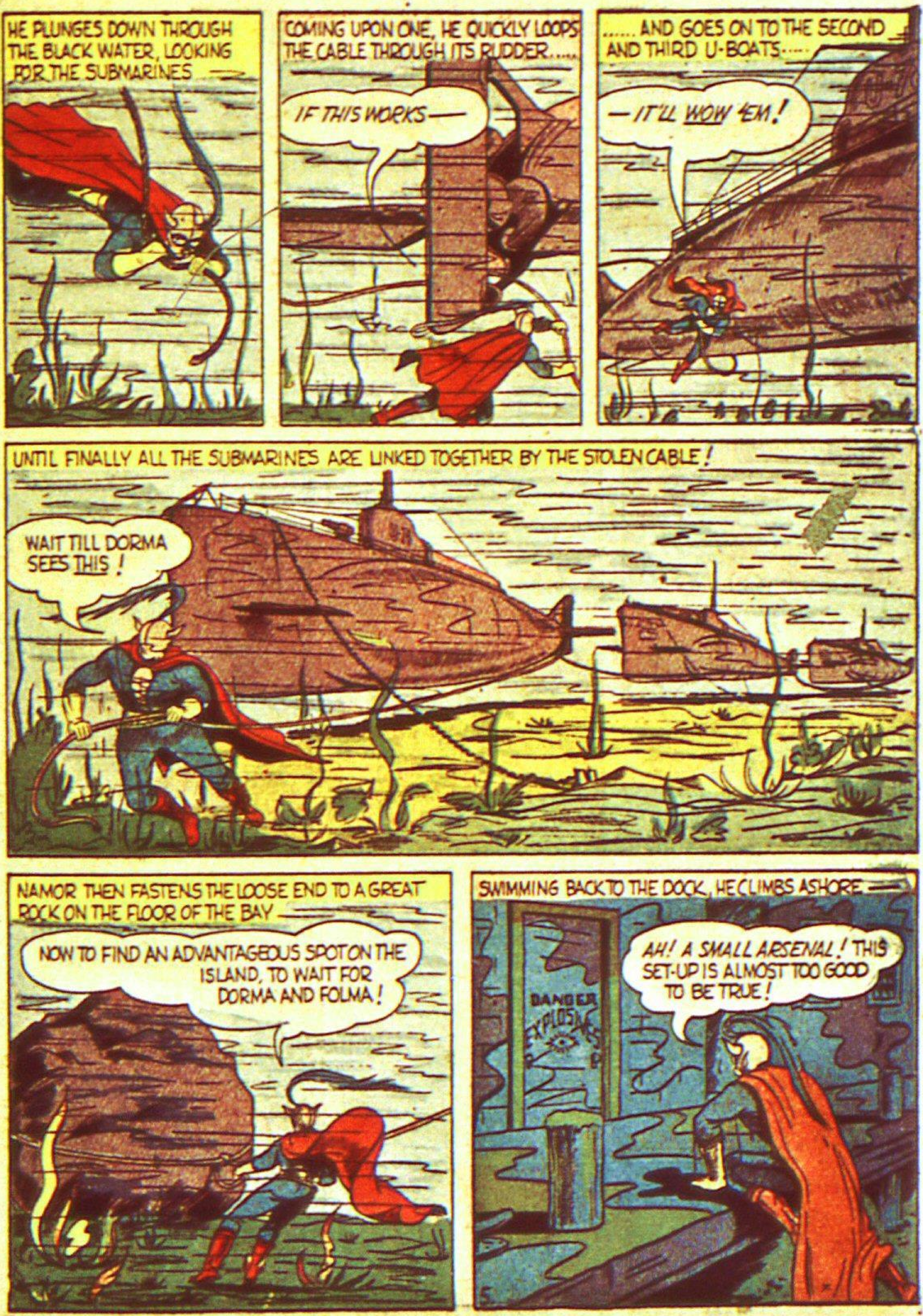
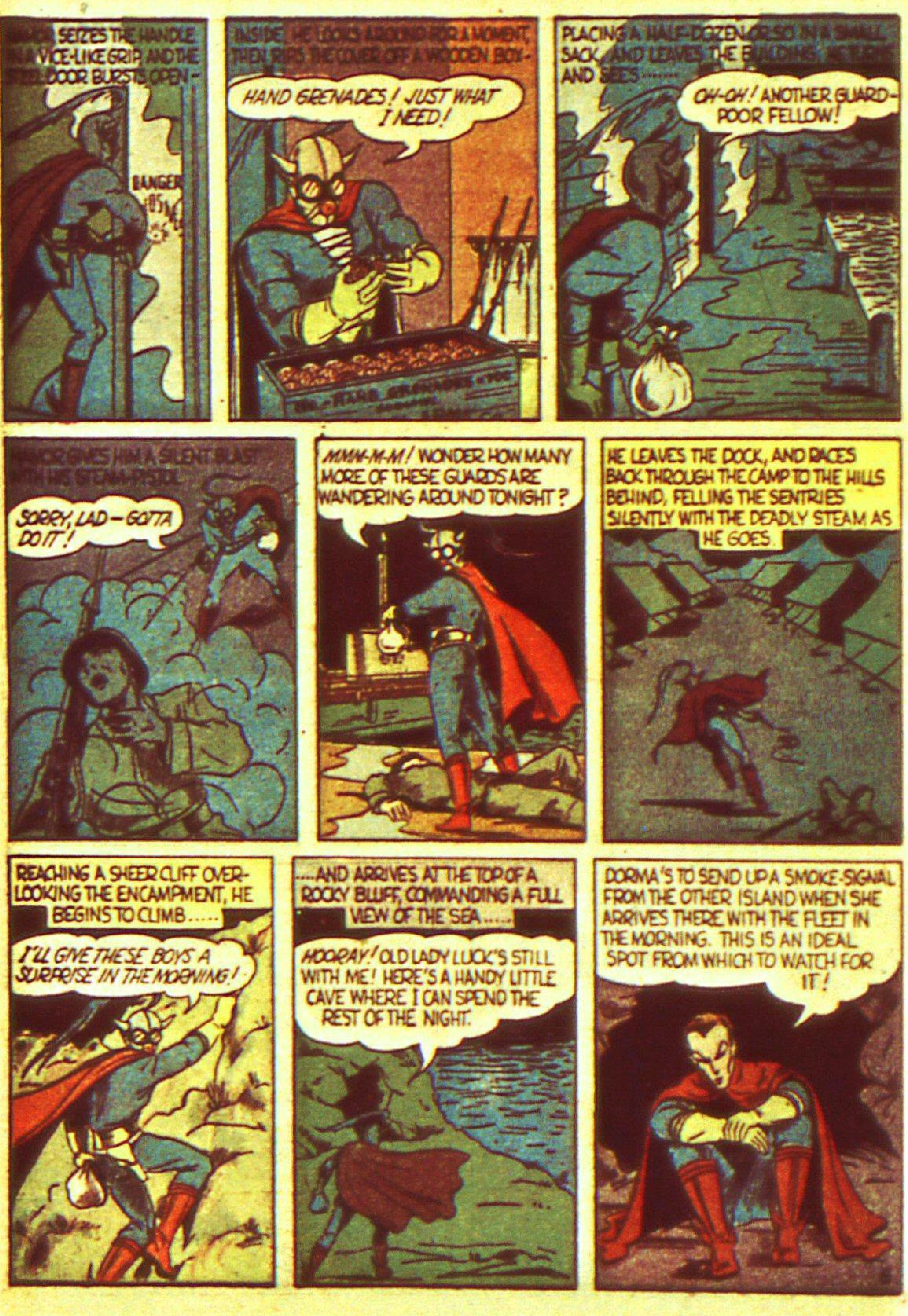

PRINCE NAMOR, THE
SUB-MARINER
BY Bill Everett
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE PARACHUTE TROOPS, DORMA! THEY GAVE US A TERRIFIC BATTLE, AND BLASTED THIS LITTLE FRENCH ISLAND ALMOST TO BITS, BUT WE BROUGHT DOWN ALL THEIR PLANES AND CAPTURED THE MEN THAT WEREN'T KILLED IN THE FIGHT. WELL, COME ON—LET'S GET BACK TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
IT'S A SHAME THAT THESE BOYS HAVE TO GO THROUGH A WAR AS HORRIBLE AS THIS—JUST BECAUSE ONE EGO-MANIAC WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO FILL THEIR YOUNG MINDS WITH THE IDEA THAT THEY ARE A RACE OF SUPERMEN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, DORMA, AND I SUPPOSE NOTHING CAN STOP THEM UNTIL THEY'RE COMPLETELY WHIPPED AND BEATEN TO THE GROUND—AND EVEN THEN THEY'LL NOT BE CONVINCED, EVEN IF THEY'RE SAT UPON AND PERIODICALLY SPANKED! THESE HUMANS ARE SUCH FOOLS!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, NAMOR, MASKED, STALKS INTO THE ISLAND PRISON—
PARDON, M'SIEUR LE COLONEL, BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH THE ENEMY COMMANDER, S'IL VOUS PLAIT!
MAIS OUI, M'SIER! STEP RIGHT IN!
1.

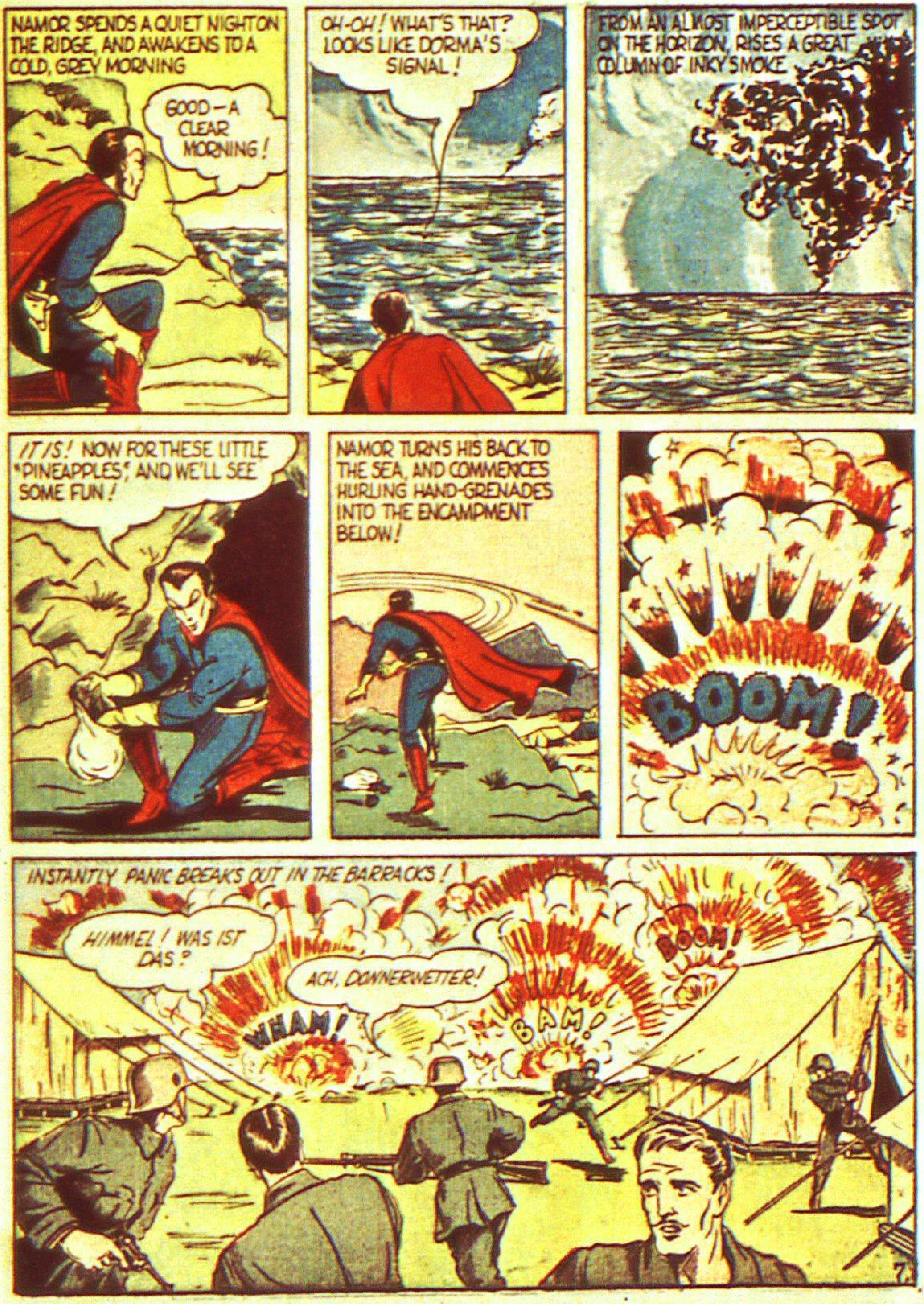

DOWN THIS CORRIDOR, M'SIEUR - HE IS IN THE LAST CELL.
THANK YOU!
GOOD-DAY, HERR LIEUTENANT! I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS. BRIEF AND CORRECT ANSWERS WILL HELP TO LIGHTEN YOUR SENTENCE.
BAH! FOOL! YOU CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME WITH YOUR SILLY COSTUME!
NAMOR WHIPS OFF HIS MASK.....
ALL RIGHT, THEN, LOOK AT ME! MAYBE YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE GETTING FRESH WITH - LOOK AT ME!!!
WHAT ...... WHO? ..... YEOW! THE SUB-MARINER - WAS IST DAS???
I-I KNOW YOU! I'VE S-S-SEEN YOUR P-P-PICTURES IN THE FOREIGN N-N-NEWSPAPERS! W-W-WHAT DO YOU W-WANT WITH ME?
2.
I WANT YOU TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS - AND TRUTHFULLY, YOU SNIVELLING INFANT!
I WILL! I WILL! I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING - EVERYTHING - ONLY LEAVE ME ALONE! I'VE HEARD HOW YOU BREAK MEN INTO LITTLE PIECES, AND LEAVE THEM TO DIE IN AGONY! DON'T TOUCH ME - I'LL TELL!
COWARD!

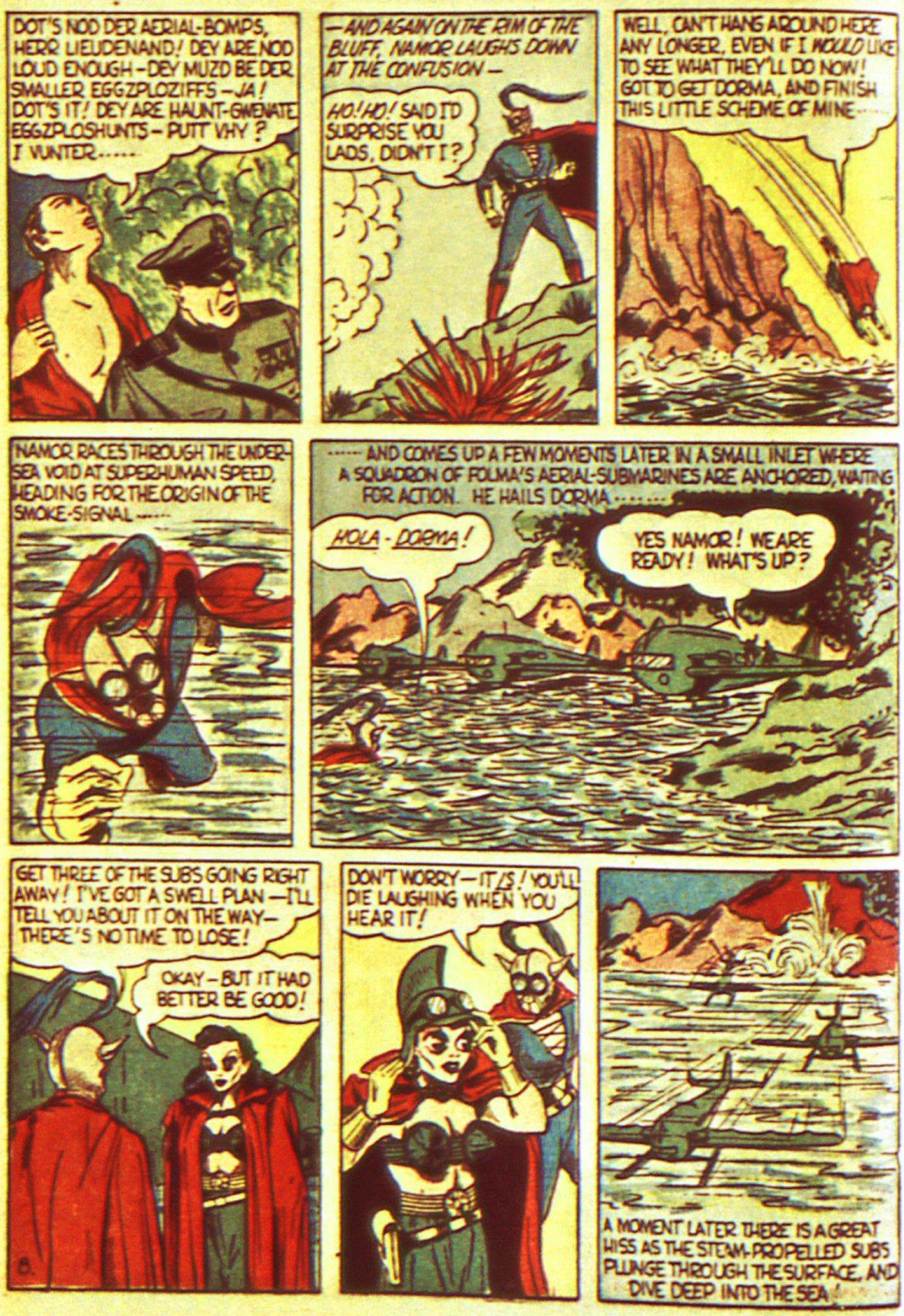

TEN MINUTES LATER......
THANKS, COLONEL — I GOT ALL THE INFORMATION I NEED FOR THE PRESENT. LET'S GO OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
DELIGHTED TO DO ANYTHING WE CAN FOR YOU, SIR, AFTER THE WAY YOU HELPED US CLEAN UP THOSE PARACHUTE TROOPS! WILL YOU BE STAYING WITH US FOR A WHILE NOW?
NO, I THINK NOT. THERE'S MORE WORK TO BE DONE YET. OH, HELLO DORMA! I'VE JUST HAD SOME VERY INTERESTING NEWS.
THE COMMANDER OF THE INVADERS TOLD ME, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THAT THE AXIS POWERS HAVE ESTABLISHED A SECRET SUBMARINE BASE ON A SMALL, LITTLE-KNOWN, ISLAND SOME TWENTY MILES FROM THE COAST OF FLORIDA. I'M GOING NOW TO INVESTIGATE IT.
WHAT SHALL I DO?
I WANT YOU TO GO BACK HOME AND ASSEMBLE A SQUADRON OF AERIAL-SUBS UNDER COMMAND OF LT. FOLMA. BRING THEM TO THE CASCA ISLANDS, WHICH ARE ABOUT TWELVE MILES FROM THIS SECRET BASE
NAMOR AND DORMA LEAVE THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE TOGETHER, AND DIVE INTO THE SEA, EACH TO GO HIS OWN WAY.
NAMOR SWIMS NORTHWEST IN QUEST OF THE HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE
UNLESS THAT COMMANDER WAS LYING, I SHOULD MAKE A NICE HAUL FOR THE FRENCH OUT OF THIS!
WITHIN A FEW HOURS, NAMOR'S WINGED FEET PROPEL HIM WITH UNCANNY SPEED INTO A TINY COVE ON THE SMALL ISLAND DESIGNATED BY THE PRISONER
LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH — HARD TO BELIEVE IT COULD CONCEAL A FLEET OF SUBMARINES!

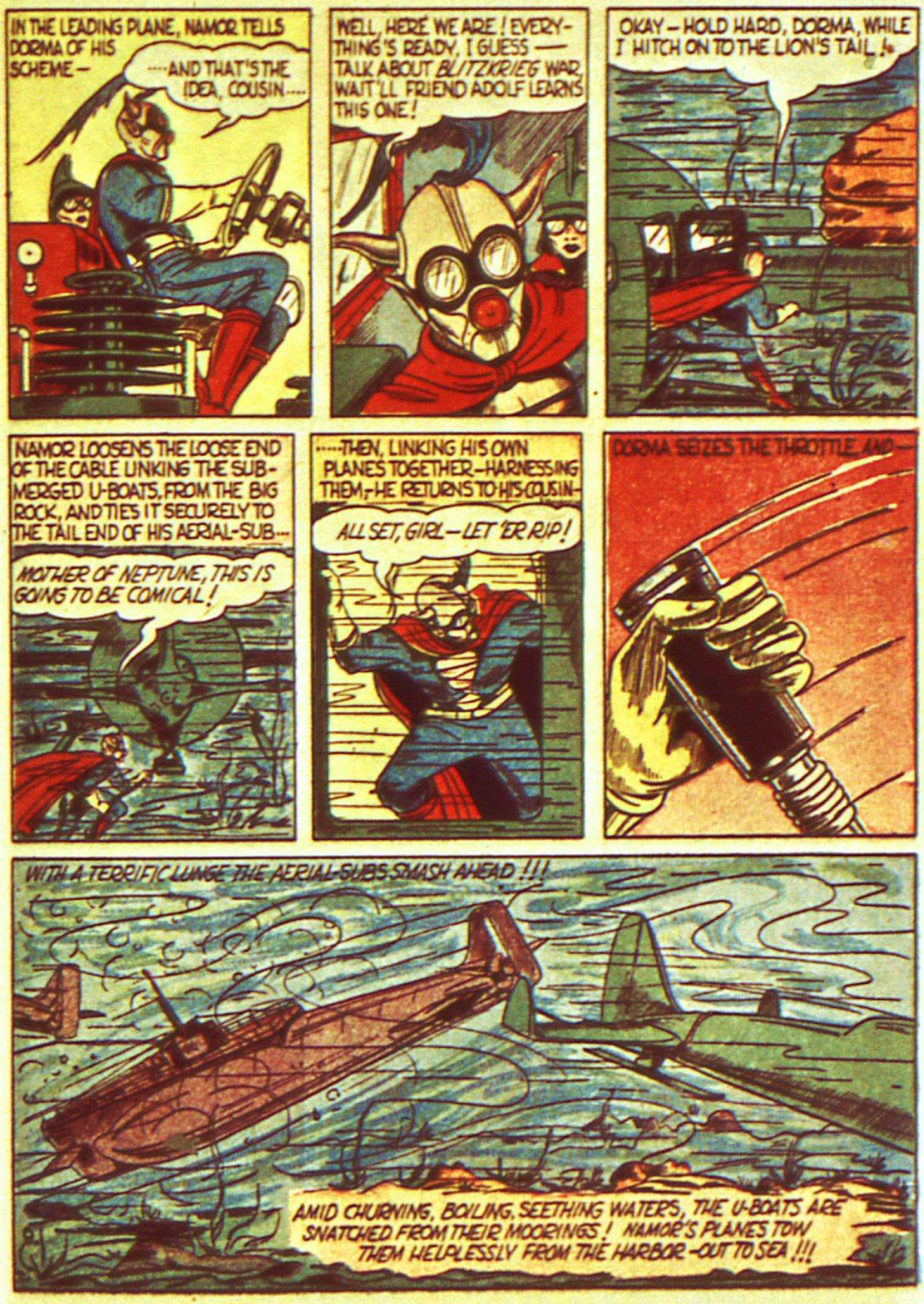

CLIMBING ASHORE, NAMOR WANDERS ABOUT THE ENTIRE ISLAND SEARCHING FOR THE SUBMARINE BASE
AH! AT LAST! CLEVERLY HIDDEN, AND BEAUTIFULLY CAMOUFLAGED — EVEN AN AIRPLANE WOULD HAVE TROUBLE SPOTTING THIS SET-UP!
THEN HE CONCEALS HIMSELF ON THE KNOLL, WAITING FOR NIGHT....
ACCORDING TO THOSE "MARKER-BUOYS," THERE MUST BE ABOUT FIFTEEN U-BOATS SUBMERGED IN THE COVE!
....AND AS DUSK OVERTAKES THE ISLAND.......
WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THEM!
.... A LONE GUARD PATROLS THE DOCK ......
MM-M-M!
SOCK!
THE GUARD DROPS, UNCONSCIOUS, AND AS NAMOR TURNS HE SEES A GIANT COIL OF STEEL CABLE...
IDEA!
SEIZING THE LOOSE END, HE DIVES INTO THE BAY, THE CABLE UNWINDING ON THE REEL BEHIND HIM....
THIS'LL FIX THESE WISE BABIES!

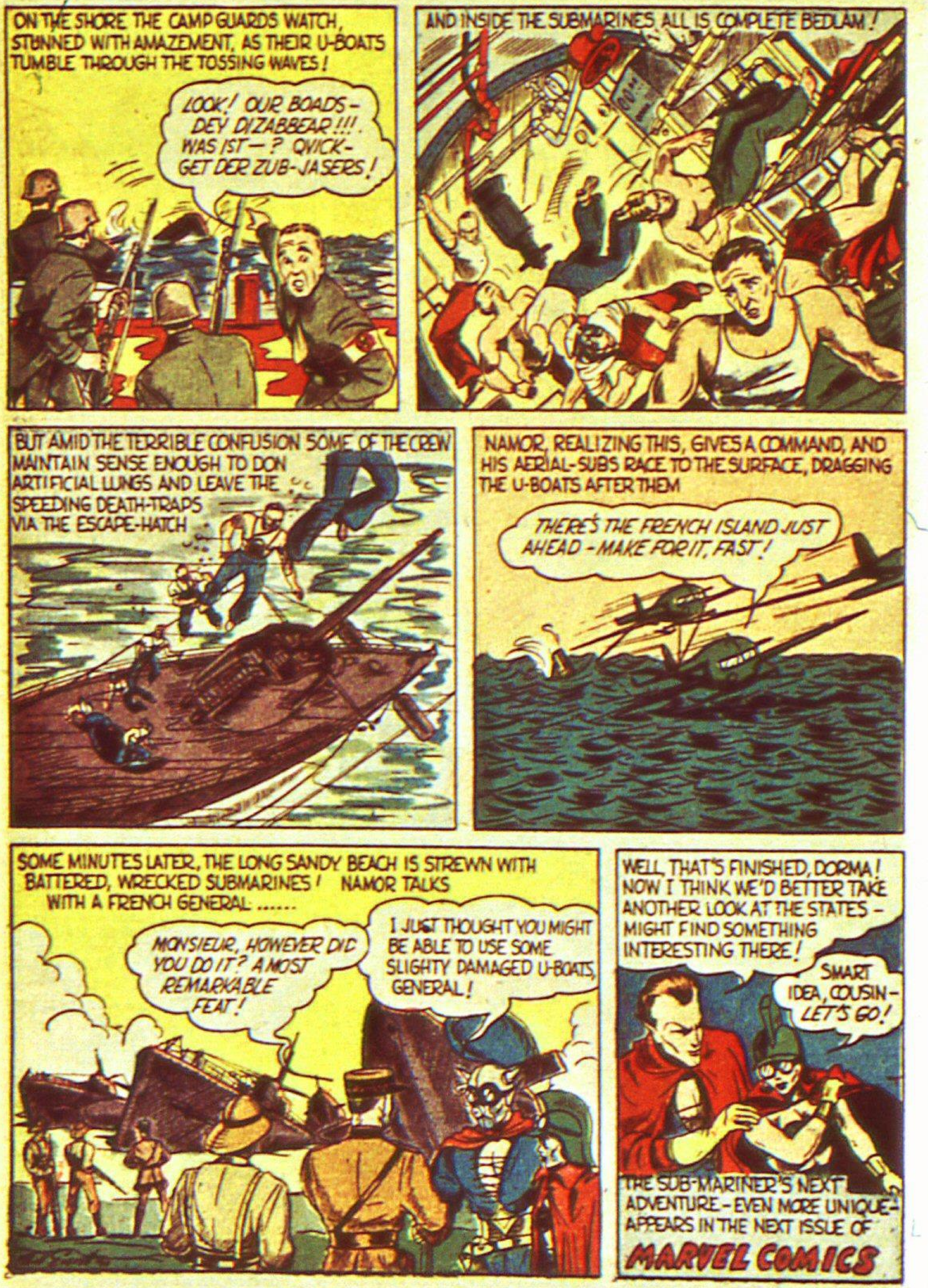

HE PLUNGES DOWN THROUGH THE BLACK WATER, LOOKING FOR THE SUBMARINES
COMING UPON ONE, HE QUICKLY LOOPS THE CABLE THROUGH ITS RUDDER.....
IF THIS WORKS—
...... AND GOES ON TO THE SECOND AND THIRD U-BOATS.....
—IT'LL WOW 'EM!
UNTIL FINALLY ALL THE SUBMARINES ARE LINKED TOGETHER BY THE STOLEN CABLE!
WAIT TILL DORMA SEES THIS!
NAMOR THEN FASTENS THE LOOSE END TO A GREAT ROCK ON THE FLOOR OF THE BAY
NOW TO FIND AN ADVANTAGEOUS SPOT ON THE ISLAND, TO WAIT FOR DORMA AND FOLMA!
SWIMMING BACK TO THE DOCK, HE CLIMBS ASHORE
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
AH! A SMALL ARSENAL! THIS SET-UP IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

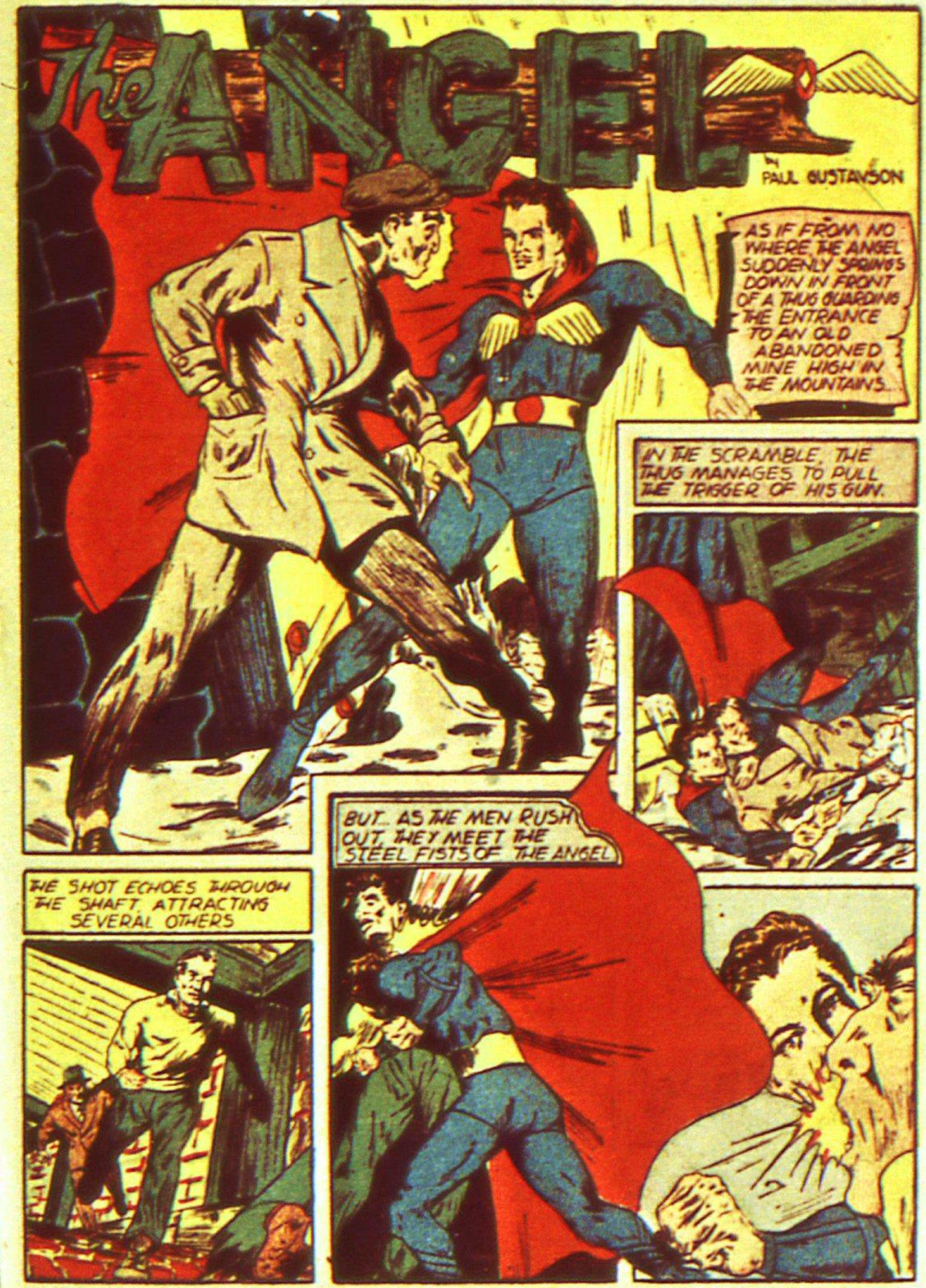

[illegible] SEIZES THE HANDLE IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP AND THE STEEL DOOR BURSTS OPEN -
DANGER
INSIDE, HE LOOKS AROUND FOR A MOMENT, THEN RIPS THE COVER OFF A WOODEN BOX -
HAND GRENADES! JUST WHAT I NEED!
PLACING A HALF-DOZEN OR SO IN A SMALL SACK, AND LEAVES THE BUILDING, [illegible] AND SEES.......
OH-OH! ANOTHER GUARD - POOR FELLOW!
[illegible] GIVES HIM A SILENT BLAST WITH HIS STEAM-PISTOL
SORRY, LAD - GOTTA DO IT!
MMM-M-M! WONDER HOW MANY MORE OF THESE GUARDS ARE WANDERING AROUND TONIGHT?
HE LEAVES THE DOCK, AND RACES BACK THROUGH THE CAMP TO THE HILLS BEHIND, FELLING THE SENTRIES SILENTLY WITH THE DEADLY STEAM AS HE GOES.
REACHING A SHEER CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE ENCAMPMENT, HE BEGINS TO CLIMB.....
I'LL GIVE THESE BOYS A SURPRISE IN THE MORNING!
....AND ARRIVES AT THE TOP OF A ROCKY BLUFF, COMMANDING A FULL VIEW OF THE SEA.....
HOORAY! OLD LADY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME! HERE'S A HANDY LITTLE CAVE WHERE I CAN SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT.
DORMA'S TO SEND UP A SMOKE-SIGNAL FROM THE OTHER ISLAND WHEN SHE ARRIVES THERE WITH THE FLEET IN THE MORNING. THIS IS AN IDEAL SPOT FROM WHICH TO WATCH FOR IT!

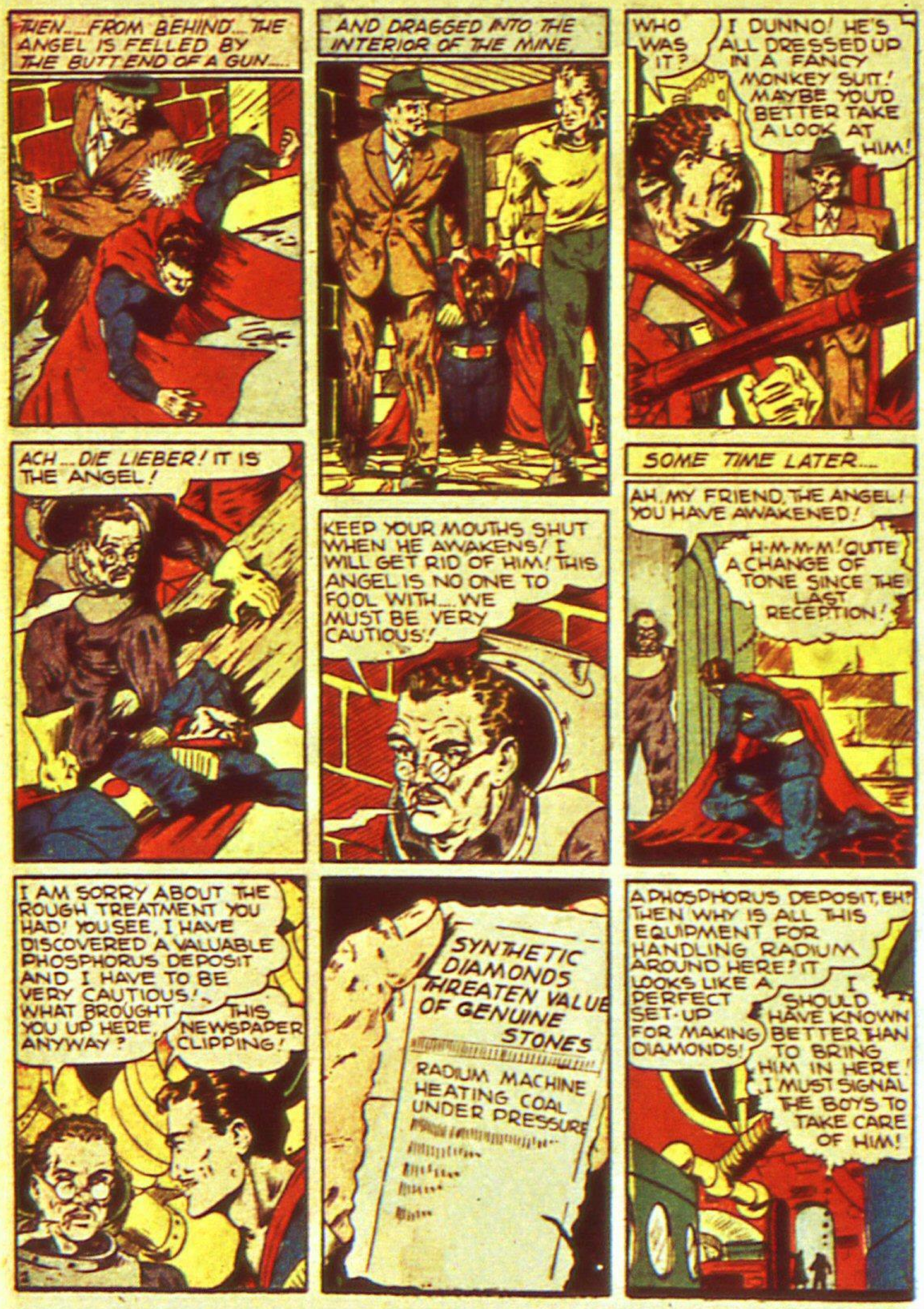

NAMOR SPENDS A QUIET NIGHT ON THE RIDGE, AND AWAKENS TO A COLD, GREY MORNING
GOOD—A CLEAR MORNING!
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE DORMA'S SIGNAL!
FROM AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE SPOT ON THE HORIZON, RISES A GREAT COLUMN OF INKY SMOKE
IT IS! NOW FOR THESE LITTLE "PINEAPPLES", AND WE'LL SEE SOME FUN!
NAMOR TURNS HIS BACK TO THE SEA, AND COMMENCES HURLING HAND-GRENADES INTO THE ENCAMPMENT BELOW!
BOOM!
INSTANTLY PANIC BREAKS OUT IN THE BARRACKS!
HIMMEL! WAS IST DAS?
ACH, DONNERWETTER!
BOOM!
WHAM!
BAM!
7

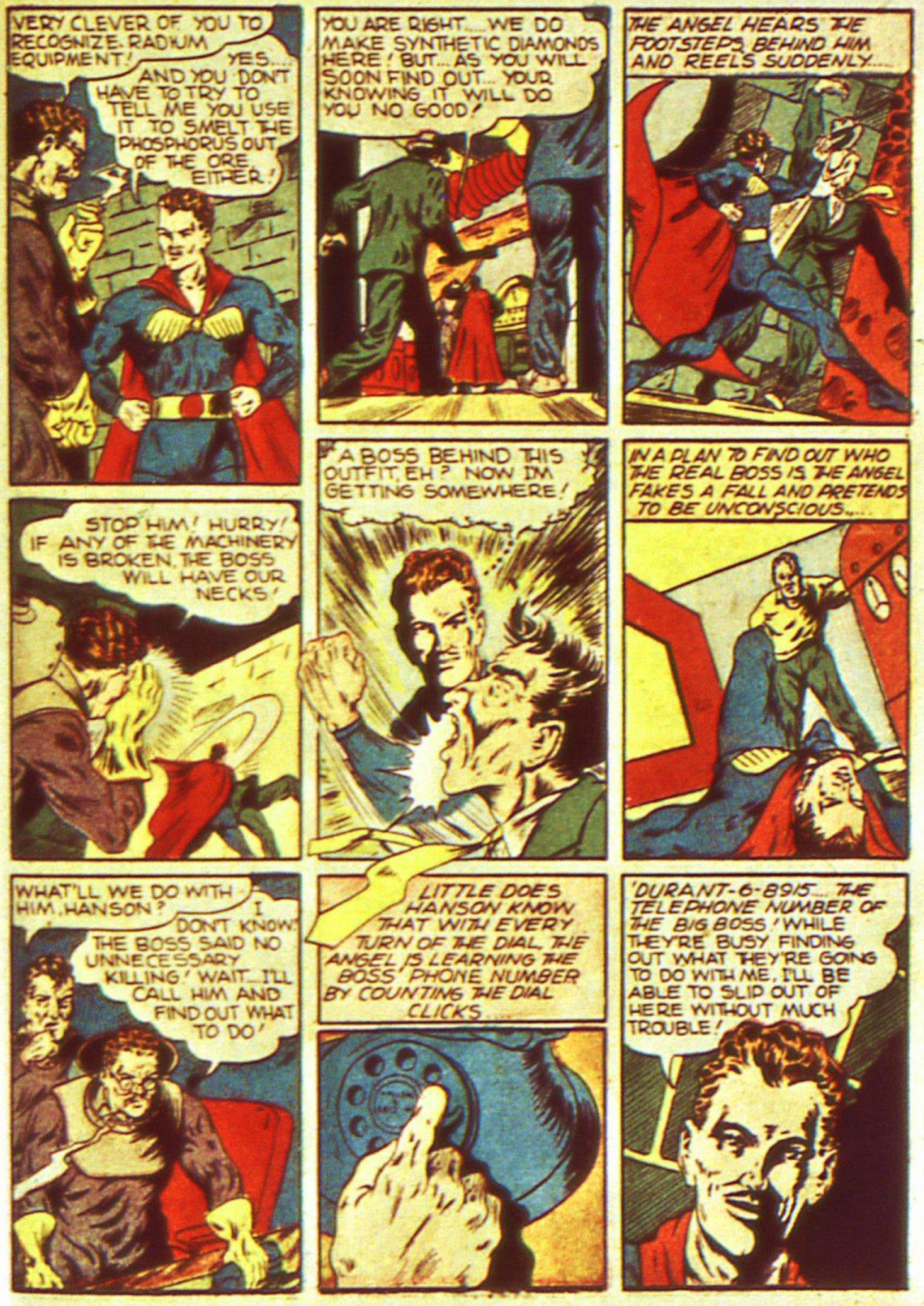

DOT'S NOD DER AERIAL-BOMPS, HERR LIEUDENAND! DEY ARE NOD LOUD ENOUGH – DEY MUZD BE DER SMALLER EGGZPLOZIFFS – JA! DOT'S IT! DEY ARE HAUNT-GWENATE EGGZPLOSHUNTS – PUTT VHY? I VUNTER......
–AND AGAIN ON THE RIM OF THE BLUFF, NAMOR LAUGHS DOWN AT THE CONFUSION –
HO! HO! SAID I'D SURPRISE YOU LADS, DIDN'T I?
WELL, CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE ANY LONGER, EVEN IF I WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO NOW! GOT TO GET DORMA, AND FINISH THIS LITTLE SCHEME OF MINE......
NAMOR RACES THROUGH THE UNDER-SEA VOID AT SUPERHUMAN SPEED, HEADING FOR THE ORIGIN OF THE SMOKE-SIGNAL......
...... AND COMES UP A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN A SMALL INLET WHERE A SQUADRON OF FOLMA'S AERIAL-SUBMARINES ARE ANCHORED, WAITING FOR ACTION. HE HAILS DORMA......
HOLA – DORMA!
YES NAMOR! WE ARE READY! WHAT'S UP?
GET THREE OF THE SUBS GOING RIGHT AWAY! I'VE GOT A SWELL PLAN – I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY – THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
OKAY – BUT IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
DON'T WORRY – IT IS! YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING WHEN YOU HEAR IT!
A MOMENT LATER THERE IS A GREAT HISS AS THE STEAM-PROPELLED SUBS PLUNGE THROUGH THE SURFACE, AND DIVE DEEP INTO THE SEA!

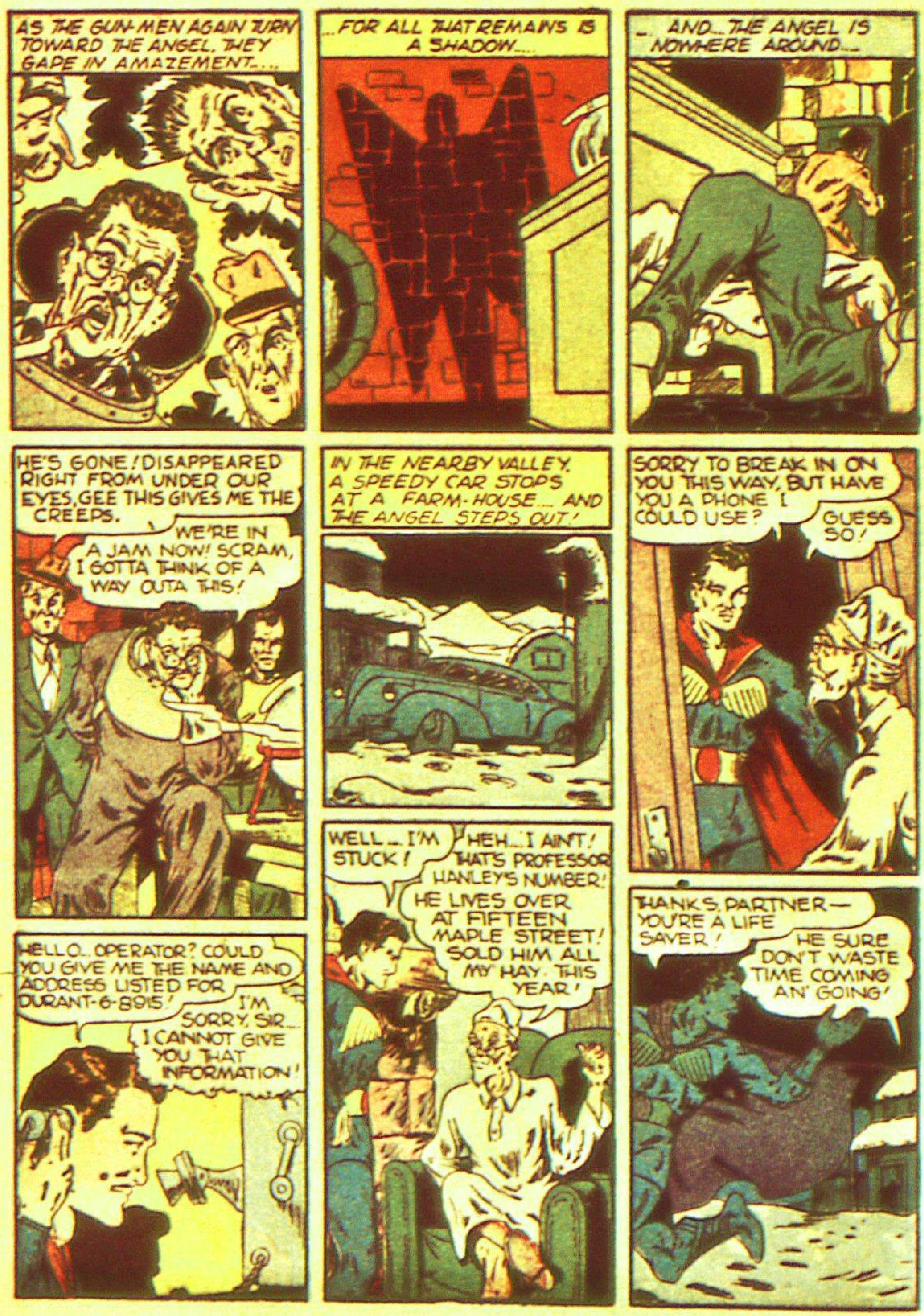

IN THE LEADING PLANE, NAMOR TELLS DORMA OF HIS SCHEME—
....AND THAT'S THE IDEA, COUSIN....
WELL, HERE WE ARE! EVERYTHING'S READY, I GUESS — TALK ABOUT BLITZKRIEG WAR, WAIT'LL FRIEND ADOLF LEARNS THIS ONE!
OKAY— HOLD HARD, DORMA, WHILE I HITCH ON TO THE LION'S TAIL!
NAMOR LOOSENS THE LOOSE END OF THE CABLE LINKING THE SUBMERGED U-BOATS, FROM THE BIG ROCK, AND TIES IT SECURELY TO THE TAIL END OF HIS AERIAL-SUB—
MOTHER OF NEPTUNE, THIS IS GOING TO BE COMICAL!
....THEN, LINKING HIS OWN PLANES TOGETHER—HARNESSING THEM,—HE RETURNS TO HIS COUSIN—
ALL SET, GIRL—LET 'ER RIP!
DORMA SEIZES THE THROTTLE, AND—
WITH A TERRIFIC LUNGE THE AERIAL-SUBS SMASH AHEAD!!!
AMID CHURNING, BOILING, SEETHING WATERS, THE U-BOATS ARE SNATCHED FROM THEIR MOORINGS! NAMOR'S PLANES TOW THEM HELPLESSLY FROM THE HARBOR—OUT TO SEA!!!

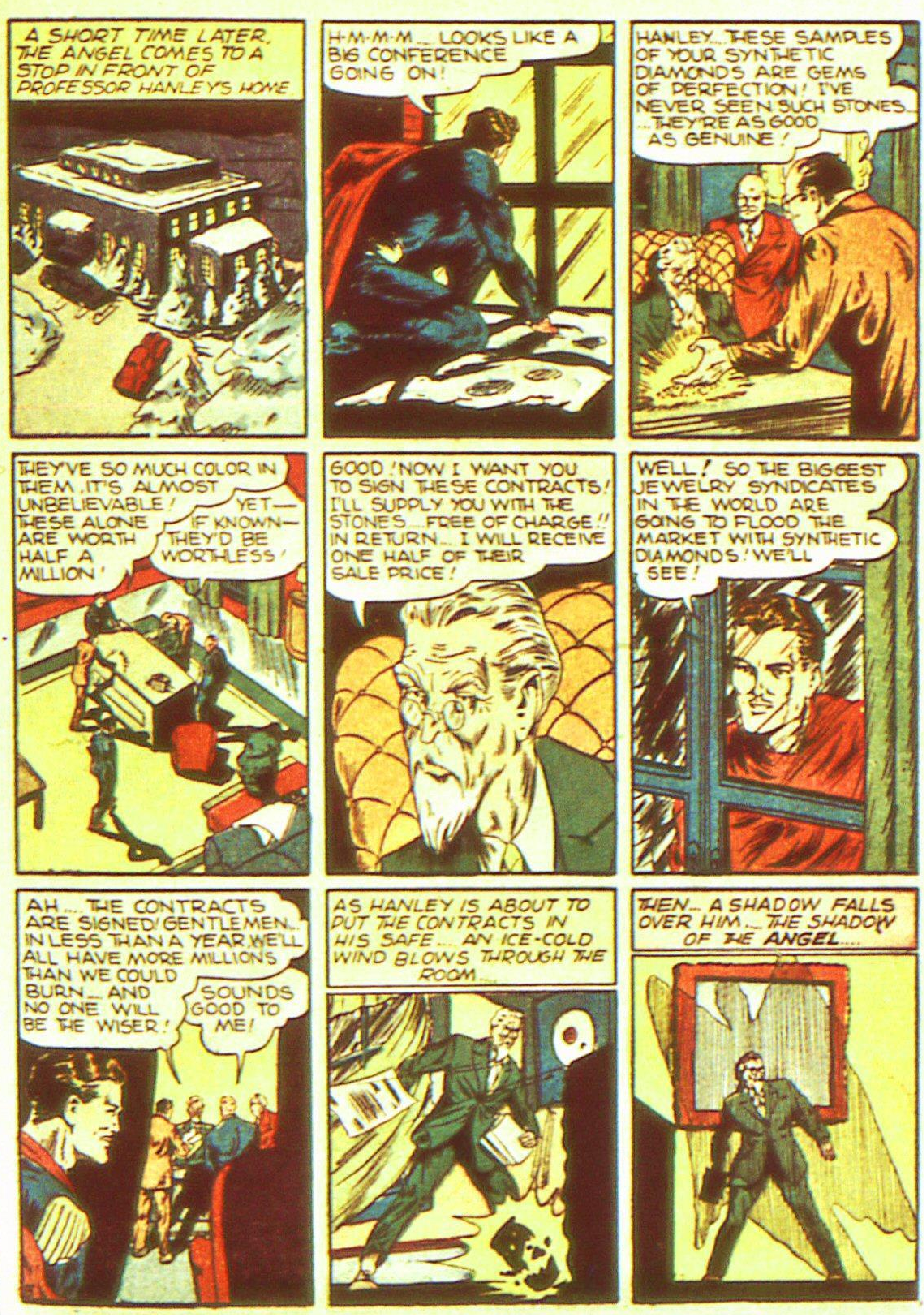

ON THE SHORE THE CAMP GUARDS WATCH, STUNNED WITH AMAZEMENT, AS THEIR U-BOATS TUMBLE THROUGH THE TOSSING WAVES!
LOOK! OUR BOADS- DEY DIZABBEAR!!!! WAS IST—? QVICK- GET DER ZUB-JASERS!
AND INSIDE THE SUBMARINES ALL IS COMPLETE BEDLAM!
BUT AMID THE TERRIBLE CONFUSION SOME OF THE CREW MAINTAIN SENSE ENOUGH TO DON ARTIFICIAL LUNGS AND LEAVE THE SPEEDING DEATH-TRAPS VIA THE ESCAPE-HATCH
NAMOR, REALIZING THIS, GIVES A COMMAND, AND HIS AERIAL-SUBS RACE TO THE SURFACE, DRAGGING THE U-BOATS AFTER THEM
THERE'S THE FRENCH ISLAND JUST AHEAD - MAKE FOR IT, FAST!
SOME MINUTES LATER, THE LONG SANDY BEACH IS STREWN WITH BATTERED, WRECKED SUBMARINES! NAMOR TALKS WITH A FRENCH GENERAL......
MONSIEUR, HOWEVER DID YOU DO IT? A MOST REMARKABLE FEAT!
I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE SOME SLIGHTY DAMAGED U-BOATS, GENERAL!
WELL, THAT'S FINISHED, DORMA! NOW I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE STATES - MIGHT FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING THERE!
SMART IDEA, COUSIN- LET'S GO!
THE SUB-MARINER'S NEXT ADVENTURE - EVEN MORE UNIQUE - APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS

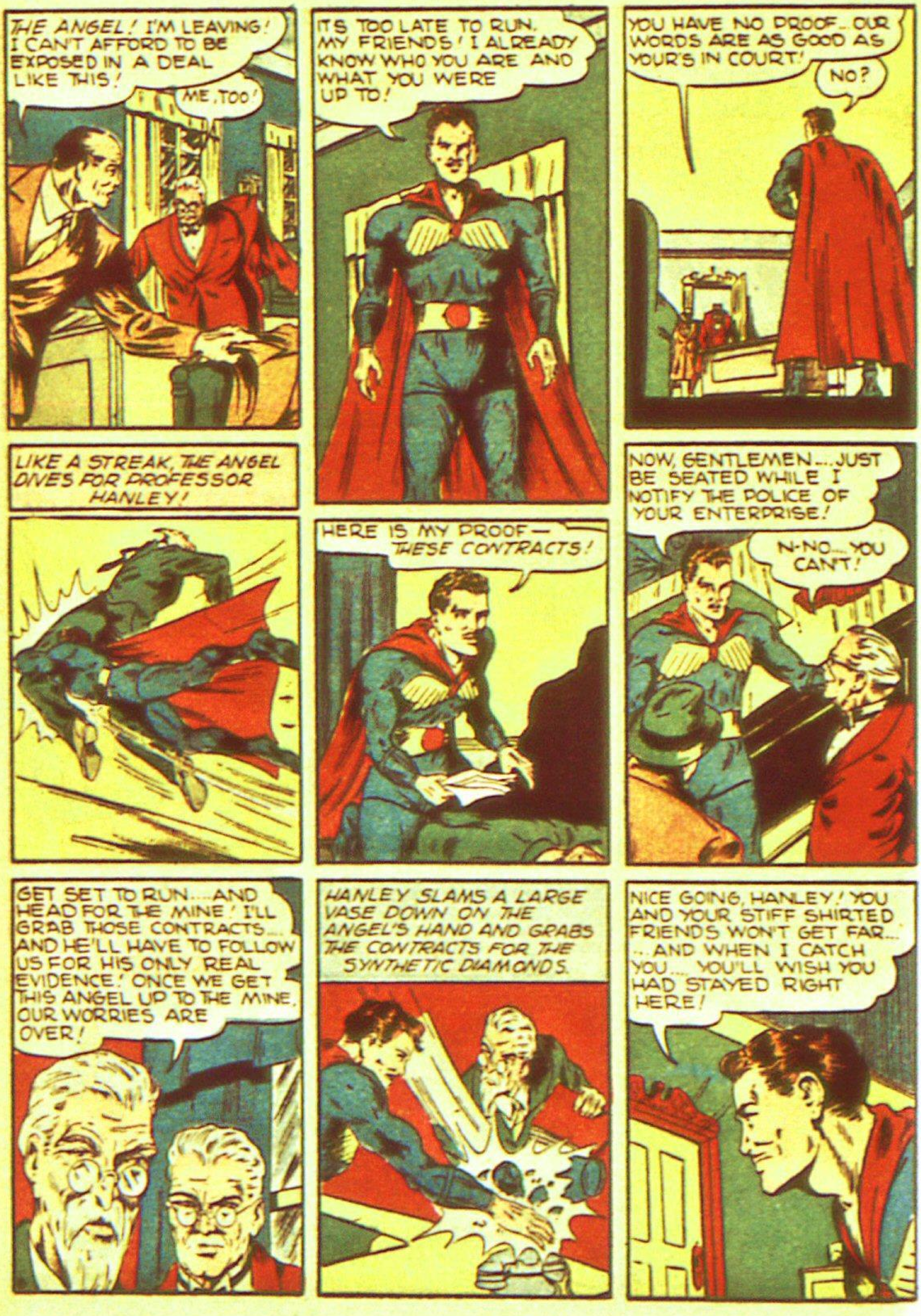

The ANGEL
by PAUL GUSTAVSON
AS IF FROM NOWHERE THE ANGEL SUDDENLY SPRINGS DOWN IN FRONT OF A THUG GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO AN OLD ABANDONED MINE HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...
IN THE SCRAMBLE, THE THUG MANAGES TO PULL THE TRIGGER OF HIS GUN.
THE SHOT ECHOES THROUGH THE SHAFT, ATTRACTING SEVERAL OTHERS
BUT... AS THE MEN RUSH OUT, THEY MEET THE STEEL FISTS OF THE ANGEL

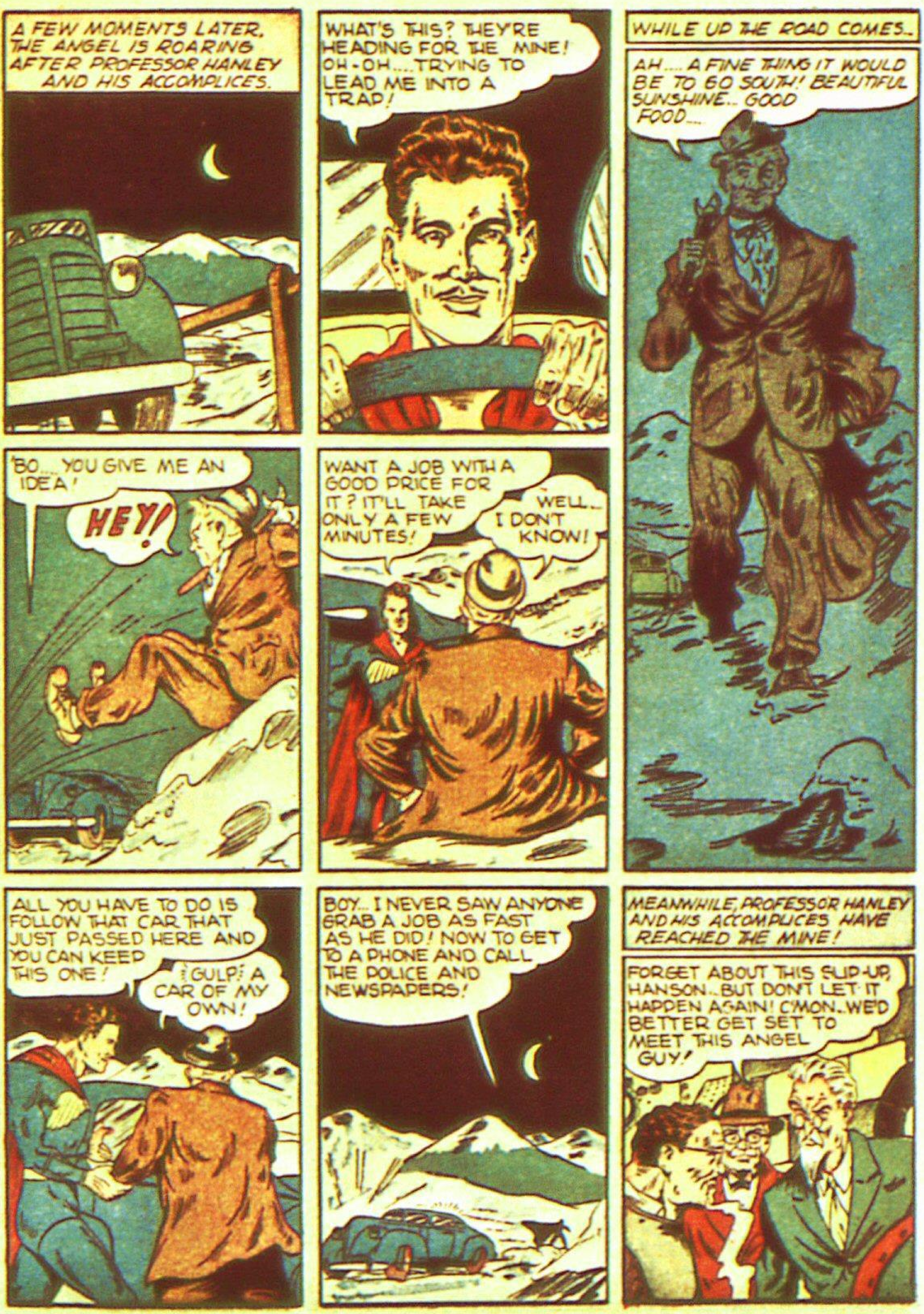

THEN.... FROM BEHIND... THE ANGEL IS FELLED BY THE BUTT END OF A GUN....
...AND DRAGGED INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE MINE.
WHO WAS IT?
I DUNNO! HE'S ALL DRESSED UP IN A FANCY MONKEY SUIT! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT HIM!
ACH... DIE LIEBER! IT IS THE ANGEL!
KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT WHEN HE AWAKENS! I WILL GET RID OF HIM! THIS ANGEL IS NO ONE TO FOOL WITH.... WE MUST BE VERY CAUTIOUS!
SOME TIME LATER....
AH, MY FRIEND, THE ANGEL! YOU HAVE AWAKENED!
H-M-M-M! QUITE A CHANGE OF TONE SINCE THE LAST RECEPTION!
I AM SORRY ABOUT THE ROUGH TREATMENT YOU HAD! YOU SEE, I HAVE DISCOVERED A VALUABLE PHOSPHORUS DEPOSIT AND I HAVE TO BE VERY CAUTIOUS! WHAT BROUGHT YOU UP HERE, ANYWAY?
THIS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!
SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS THREATEN VALUE OF GENUINE STONES
RADIUM MACHINE HEATING COAL UNDER PRESSURE
A PHOSPHORUS DEPOSIT, EH? THEN WHY IS ALL THIS EQUIPMENT FOR HANDLING RADIUM AROUND HERE? IT LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT SET-UP FOR MAKING DIAMONDS!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO BRING HIM IN HERE! I MUST SIGNAL THE BOYS TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

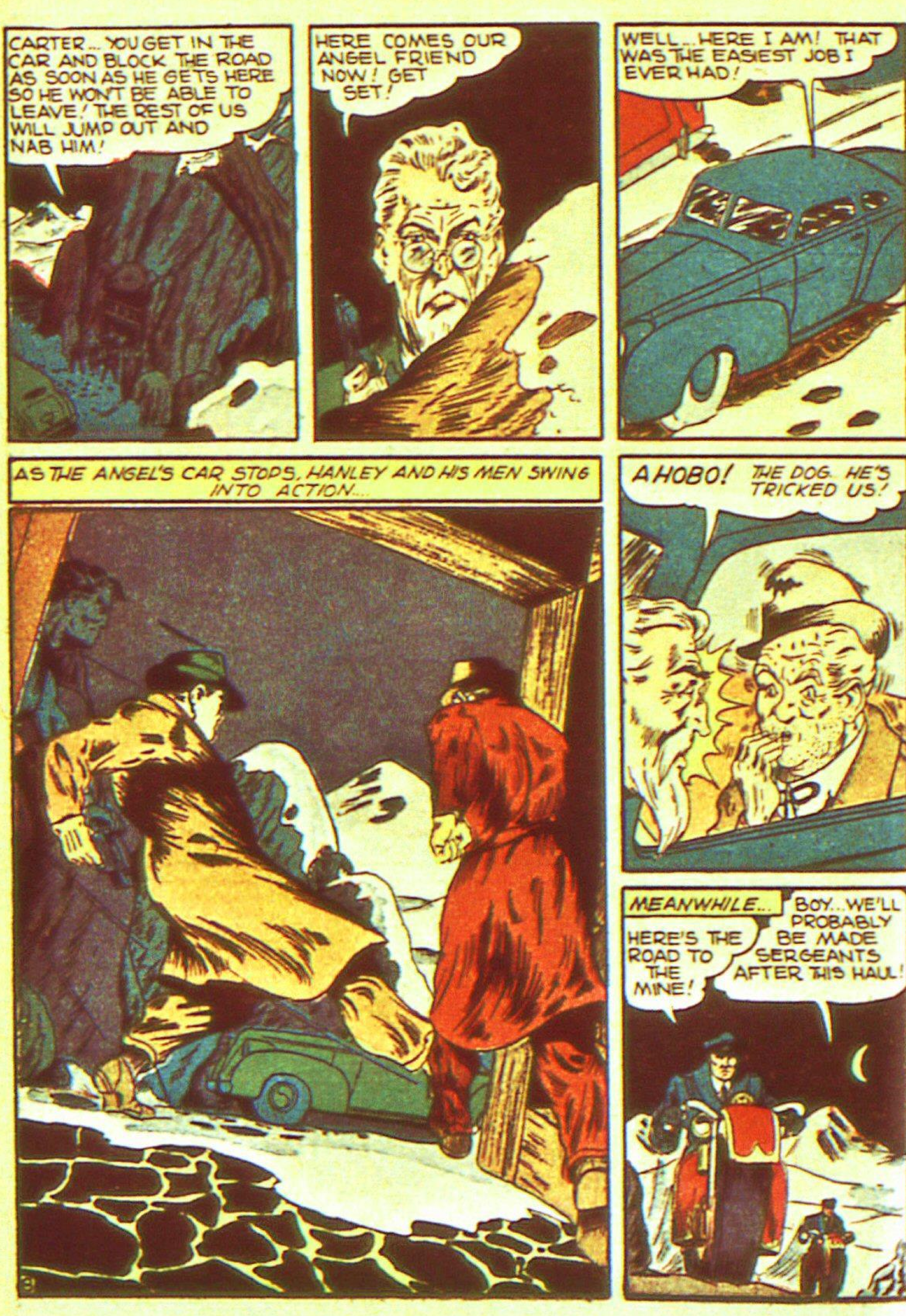

VERY CLEVER OF YOU TO RECOGNIZE RADIUM EQUIPMENT!
YES.... AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRY TO TELL ME YOU USE IT TO SMELT THE PHOSPHORUS OUT OF THE ORE, EITHER!
YOU ARE RIGHT.... WE DO MAKE SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS HERE! BUT... AS YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT... YOUR KNOWING IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
THE ANGEL HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM AND REELS SUDDENLY....
STOP HIM! HURRY! IF ANY OF THE MACHINERY IS BROKEN, THE BOSS WILL HAVE OUR NECKS!
"A BOSS BEHIND THIS OUTFIT, EH? NOW I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE!
IN A PLAN TO FIND OUT WHO THE REAL BOSS IS, THE ANGEL FAKES A FALL AND PRETENDS TO BE UNCONSCIOUS.....
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, HANSON?
I DON'T KNOW! THE BOSS SAID NO UNNECESSARY KILLING! WAIT...I'LL CALL HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT TO DO!
LITTLE DOES HANSON KNOW THAT WITH EVERY TURN OF THE DIAL, THE ANGEL IS LEARNING THE BOSS' PHONE NUMBER BY COUNTING THE DIAL CLICKS.....
'DURANT-6-8915'.... THE TELEPHONE NUMBER OF THE BIG BOSS! WHILE THEY'RE BUSY FINDING OUT WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO WITH ME, I'LL BE ABLE TO SLIP OUT OF HERE WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE!

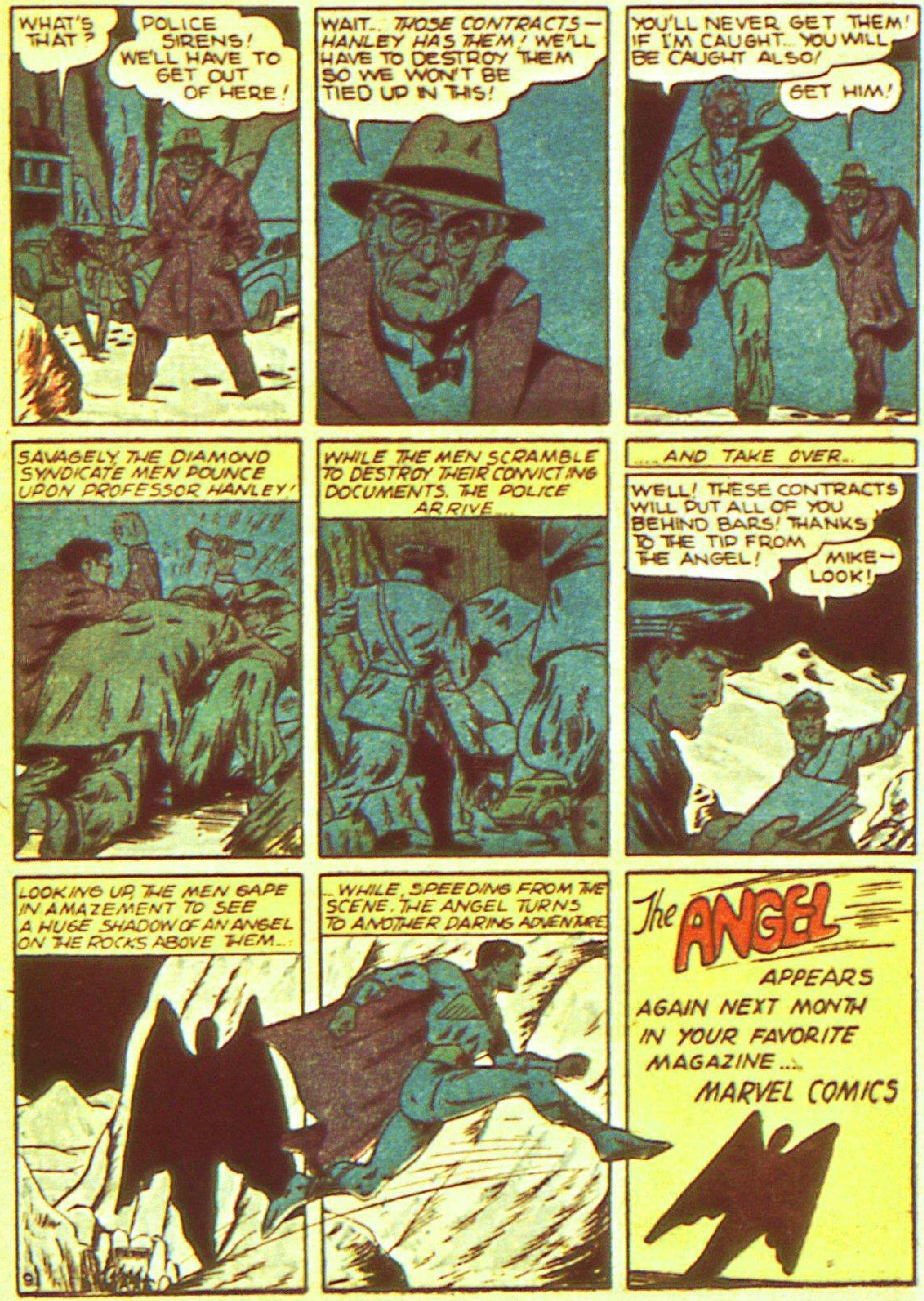

AS THE GUN-MEN AGAIN TURN TOWARD THE ANGEL, THEY GAPE IN AMAZEMENT....
...FOR ALL THAT REMAINS IS A SHADOW....
...AND... THE ANGEL IS NOWHERE AROUND...
HE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR EYES, GEE THIS GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
WE'RE IN A JAM NOW! SCRAM, I GOTTA THINK OF A WAY OUTA THIS!
IN THE NEARBY VALLEY, A SPEEDY CAR STOPS AT A FARM-HOUSE... AND THE ANGEL STEPS OUT!
SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU THIS WAY, BUT HAVE YOU A PHONE I COULD USE?
GUESS SO!
HELLO...OPERATOR? COULD YOU GIVE ME THE NAME AND ADDRESS LISTED FOR DURANT-6-8915!
I'M SORRY, SIR... I CANNOT GIVE YOU THAT INFORMATION!
WELL... I'M STUCK!
HEH...I AINT! THAT'S PROFESSOR HANLEY'S NUMBER!
HE LIVES OVER AT FIFTEEN MAPLE STREET! SOLD HIM ALL MY HAY THIS YEAR!
THANKS, PARTNER— YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER!
HE SURE DON'T WASTE TIME COMING AN' GOING!


A SHORT TIME LATER, THE ANGEL COMES TO A STOP IN FRONT OF PROFESSOR HANLEY'S HOME
H-M-M-M... LOOKS LIKE A BIG CONFERENCE GOING ON!
HANLEY... THESE SAMPLES OF YOUR SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS ARE GEMS OF PERFECTION! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH STONES... ...THEY'RE AS GOOD AS GENUINE!
THEY'VE SO MUCH COLOR IN THEM, IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! THESE ALONE ARE WORTH HALF A MILLION!
YET— IF KNOWN— THEY'D BE WORTHLESS!
GOOD! NOW I WANT YOU TO SIGN THESE CONTRACTS! I'LL SUPPLY YOU WITH THE STONES... FREE OF CHARGE!! IN RETURN... I WILL RECEIVE ONE HALF OF THEIR SALE PRICE!
WELL! SO THE BIGGEST JEWELRY SYNDICATES IN THE WORLD ARE GOING TO FLOOD THE MARKET WITH SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS! WE'LL SEE!
AH... THE CONTRACTS ARE SIGNED! GENTLEMEN... IN LESS THAN A YEAR, WE'LL ALL HAVE MORE MILLIONS THAN WE COULD BURN... AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER!
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
AS HANLEY IS ABOUT TO PUT THE CONTRACTS IN HIS SAFE... AN ICE-COLD WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE ROOM...
THEN... A SHADOW FALLS OVER HIM... THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL....


THE ANGEL! I'M LEAVING! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE EXPOSED IN A DEAL LIKE THIS!
ME, TOO!
ITS TOO LATE TO RUN, MY FRIENDS! I ALREADY KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU WERE UP TO!
YOU HAVE NO PROOF... OUR WORDS ARE AS GOOD AS YOUR'S IN COURT!
NO?
LIKE A STREAK, THE ANGEL DIVES FOR PROFESSOR HANLEY!
HERE IS MY PROOF— THESE CONTRACTS!
NOW, GENTLEMEN.... JUST BE SEATED WHILE I NOTIFY THE POLICE OF YOUR ENTERPRISE!
N-NO.... YOU CAN'T!
GET SET TO RUN.... AND HEAD FOR THE MINE! I'LL GRAB THOSE CONTRACTS.... AND HE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW US FOR HIS ONLY REAL EVIDENCE! ONCE WE GET THIS ANGEL UP TO THE MINE, OUR WORRIES ARE OVER!
HANLEY SLAMS A LARGE VASE DOWN ON THE ANGEL'S HAND AND GRABS THE CONTRACTS FOR THE SYNTHETIC DIAMONDS.
NICE GOING, HANLEY! YOU AND YOUR STIFF SHIRTED FRIENDS WON'T GET FAR... ...AND WHEN I CATCH YOU.... YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD STAYED RIGHT HERE!


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE ANGEL IS ROARING AFTER PROFESSOR HANLEY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.
WHAT'S THIS? THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE MINE! OH-OH.... TRYING TO LEAD ME INTO A TRAP!
WHILE UP THE ROAD COMES..
AH.... A FINE THING IT WOULD BE TO GO SOUTH! BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.. GOOD FOOD....
BO.... YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA!
HEY!
WANT A JOB WITH A GOOD PRICE FOR IT? IT'LL TAKE ONLY A FEW MINUTES!
WELL.. I DON'T KNOW!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THAT CAR THAT JUST PASSED HERE AND YOU CAN KEEP THIS ONE!
¡GULP! A CAR OF MY OWN!
BOY.. I NEVER SAW ANYONE GRAB A JOB AS FAST AS HE DID! NOW TO GET TO A PHONE AND CALL THE POLICE AND NEWSPAPERS!
MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR HANLEY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES HAVE REACHED THE MINE!
FORGET ABOUT THIS SLIP-UP, HANSON.. BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! C'MON..WE'D BETTER GET SET TO MEET THIS ANGEL GUY!

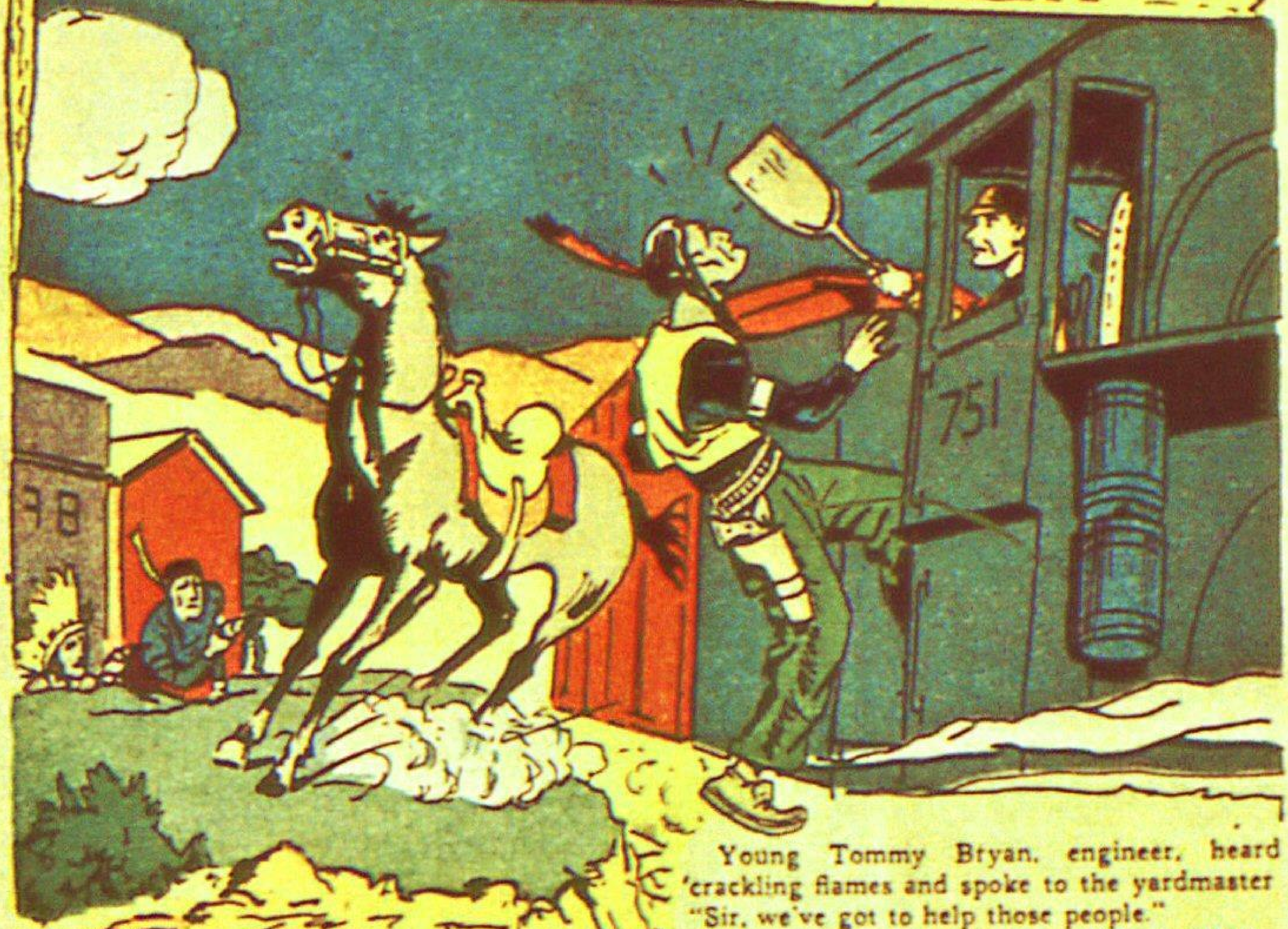

CARTER... YOU GET IN THE CAR AND BLOCK THE ROAD AS SOON AS HE GETS HERE SO HE WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE! THE REST OF US WILL JUMP OUT AND NAB HIM!
HERE COMES OUR ANGEL FRIEND NOW! GET SET!
WELL... HERE I AM! THAT WAS THE EASIEST JOB I EVER HAD!
AS THE ANGEL'S CAR STOPS, HANLEY AND HIS MEN SWING INTO ACTION...
A HOBO! THE DOG... HE'S TRICKED US!
MEANWHILE...
HERE'S THE ROAD TO THE MINE!
BOY... WE'LL PROBABLY BE MADE SERGEANTS AFTER THIS HAUL!


WHAT'S THAT?
POLICE SIRENS! WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
WAIT.. *THOSE CONTRACTS*—HANLEY HAS *THEM*! WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THEM SO WE WON'T BE TIED UP IN THIS!
YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM! IF I'M CAUGHT.. YOU WILL BE CAUGHT ALSO!
GET HIM!
SAVAGELY, THE DIAMOND SYNDICATE MEN POUNCE UPON PROFESSOR HANLEY!
WHILE THE MEN SCRAMBLE TO DESTROY THEIR CONVICTING DOCUMENTS, THE POLICE ARRIVE....
.... AND TAKE OVER..
WELL! THESE CONTRACTS WILL PUT ALL OF YOU BEHIND BARS! THANKS TO THE TIP FROM THE ANGEL!
MIKE—LOOK!
LOOKING UP, THE MEN GAPE IN AMAZEMENT TO SEE A HUGE SHADOW OF AN ANGEL ON THE ROCKS ABOVE THEM...
9
...WHILE, SPEEDING FROM THE SCENE, THE ANGEL TURNS TO ANOTHER DARING ADVENTURE!
The ANGEL
APPEARS AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE....
MARVEL COMICS

# REDSKINS BITE CINDERS

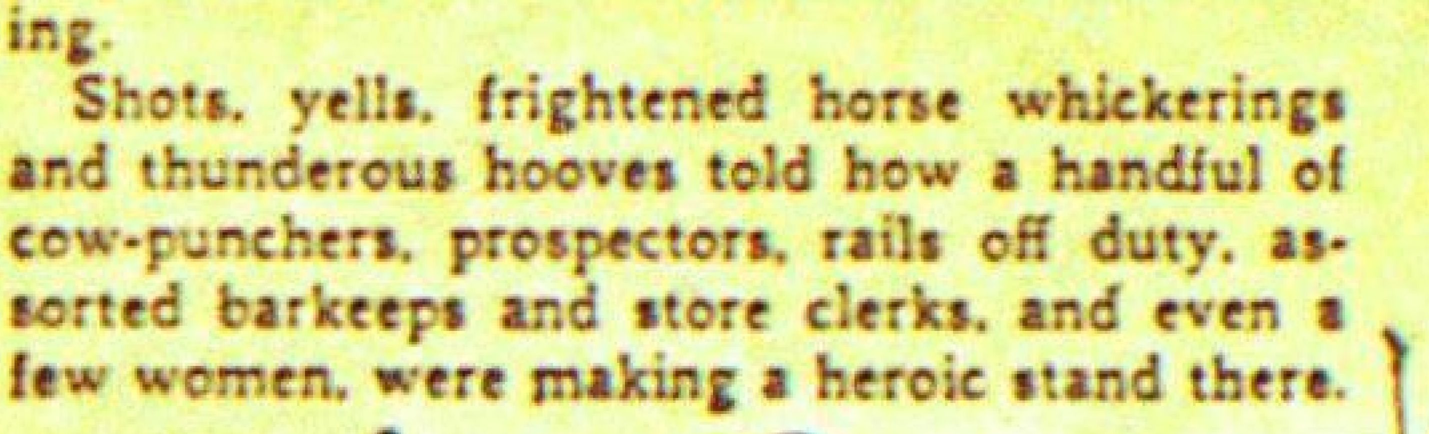
*By Andrew McWhiney*

Engineer Tommy Bryan found an oddly effective way of saving the town from the band of marauding looters.



WHANG! Skreee-e-e-e-e-e-eee!! An Indian bullet smacked the boiler shell of engine 751, which had been standing outside the roundhouse when the railroad town was attacked by plains savages. Railroaders in the roundhouse ducked the screaming ricochet and stared at the town proper, half a mile away, embattled and burning.

Shots, yells, frightened horse whickerings and thunderous hooves told how a handful of cow-punchers, prospectors, rails off duty, assorted barkeeps and store clerks, and even a few women, were making a heroic stand there.



Young Tommy Bryan, engineer, heard crackling flames and spoke to the yardmaster "Sir, we've got to help those people."

"How?" asked the hopeless official. "We've no guns here"

Tommy pointed. "Most of the devils are firing across the tracks into town from behind the depot. If we could spot a string of cars in front of the depot as a screen, it'd give the boys a breathing spell to fight the flames."

"Who wants to ride into that hail o' bullets?" growled a brakeman.

"I do," said Hostler Steve Hanson, stepping to Tommy's side.

Yardmaster Barnes objected. "You'll be moving too slow—they'll just ride alongside the cab and drill you. Besides, the op has probably wired Fort Harrison for troops; they should be here soon."

"The op is probably dead beside his instrument," retorted Tommy.

"All right, try it. I won't ask married men to go."

"I'm single." muttered the brakeman, ashamed. "I'm with you."

"That's talking!" cried Tommy. "Come on, make a run for 751!"

Feet pounded toward the engine. Indians screeched hideously; hidden carbines crashed, and a storm of bullets hammered on tender and engine as the rails leaped for the gangway and gained the cab's shelter.

"Anyone hit?" gasped Tommy; two negative grunts sounded.

Tommy slid behind the throttle, thankful that 751 had a head of steam. He surveyed the yards for a string of cars.

But cars were scattered; the only string was beyond the depot at the feed warehouse. It meant two trips through the bullets—down to tie onto them, and up again in reverse, dragging the string. He looked at his men.

Red, the brakeman, licked his lips. "What you waiting for?"

Steve nodded. "Let's go, Tommy!"

GRIMLY he released brakes and worked steam. The light Consolidation's exhaust barked as she stepped forward briskly. Firing slacked at this new noise. Then Indians spotted the moving engine, screeched sickeningly, and battered the ringing metal with withering volleys.

Crouched low, Tommy gave 751 her head Suddenly despair struck him; 751 ground to a rough halt. Switches were lined wrong; they'd have to cross from house track over the main and onto the feed siding. Why hadn't he thought?

Then Red slid down the gangway, holding the coal scoop to shield his head. He stumbled to the switch stand. Ponies with yelling, paint-blazoned riders burst out at him.

WHANG! The scoop jerked, flew and fell. Frantic, Red threw the switch, snatched up the scoop and caught the grab-irons as the Consolidation stepped by, barking as if in anger.

Rails in the town guessed the next one, that siding switch wasn't a hundred yards from the depot, and unshielded. While 751 clattered over the main they organized a concerted fire that had Indians scrambling for new cover. Only deft Tommy Bryan could have stopped with pilot wheels an inch from switch points.

With barely ten feet to cover from his crouch on the pilot, Red hit the ground running. Pinked in the leg, he staggered, but threw the switch and was back on board, cussing as he ripped his shirt to staunch flowing blood.

751 clattered up the siding. Now shielded by her from defending fire, ponies flowed alongside. Glass flew from splintered gauges. Tommy had a scalp scratch and Steve stopped one in his shoulder. 751 picked up speed, but screaming riders paced her easily.

Berserk with lust, a red- and blue-daubed brave swung alongside the gangway, fingered grab irons and slid from his pony. The contorted, painted mask appeared on board.

CRACK! Steve swung the scoop; the savage tumbled off, a new red staining him. Another one tried. CRACK! The scoop swung and fell, a painted body smacked cinders and was hoof trampled.

RIDERS drew off a little. Steve shouted; Red nodded. Down back in the coal, he watched Steve flatten on deck, hang over the off gangway, and drop something beneath the tender wheels.

BANG! A common track torpedo went off; at the same instant Red rose, swung an arm, and coal smashed an Indian above the eye. Certain he had been shot, the savage howled and fell.

BANG! Again coal flew, and a gaudy rider clapped his side and sprawled to the cinders. BANG! BANG! More Indians dropped; frightened raiders drew away and clustered behind the freight shed.

Now 751's brakes screeched as Tommy made a jarring halt a foot from the end box-car. Red hit earth running again. Steam sighed; a crash, and the cars jumped. The coupling was made. 751 bellowed defiantly and walked back toward the depot with her drag.

By now the raiders had guessed the torpedo trick and rushed the engine grimly. There was nothing to do but run for it, and Tommy ran, giving the engine all she could take.

No one knew how they made it, but the engine stopped, shook loose the cars, and backed away again, leaving a long, stout barrier that completely blanketed the firing front.

Even as the three bleeding, burned and exhausted men sprawled in the roundhouse having their wounds tended, the crackle of flames in town began to die as fighters were spared from the slackening battle. Sharpshooters picked off red forms that tried to get around the end of the barrier.

From east down the line a whistle wailed. Men ran to the roundhouse door. A big ten-wheeler roared in from the plains, hit the yard switches and ground to a stop. Coaches spouted a horde of blue-clad troops; bayonets and rifles gleamed.

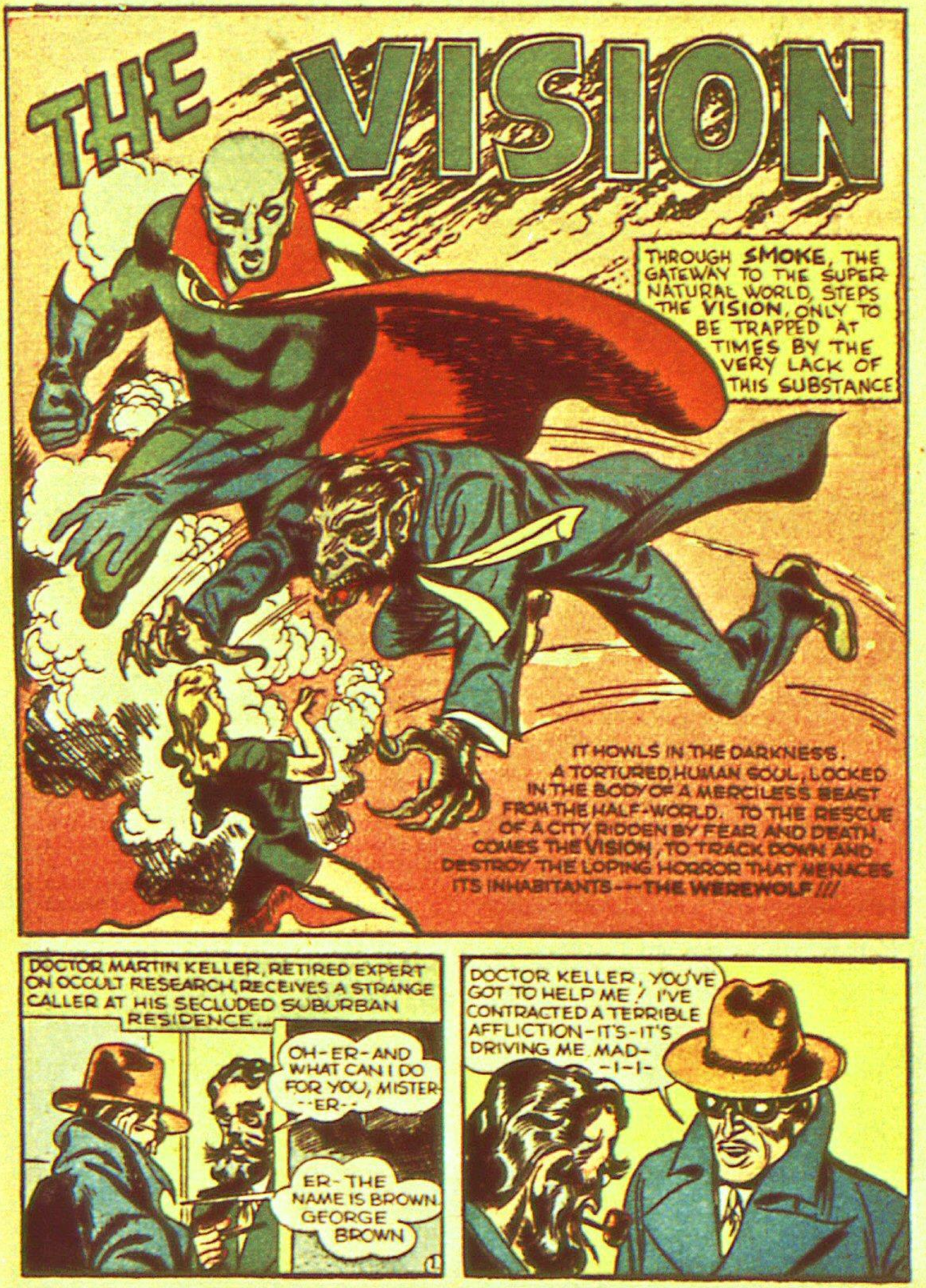
A bugle brayed nervously. Two men, one with silver shoulder bars, the other with chevroned sleeves, came for the roundhouse at a dead run.

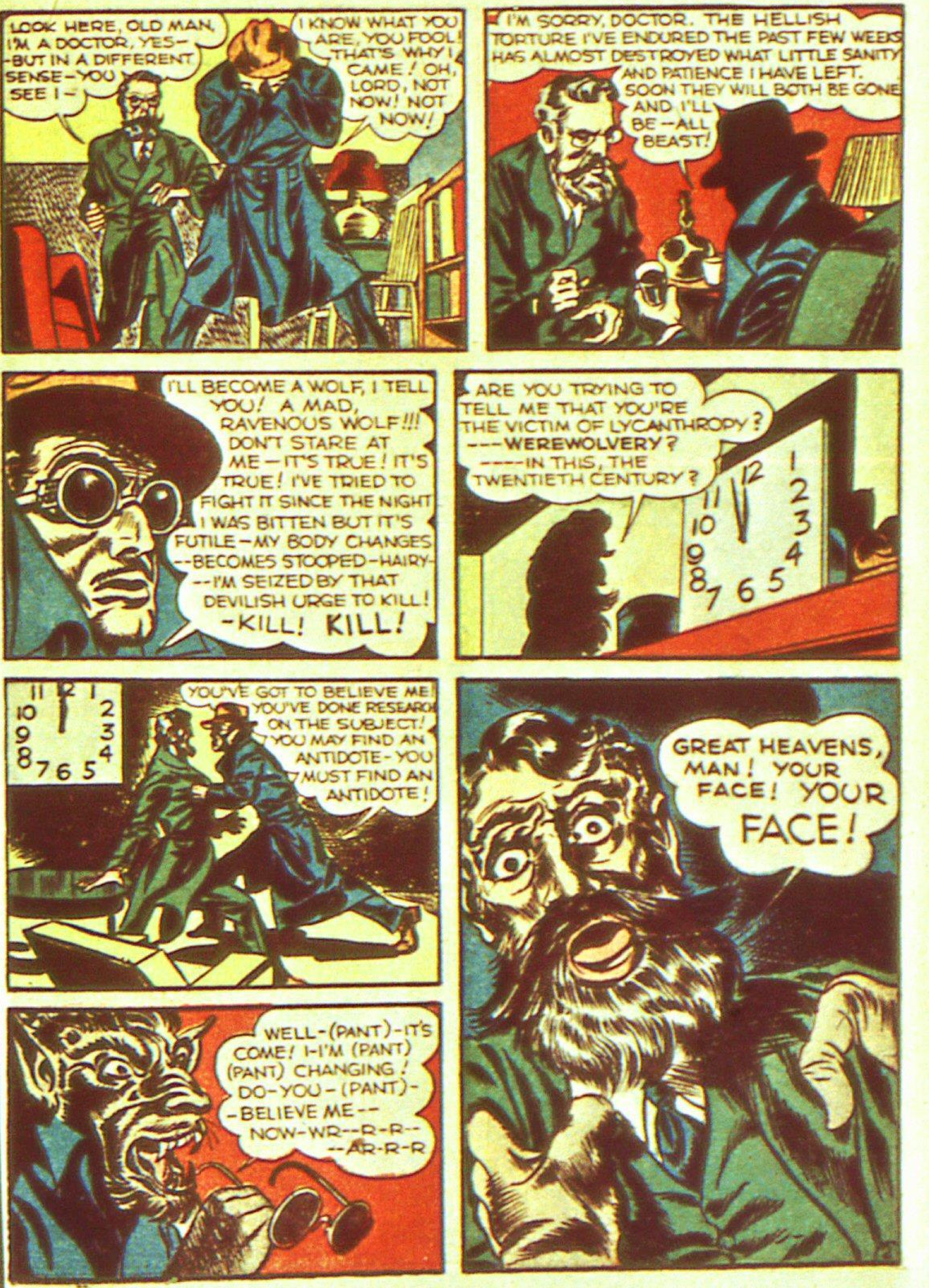
"The op got through before they caught him!" yelled Tommy.

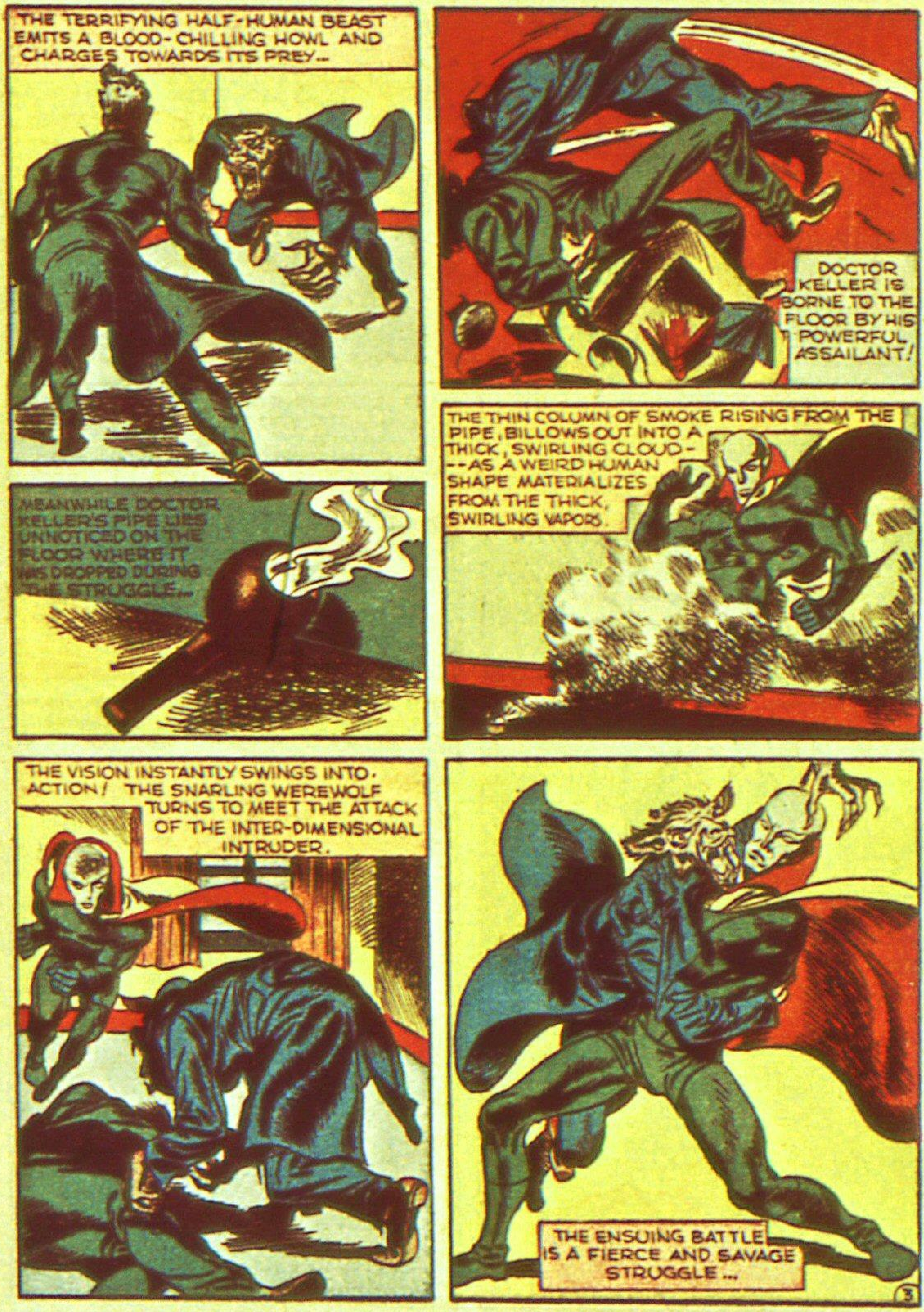
"And so did you!" added Yardmaster Barnes. "The town won't forget you three men, nor the road either. Look!"

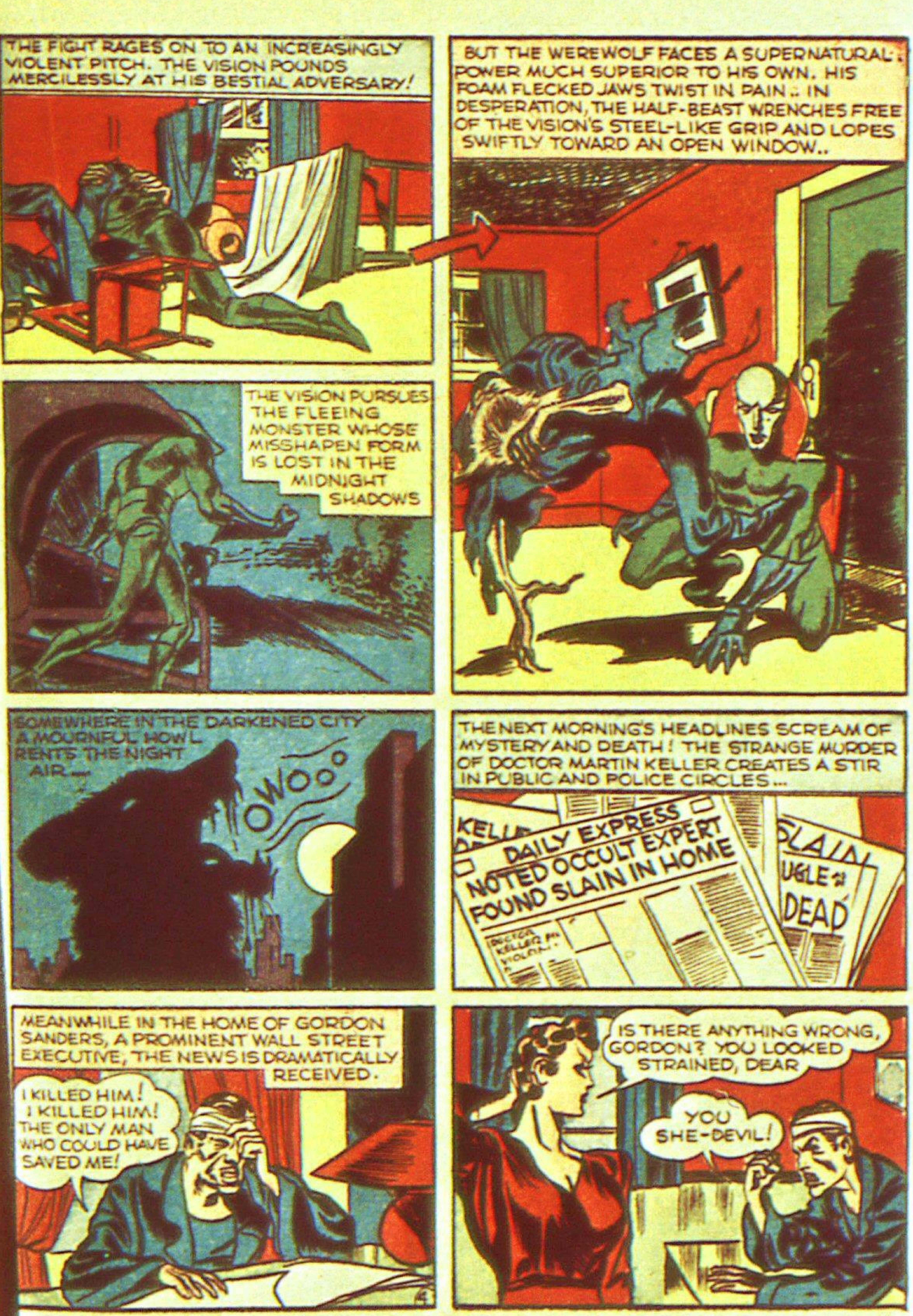
Painted riders were streaking for the distant hills.

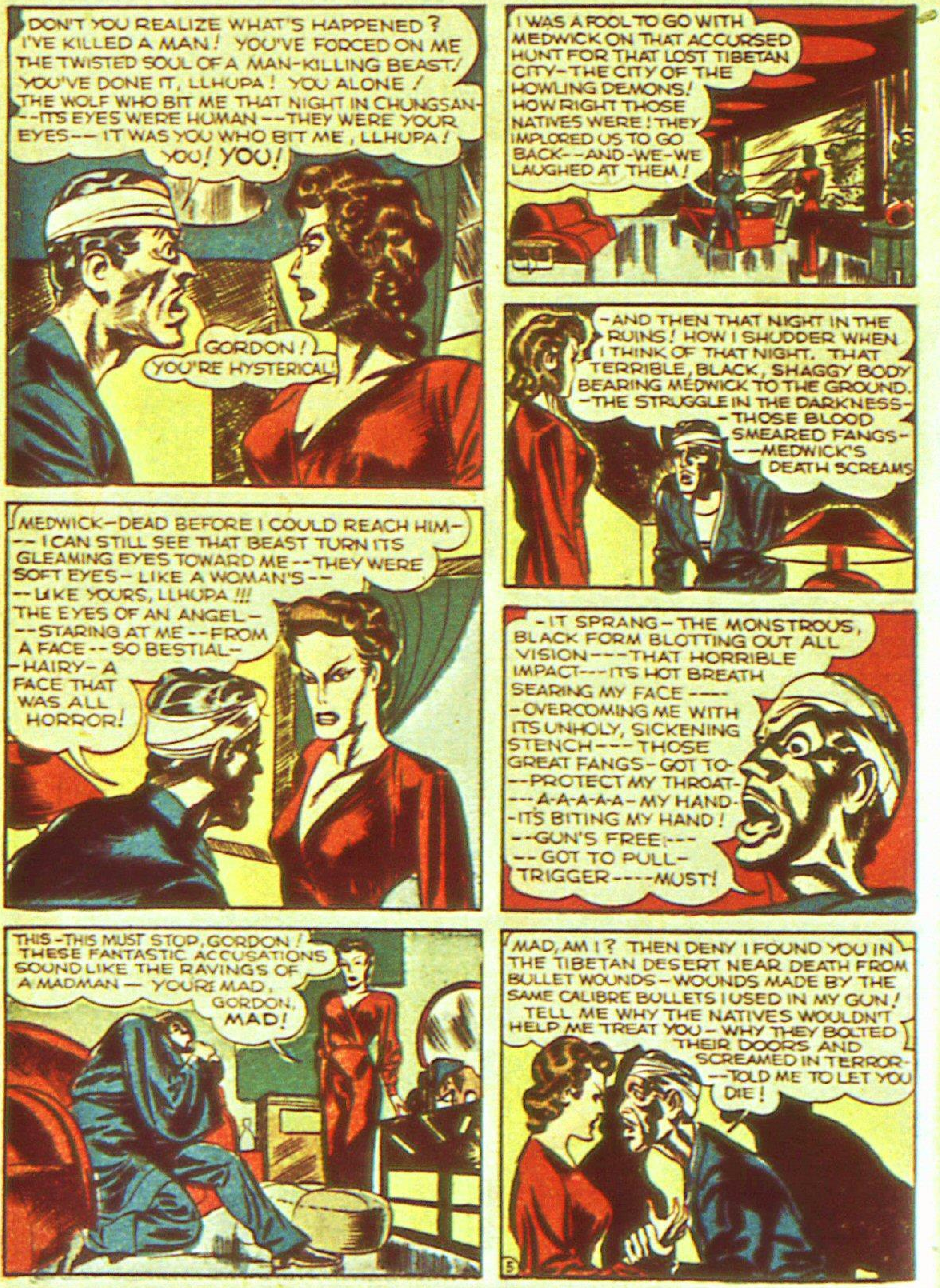
THE END

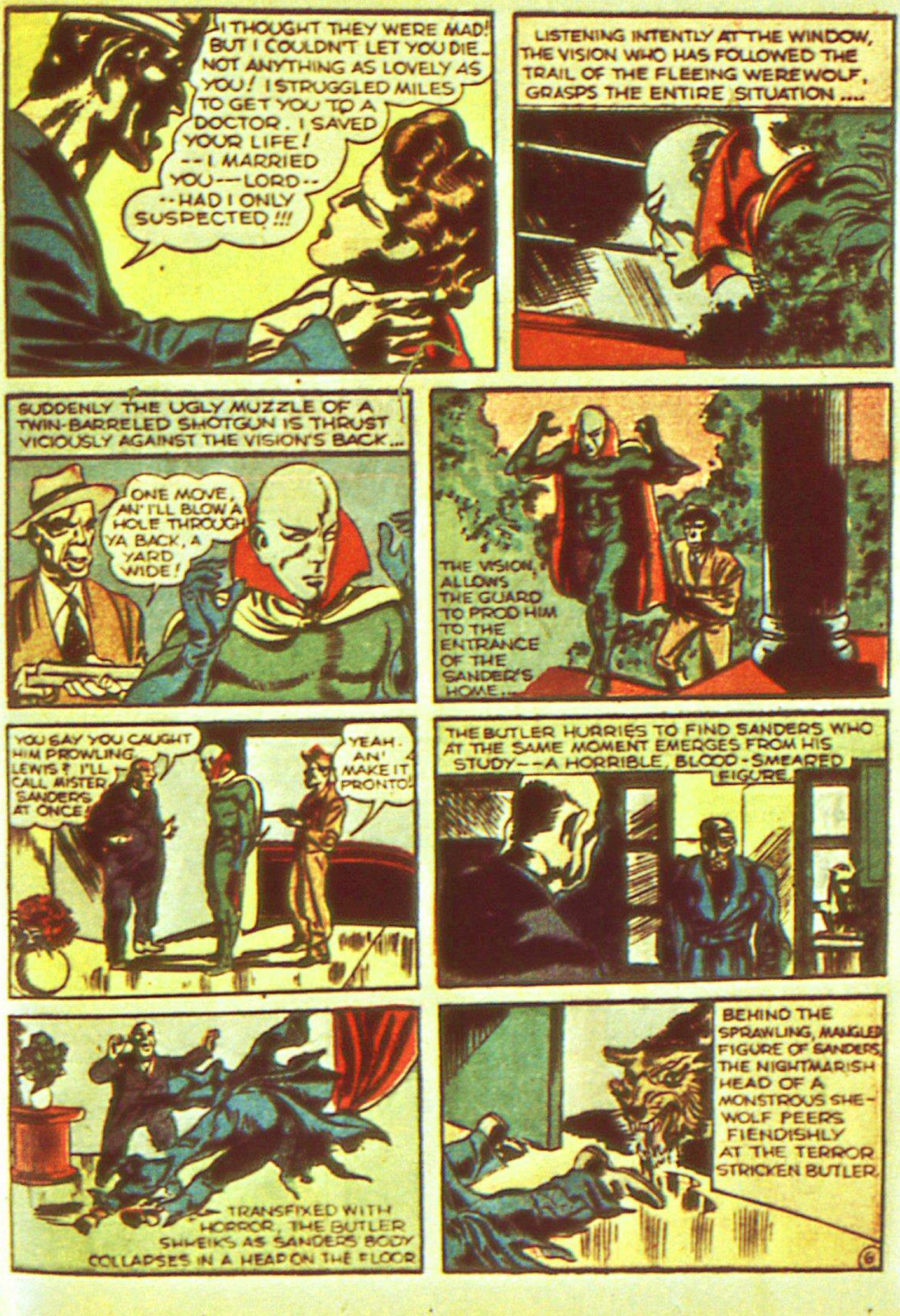

THE VISION
THROUGH SMOKE, THE GATEWAY TO THE SUPER-NATURAL WORLD, STEPS THE VISION, ONLY TO BE TRAPPED AT TIMES BY THE VERY LACK OF THIS SUBSTANCE
IT HOWLS IN THE DARKNESS. A TORTURED, HUMAN SOUL, LOCKED IN THE BODY OF A MERCILESS BEAST FROM THE HALF-WORLD. TO THE RESCUE OF A CITY, RIDDEN BY FEAR AND DEATH, COMES THE VISION, TO TRACK DOWN AND DESTROY THE LOPING HORROR THAT MENACES ITS INHABITANTS---THE WEREWOLF!!!
DOCTOR MARTIN KELLER, RETIRED EXPERT ON OCCULT RESEARCH, RECEIVES A STRANGE CALLER AT HIS SECLUDED SUBURBAN RESIDENCE...
OH-ER-AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MISTER--ER--
ER-THE NAME IS BROWN. GEORGE BROWN
1
DOCTOR KELLER, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I'VE CONTRACTED A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION-IT'S-IT'S DRIVING ME MAD-I-I-

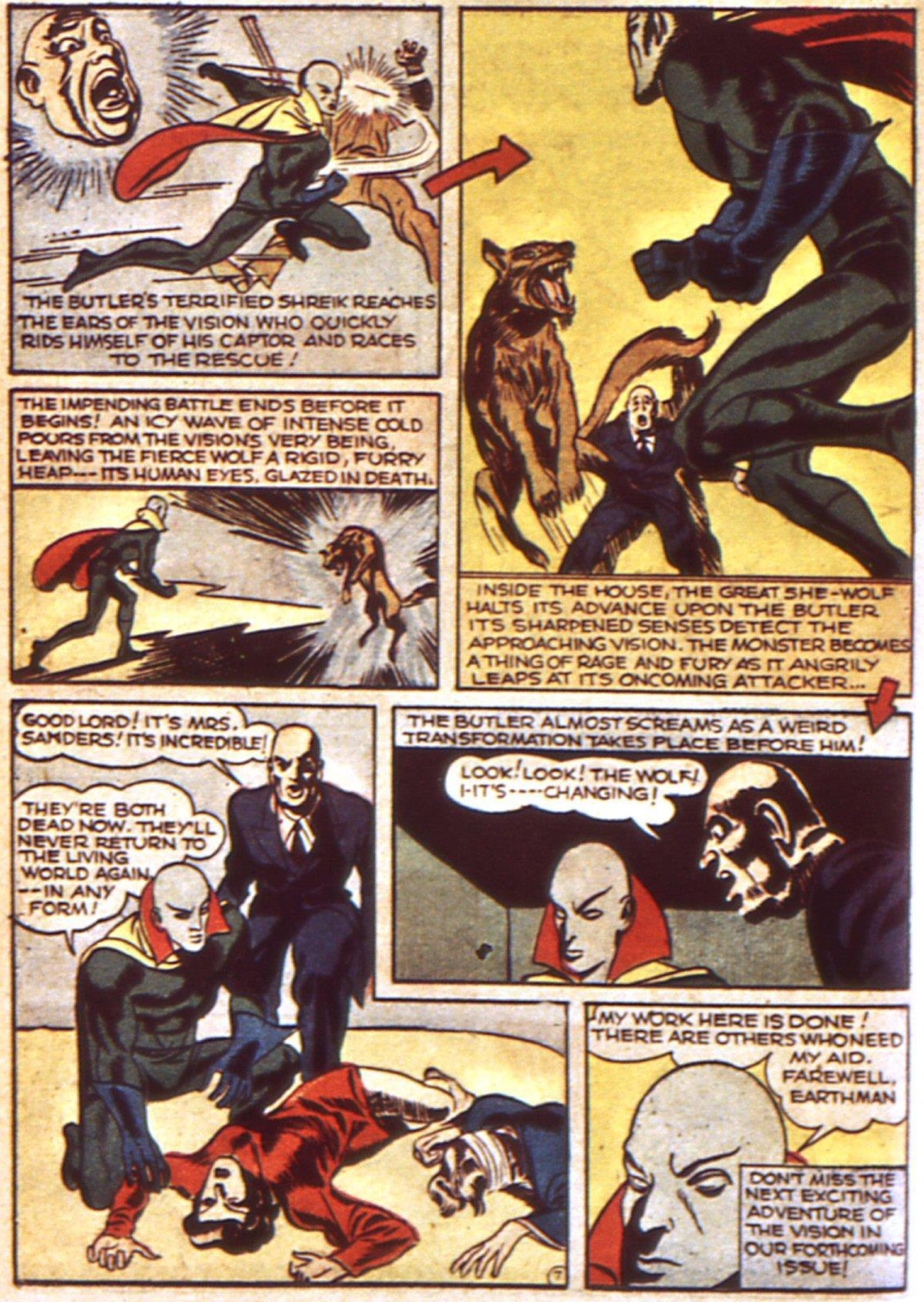

LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I'M A DOCTOR, YES--BUT IN A DIFFERENT SENSE--YOU SEE I--
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, YOU FOOL! THAT'S WHY I CAME! OH, LORD, NOT NOW! NOT NOW!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. THE HELLISH TORTURE I'VE ENDURED THE PAST FEW WEEKS HAS ALMOST DESTROYED WHAT LITTLE SANITY AND PATIENCE I HAVE LEFT. SOON THEY WILL BOTH BE GONE AND I'LL BE--ALL BEAST!
I'LL BECOME A WOLF, I TELL YOU! A MAD, RAVENOUS WOLF!!! DON'T STARE AT ME--IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! I'VE TRIED TO FIGHT IT SINCE THE NIGHT I WAS BITTEN BUT IT'S FUTILE--MY BODY CHANGES--BECOMES STOOPED--HAIRY--I'M SEIZED BY THAT DEVILISH URGE TO KILL! -KILL! KILL!
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU'RE THE VICTIM OF LYCANTHROPY? ---WEREWOLVERY? ----IN THIS, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! YOU'VE DONE RESEARCH ON THE SUBJECT! YOU MAY FIND AN ANTIDOTE--YOU MUST FIND AN ANTIDOTE!
GREAT HEAVENS, MAN! YOUR FACE! YOUR FACE!
WELL-(PANT)-IT'S COME! I-I'M (PANT) (PANT) CHANGING! DO-YOU-(PANT)--BELIEVE ME--NOW-WR--R-R----AR-R-R


THE TERRIFYING HALF-HUMAN BEAST EMITS A BLOOD-CHILLING HOWL AND CHARGES TOWARDS ITS PREY...
DOCTOR KELLER IS BORNE TO THE FLOOR BY HIS POWERFUL ASSAILANT!
MEANWHILE DOCTOR KELLER'S PIPE LIES UNNOTICED ON THE FLOOR WHERE IT WAS DROPPED DURING THE STRUGGLE...
THE THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE PIPE, BILLOWS OUT INTO A THICK, SWIRLING CLOUD--
--AS A WEIRD HUMAN SHAPE MATERIALIZES FROM THE THICK, SWIRLING VAPORS.
THE VISION INSTANTLY SWINGS INTO ACTION! THE SNARLING WEREWOLF TURNS TO MEET THE ATTACK OF THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL INTRUDER.
THE ENSUING BATTLE IS A FIERCE AND SAVAGE STRUGGLE...
3

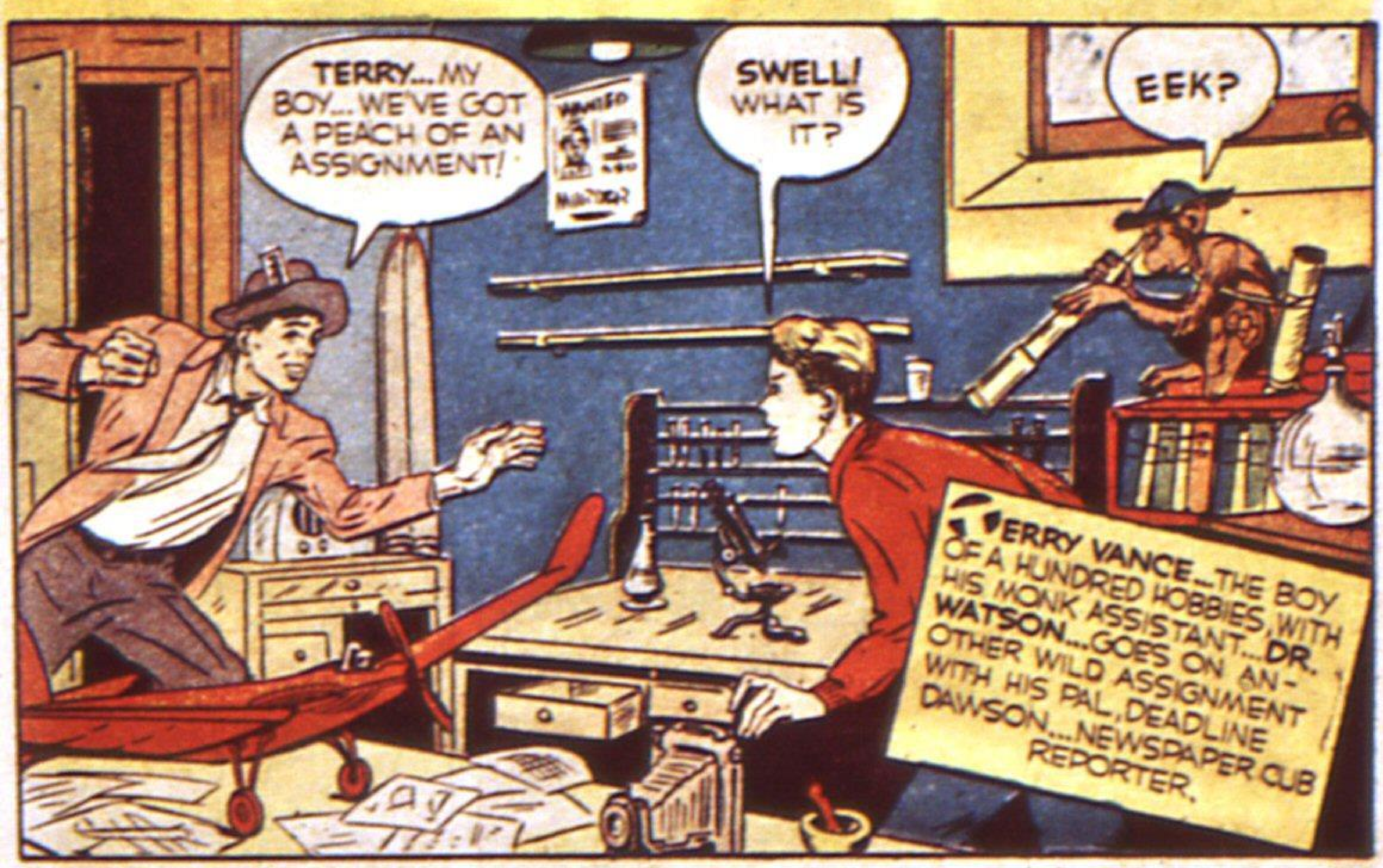

THE FIGHT RAGES ON TO AN INCREASINGLY VIOLENT PITCH. THE VISION POUNDS MERCILESSLY AT HIS BESTIAL ADVERSARY!
BUT THE WEREWOLF FACES A SUPERNATURAL POWER MUCH SUPERIOR TO HIS OWN. HIS FOAM FLECKED JAWS TWIST IN PAIN.. IN DESPERATION, THE HALF-BEAST WRENCHES FREE OF THE VISION'S STEEL-LIKE GRIP AND LOPES SWIFTLY TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW..
THE VISION PURSUES THE FLEEING MONSTER WHOSE MISSHAPEN FORM IS LOST IN THE MIDNIGHT SHADOWS
SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKENED CITY A MOURNFUL HOWL RENTS THE NIGHT AIR...
OWOOO
THE NEXT MORNING'S HEADLINES SCREAM OF MYSTERY AND DEATH! THE STRANGE MURDER OF DOCTOR MARTIN KELLER CREATES A STIR IN PUBLIC AND POLICE CIRCLES...
DAILY EXPRESS
NOTED OCCULT EXPERT FOUND SLAIN IN HOME
KELL
SLAIN
UGLE
DEAD
MEANWHILE IN THE HOME OF GORDON SANDERS, A PROMINENT WALL STREET EXECUTIVE, THE NEWS IS DRAMATICALLY RECEIVED.
I KILLED HIM! I KILLED HIM! THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE SAVED ME!
IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG, GORDON? YOU LOOKED STRAINED, DEAR
YOU SHE-DEVIL!


DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'VE KILLED A MAN! YOU'VE FORCED ON ME THE TWISTED SOUL OF A MAN-KILLING BEAST! YOU'VE DONE IT, LLHUPA! YOU ALONE! THE WOLF WHO BIT ME THAT NIGHT IN CHUNGSAN--ITS EYES WERE HUMAN--THEY WERE YOUR EYES--IT WAS YOU WHO BIT ME, LLHUPA! YOU! YOU!
GORDON! YOU'RE HYSTERICAL!
I WAS A FOOL TO GO WITH MEDWICK ON THAT ACCURSED HUNT FOR THAT LOST TIBETAN CITY--THE CITY OF THE HOWLING DEMONS! HOW RIGHT THOSE NATIVES WERE! THEY IMPLORED US TO GO BACK--AND-WE-WE LAUGHED AT THEM!
-AND THEN THAT NIGHT IN THE RUINS! HOW I SHUDDER WHEN I THINK OF THAT NIGHT. THAT TERRIBLE, BLACK, SHAGGY BODY BEARING MEDWICK TO THE GROUND. -THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARKNESS--THOSE BLOOD SMEARED FANGS---MEDWICK'S DEATH SCREAMS
MEDWICK-DEAD BEFORE I COULD REACH HIM---I CAN STILL SEE THAT BEAST TURN ITS GLEAMING EYES TOWARD ME--THEY WERE SOFT EYES-LIKE A WOMAN'S----LIKE YOURS, LLHUPA!!! THE EYES OF AN ANGEL---STARING AT ME--FROM A FACE--SO BESTIAL--HAIRY-A FACE THAT WAS ALL HORROR!
-IT SPRANG-THE MONSTROUS, BLACK FORM BLOTTING OUT ALL VISION---THAT HORRIBLE IMPACT---ITS HOT BREATH SEARING MY FACE-----OVERCOMING ME WITH ITS UNHOLY, SICKENING STENCH---THOSE GREAT FANGS-GOT TO---PROTECT MY THROAT----A-A-A-A-A-MY HAND--ITS BITING MY HAND!--GUN'S FREE-----GOT TO PULL-TRIGGER----MUST!
THIS-THIS MUST STOP, GORDON! THESE FANTASTIC ACCUSATIONS SOUND LIKE THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN-YOU'RE MAD, GORDON, MAD!
MAD, AM I? THEN DENY I FOUND YOU IN THE TIBETAN DESERT NEAR DEATH FROM BULLET WOUNDS-WOUNDS MADE BY THE SAME CALIBRE BULLETS I USED IN MY GUN! TELL ME WHY THE NATIVES WOULDN'T HELP ME TREAT YOU-WHY THEY BOLTED THEIR DOORS AND SCREAMED IN TERROR---TOLD ME TO LET YOU DIE!
5


I THOUGHT THEY WERE MAD! BUT I COULDN'T LET YOU DIE.. NOT ANYTHING AS LOVELY AS YOU! I STRUGGLED MILES TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR. I SAVED YOUR LIFE! --I MARRIED YOU---LORD-- --HAD I ONLY SUSPECTED!!!
LISTENING INTENTLY AT THE WINDOW, THE VISION WHO HAS FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING WEREWOLF, GRASPS THE ENTIRE SITUATION....
SUDDENLY THE UGLY MUZZLE OF A TWIN-BARRELED SHOTGUN IS THRUST VICIOUSLY AGAINST THE VISION'S BACK...
ONE MOVE, AN' I'LL BLOW A HOLE THROUGH YA BACK, A YARD WIDE!
THE VISION, ALLOWS THE GUARD TO PROD HIM TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE SANDER'S HOME...
YOU SAY YOU CAUGHT HIM PROWLING, LEWIS? I'LL CALL MISTER SANDERS AT ONCE!
YEAH. AN' MAKE IT PRONTO!
THE BUTLER HURRIES TO FIND SANDERS WHO AT THE SAME MOMENT EMERGES FROM HIS STUDY--A HORRIBLE, BLOOD-SMEARED FIGURE.
—TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR, THE BUTLER SHRIEKS AS SANDERS BODY COLLAPSES IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR
BEHIND THE SPRAWLING, MANGLED FIGURE OF SANDERS, THE NIGHTMARISH HEAD OF A MONSTROUS SHE-WOLF PEERS FIENDISHLY AT THE TERROR STRICKEN BUTLER.
6

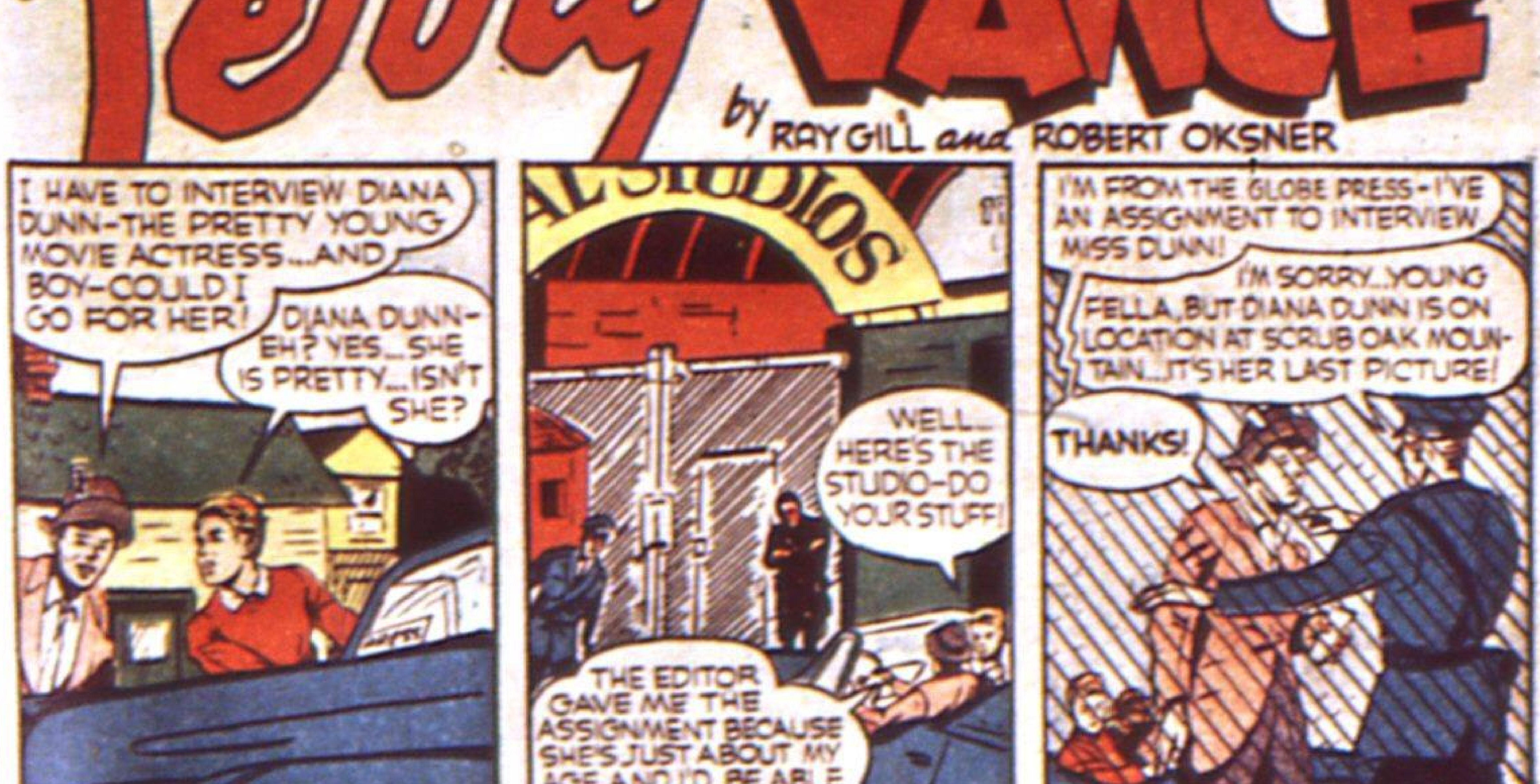

THE BUTLER'S TERRIFIED SHREIK REACHES THE EARS OF THE VISION WHO QUICKLY RIDS HIMSELF OF HIS CAPTOR AND RACES TO THE RESCUE!
INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE GREAT SHE-WOLF HALTS ITS ADVANCE UPON THE BUTLER ITS SHARPENED SENSES DETECT THE APPROACHING VISION. THE MONSTER BECOMES A THING OF RAGE AND FURY AS IT ANGRILY LEAPS AT ITS ONCOMING ATTACKER...
THE IMPENDING BATTLE ENDS BEFORE IT BEGINS! AN ICY WAVE OF INTENSE COLD POURS FROM THE VISION'S VERY BEING, LEAVING THE FIERCE WOLF A RIGID, FURRY HEAP--- ITS HUMAN EYES, GLAZED IN DEATH.
THE BUTLER ALMOST SCREAMS AS A WEIRD TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE BEFORE HIM!
LOOK! LOOK! THE WOLF! I-IT'S----CHANGING!
GOOD LORD! IT'S MRS. SANDERS! IT'S INCREDIBLE!
THEY'RE BOTH DEAD NOW. THEY'LL NEVER RETURN TO THE LIVING WORLD AGAIN --IN ANY FORM!
MY WORK HERE IS DONE! THERE ARE OTHERS WHO NEED MY AID. FAREWELL, EARTHMAN
DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ADVENTURE OF THE VISION IN OUR FORTHCOMING ISSUE!

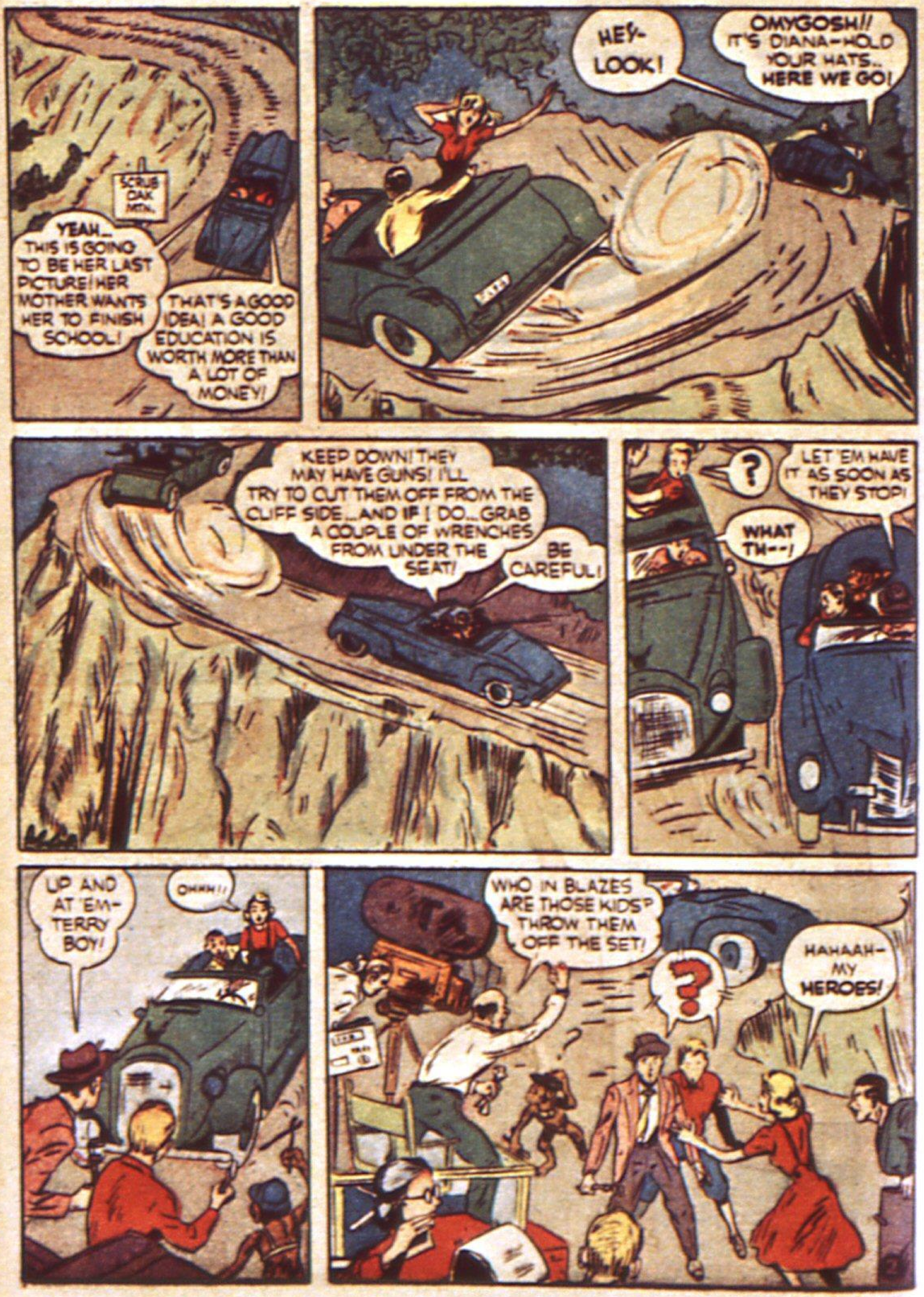
# THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

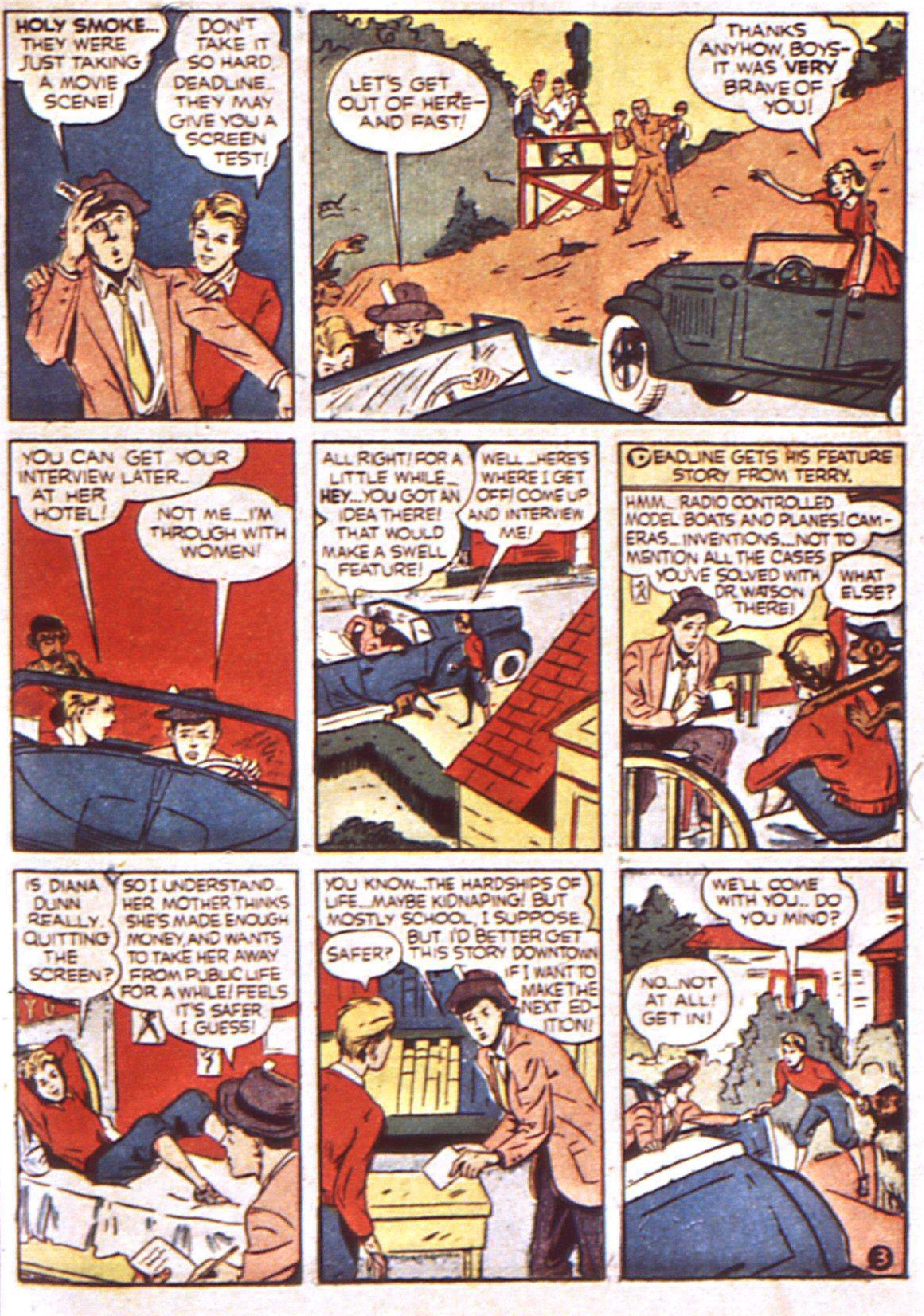

TERRY...MY BOY...WE'VE GOT A PEACH OF AN ASSIGNMENT!
SWELL! WHAT IS IT?
EEK?
TERRY VANCE...THE BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES, WITH HIS MONK ASSISTANT...DR. WATSON...GOES ON ANOTHER WILD ASSIGNMENT WITH HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON...NEWSPAPER CUB REPORTER.

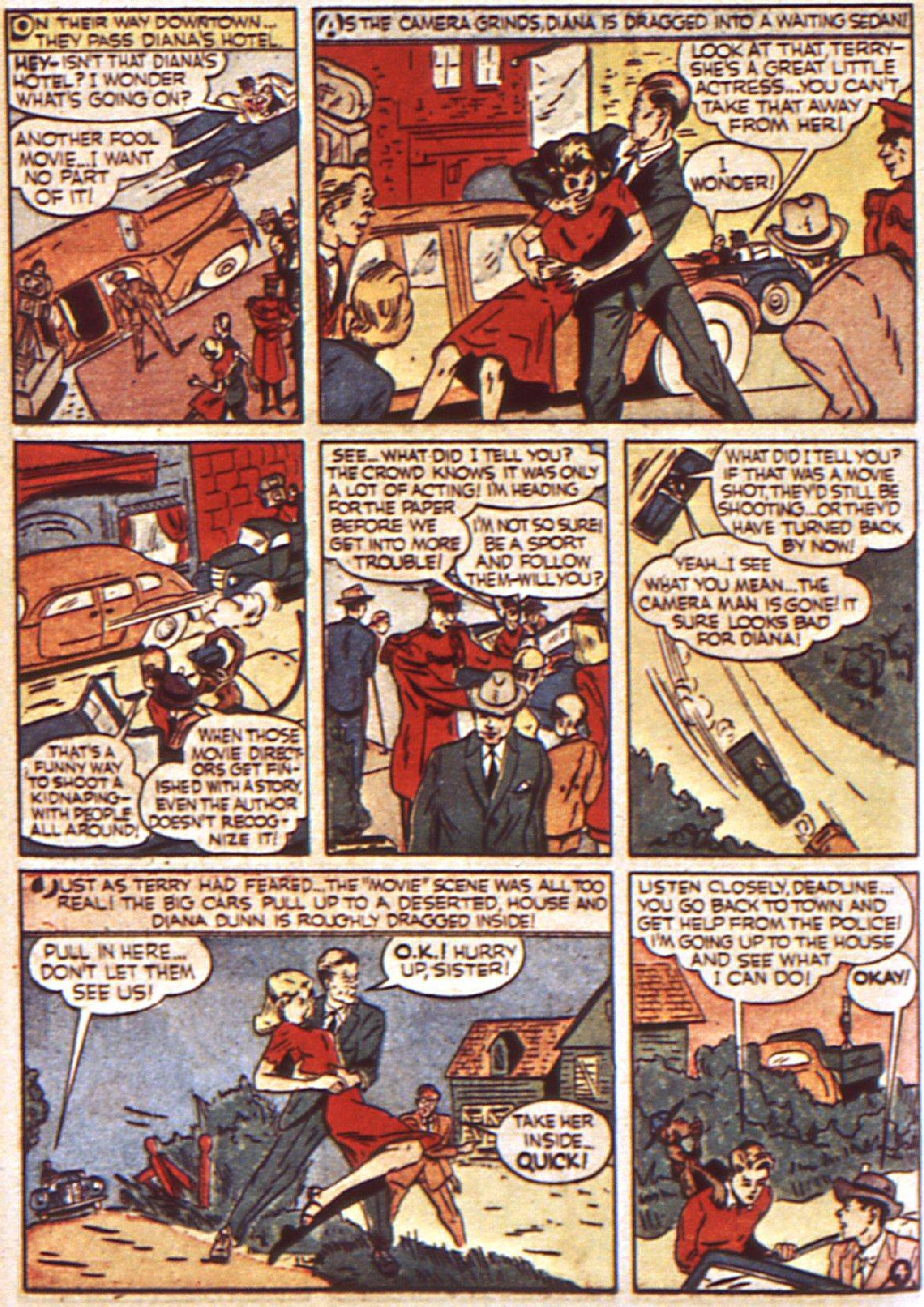
# Terry VANCE

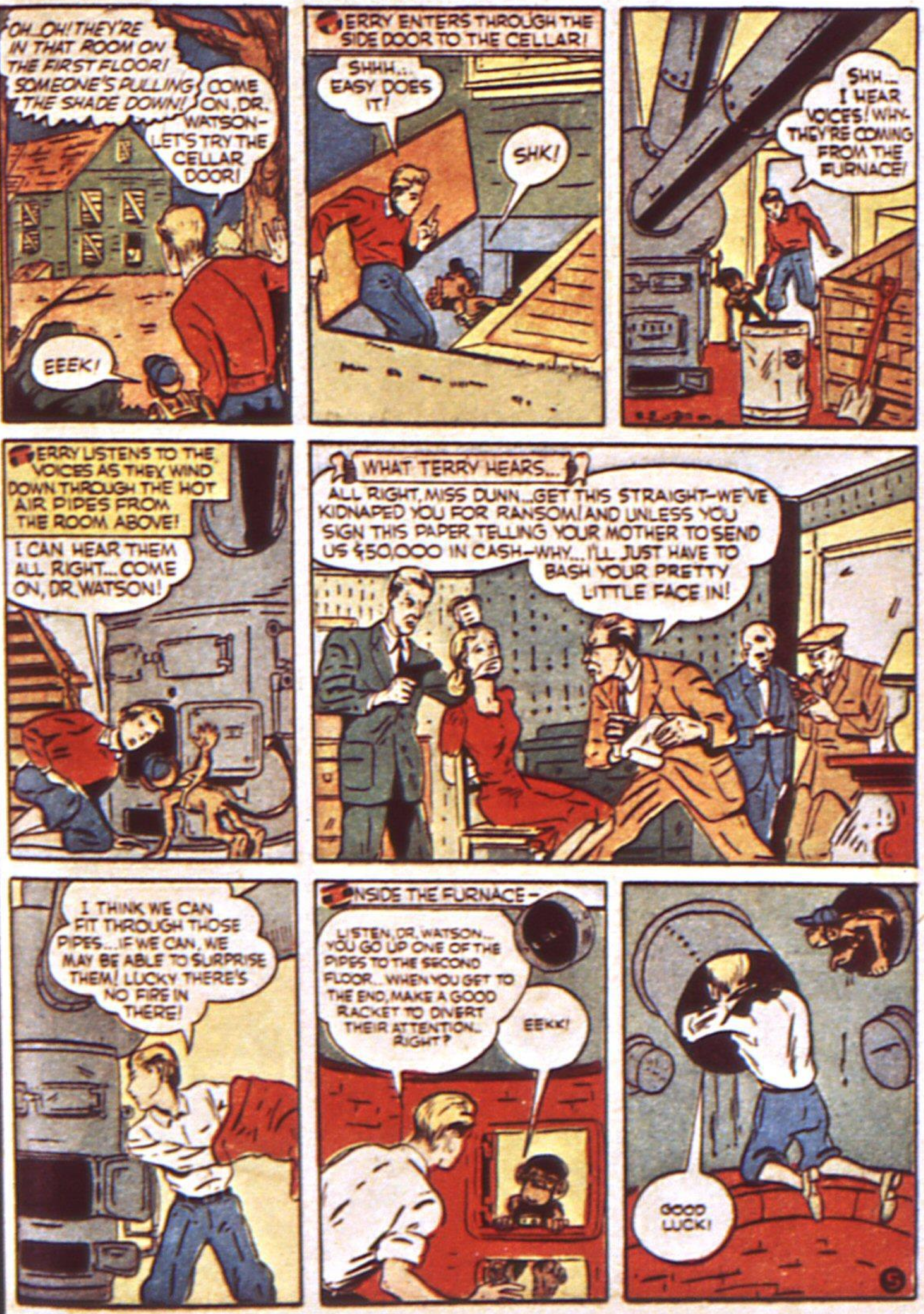
by RAY GILL and ROBERT OKSNER

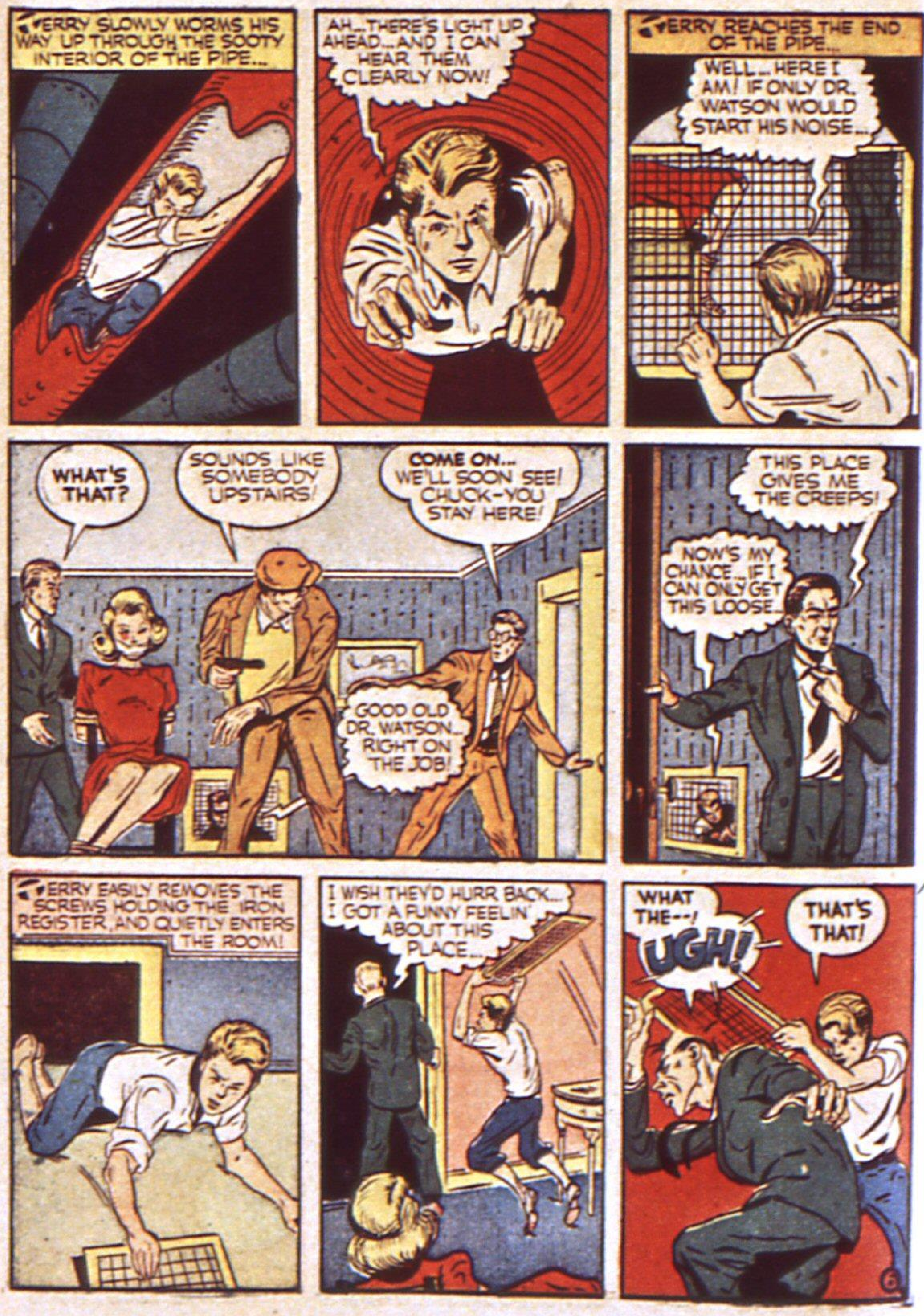

I HAVE TO INTERVIEW DIANA DUNN-THE PRETTY YOUNG MOVIE ACTRESS...AND BOY-COULD I GO FOR HER!
DIANA DUNN-EH? YES...SHE IS PRETTY...ISN'T SHE?
WELL... HERE'S THE STUDIO-DO YOUR STUFF!
THE EDITOR GAVE ME THE ASSIGNMENT BECAUSE SHE'S JUST ABOUT MY AGE AND I'D BE ABLE TO TALK HER LANGUAGE!
I'M FROM THE GLOBE PRESS-I'VE AN ASSIGNMENT TO INTERVIEW MISS DUNN!
I'M SORRY...YOUNG FELLA, BUT DIANA DUNN IS ON LOCATION AT SCRUB OAK MOUNTAIN...IT'S HER LAST PICTURE!
THANKS!

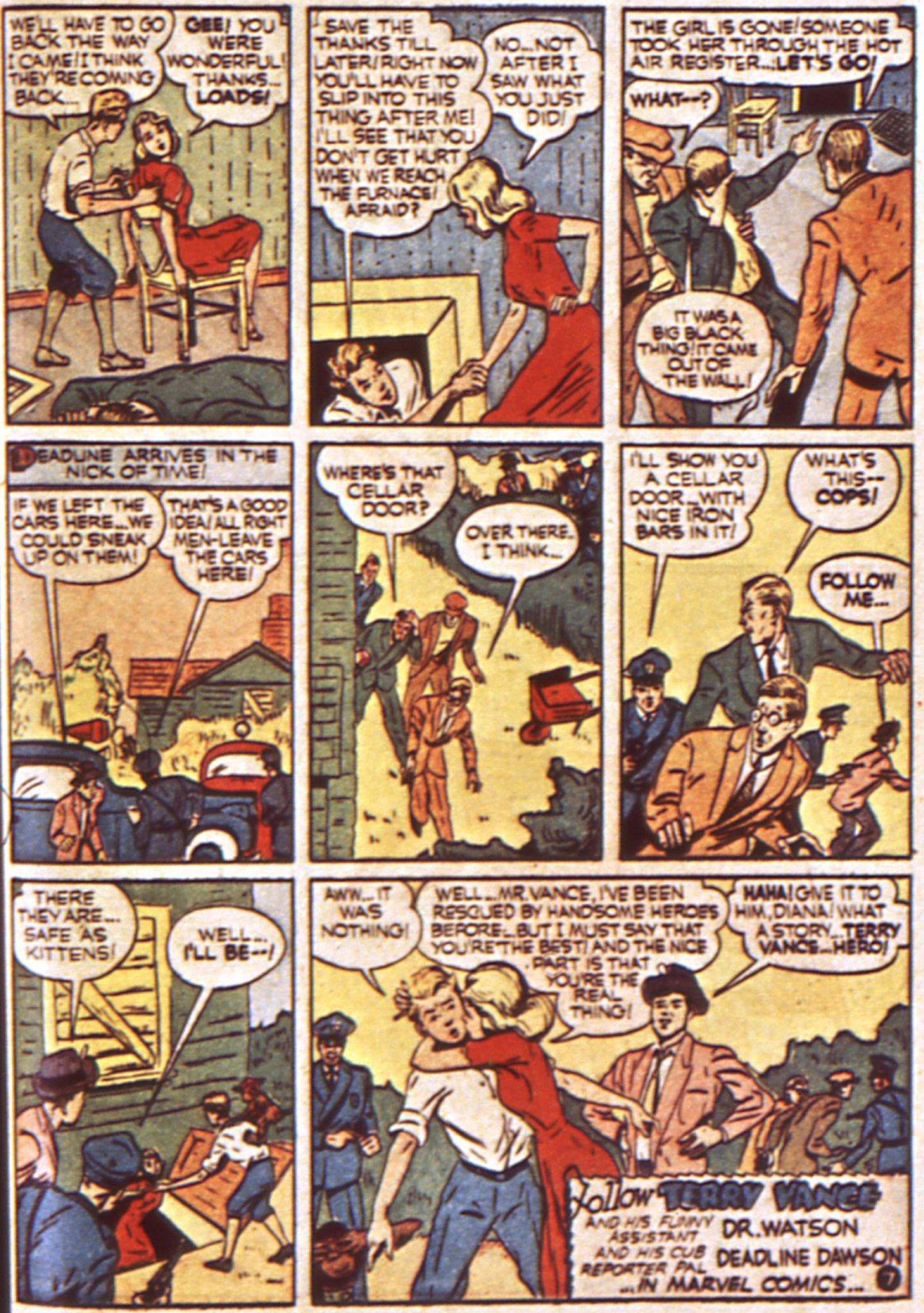

SCRUB OAK MTN.
YEAH.. THIS IS GOING TO BE HER LAST PICTURE! HER MOTHER WANTS HER TO FINISH SCHOOL!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! A GOOD EDUCATION IS WORTH MORE THAN A LOT OF MONEY!
HEY-LOOK!
OMYGOSH!! IT'S DIANA-HOLD YOUR HATS.. HERE WE GO!
KEEP DOWN! THEY MAY HAVE GUNS! I'LL TRY TO CUT THEM OFF FROM THE CLIFF SIDE...AND IF I DO...GRAB A COUPLE OF WRENCHES FROM UNDER THE SEAT!
BE CAREFUL!
?
LET 'EM HAVE IT AS SOON AS THEY STOP!
WHAT TH--!
UP AND AT 'EM-TERRY BOY!
OHHH!!
WHO IN BLAZES ARE THOSE KIDS? THROW THEM OFF THE SET!
?
HAHAAH-MY HEROES!

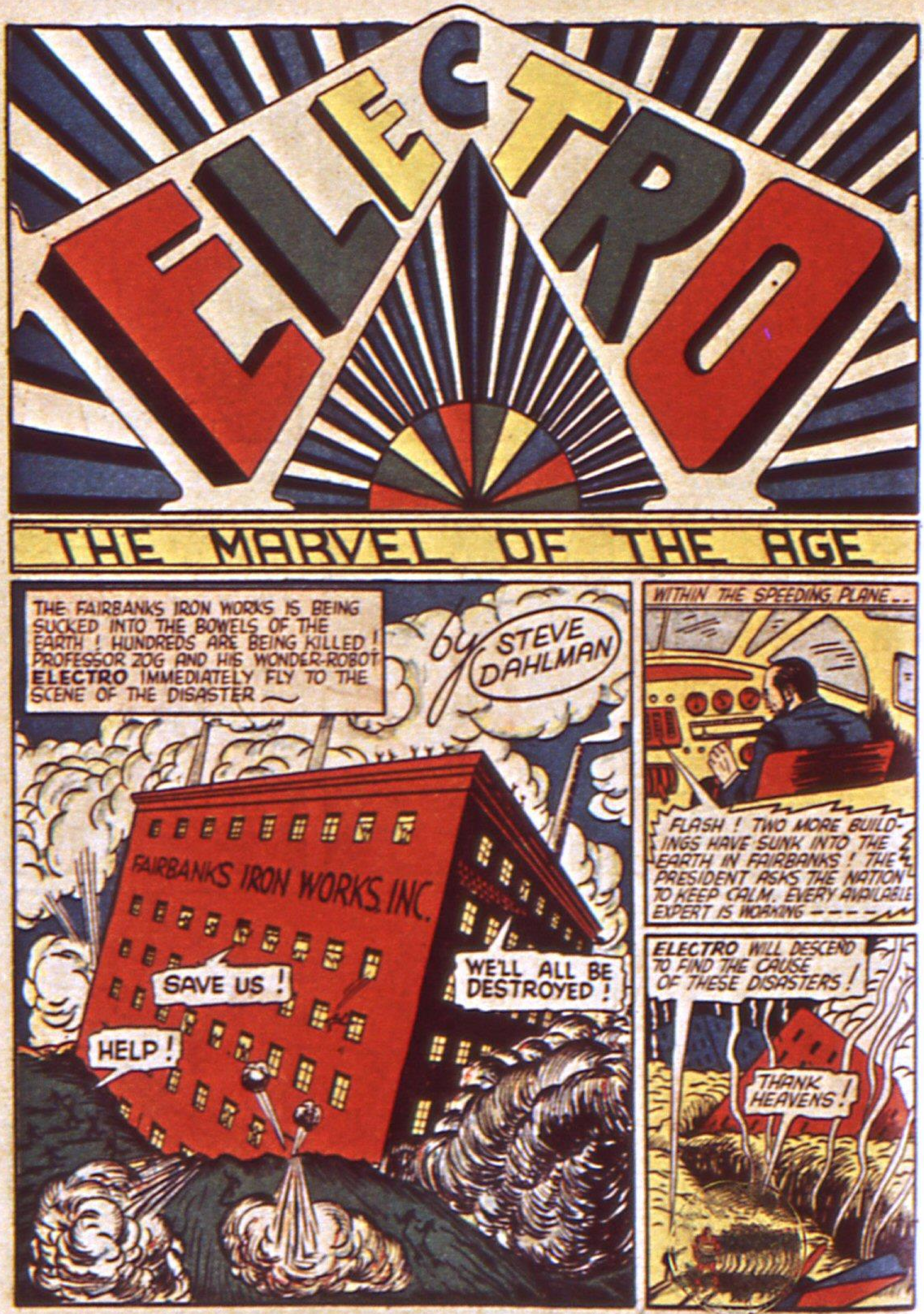

HOLY SMOKE... THEY WERE JUST TAKING A MOVIE SCENE!
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, DEADLINE.. THEY MAY GIVE YOU A SCREEN TEST!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE— AND FAST!
THANKS ANYHOW, BOYS— IT WAS VERY BRAVE OF YOU!
YOU CAN GET YOUR INTERVIEW LATER.. AT HER HOTEL!
NOT ME....I'M THROUGH WITH WOMEN!
ALL RIGHT! FOR A LITTLE WHILE.. HEY...YOU GOT AN IDEA THERE! THAT WOULD MAKE A SWELL FEATURE!
WELL...HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! COME UP AND INTERVIEW ME!
DEADLINE GETS HIS FEATURE STORY FROM TERRY.
HMM.. RADIO CONTROLLED MODEL BOATS AND PLANES! CAMERAS... INVENTIONS... NOT TO MENTION ALL THE CASES YOU'VE SOLVED WITH DR. WATSON THERE!
WHAT ELSE?
IS DIANA DUNN REALLY QUITTING THE SCREEN?
SO I UNDERSTAND.. HER MOTHER THINKS SHE'S MADE ENOUGH MONEY, AND WANTS TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM PUBLIC LIFE FOR A WHILE! FEELS IT'S SAFER I GUESS!
SAFER?
YOU KNOW...THE HARDSHIPS OF LIFE...MAYBE KIDNAPING! BUT MOSTLY SCHOOL, I SUPPOSE. BUT I'D BETTER GET THIS STORY DOWNTOWN IF I WANT TO MAKE THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL COME WITH YOU.. DO YOU MIND?
NO...NOT AT ALL! GET IN!

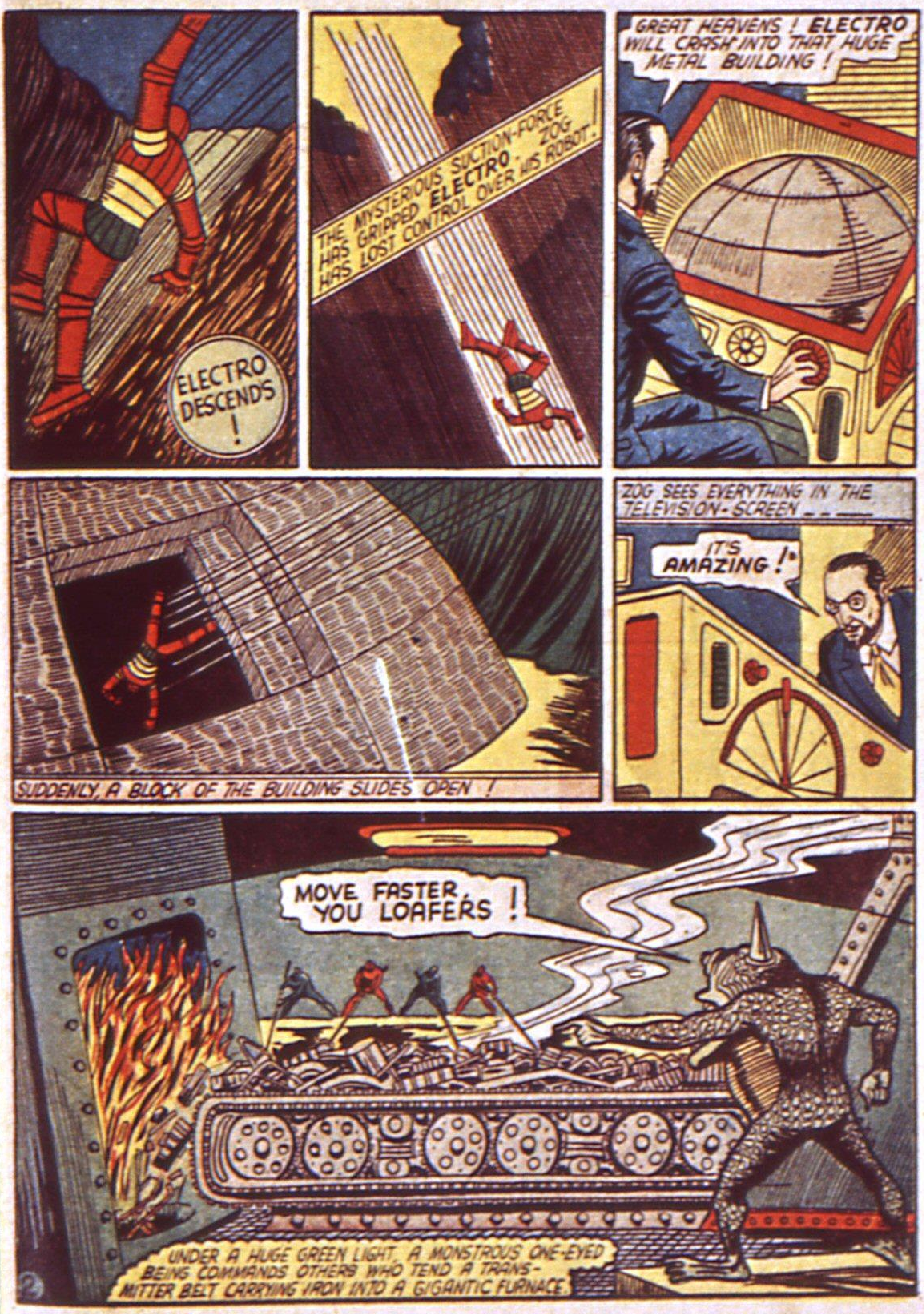

ON THEIR WAY DOWNTOWN... THEY PASS DIANA'S HOTEL.
HEY- ISN'T THAT DIANA'S HOTEL? I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?
ANOTHER FOOL MOVIE...I WANT NO PART OF IT!
AS THE CAMERA GRINDS, DIANA IS DRAGGED INTO A WAITING SEDAN!
LOOK AT THAT TERRY- SHE'S A GREAT LITTLE ACTRESS...YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM HER!
I WONDER!
THAT'S A FUNNY WAY TO SHOOT A KIDNAPING- WITH PEOPLE ALL AROUND!
WHEN THOSE MOVIE DIRECTORS GET FINISHED WITH A STORY, EVEN THE AUTHOR DOESN'T RECOGNIZE IT!
SEE... WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE CROWD KNOWS IT WAS ONLY A LOT OF ACTING! I'M HEADING FOR THE PAPER BEFORE WE GET INTO MORE TROUBLE!
I'M NOT SO SURE! BE A SPORT AND FOLLOW THEM-WILL YOU?
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IF THAT WAS A MOVIE SHOT, THEY'D STILL BE SHOOTING...OR THEY'D HAVE TURNED BACK BY NOW!
YEAH...I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...THE CAMERA MAN IS GONE! IT SURE LOOKS BAD FOR DIANA!
JUST AS TERRY HAD FEARED...THE "MOVIE" SCENE WAS ALL TOO REAL! THE BIG CARS PULL UP TO A DESERTED, HOUSE AND DIANA DUNN IS ROUGHLY DRAGGED INSIDE!
PULL IN HERE... DON'T LET THEM SEE US!
O.K.! HURRY UP, SISTER!
TAKE HER INSIDE... QUICK!
LISTEN CLOSELY, DEADLINE... YOU GO BACK TO TOWN AND GET HELP FROM THE POLICE! I'M GOING UP TO THE HOUSE AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
OKAY!

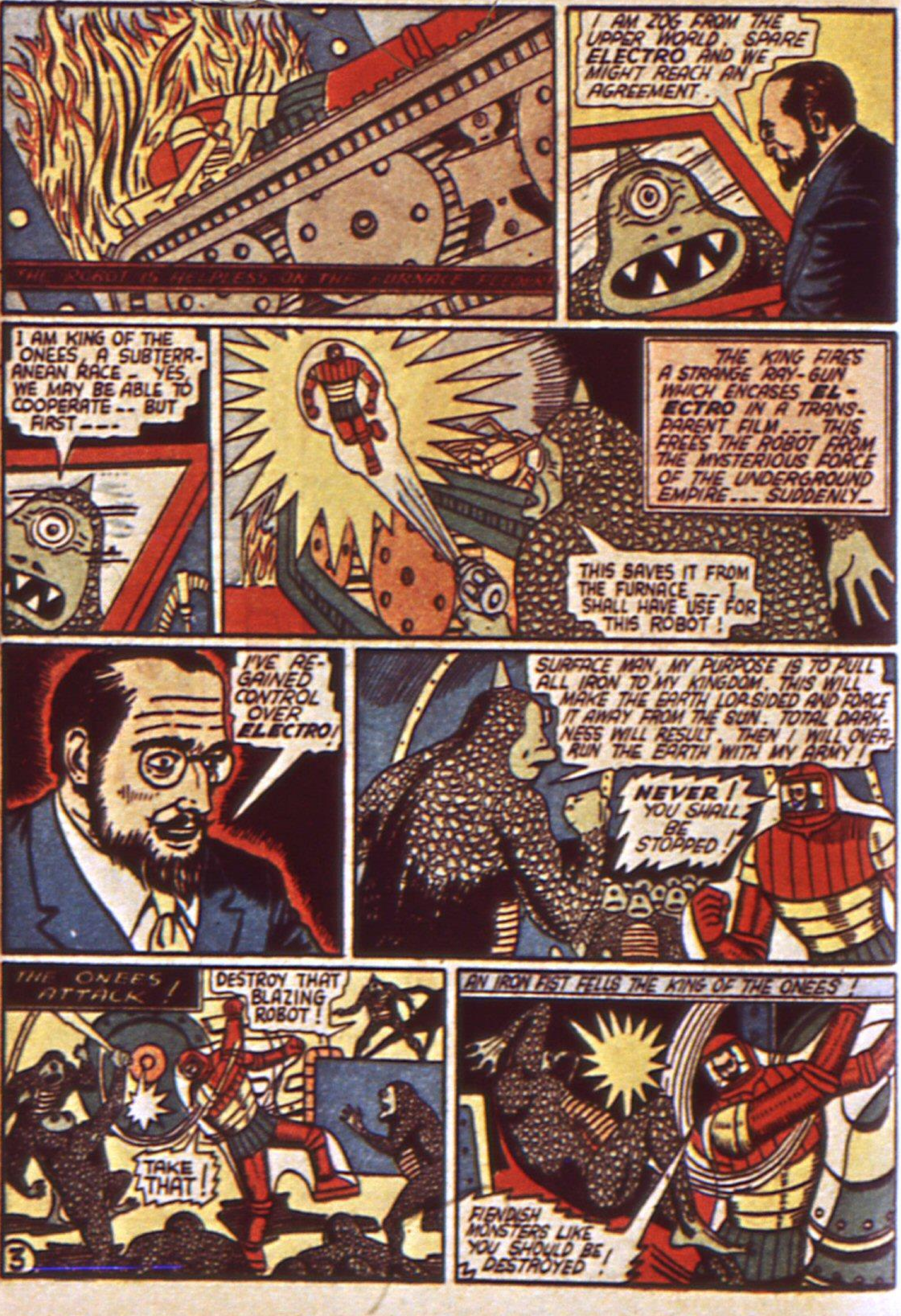

OH..OH! THEY'RE IN THAT ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR! SOMEONE'S PULLING THE SHADE DOWN!
COME ON, DR. WATSON-LET'S TRY THE CELLAR DOOR!
EEEK!
TERRY ENTERS THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR TO THE CELLAR!
SHHH... EASY DOES IT!
SHK!
SHH... I HEAR VOICES! WHY- THEY'RE COMING FROM THE FURNACE!
TERRY LISTENS TO THE VOICES AS THEY WIND DOWN THROUGH THE HOT AIR PIPES FROM THE ROOM ABOVE!
I CAN HEAR THEM ALL RIGHT...COME ON, DR. WATSON!
WHAT TERRY HEARS...
ALL RIGHT, MISS DUNN...GET THIS STRAIGHT-WE'VE KIDNAPED YOU FOR RANSOM! AND UNLESS YOU SIGN THIS PAPER TELLING YOUR MOTHER TO SEND US $50,000 IN CASH-WHY...I'LL JUST HAVE TO BASH YOUR PRETTY LITTLE FACE IN!
I THINK WE CAN FIT THROUGH THOSE PIPES...IF WE CAN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO SURPRISE THEM! LUCKY THERE'S NO FIRE IN THERE!
INSIDE THE FURNACE-
LISTEN, DR. WATSON... YOU GO UP ONE OF THE PIPES TO THE SECOND FLOOR...WHEN YOU GET TO THE END, MAKE A GOOD RACKET TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION... RIGHT?
EEKK!
GOOD LUCK!

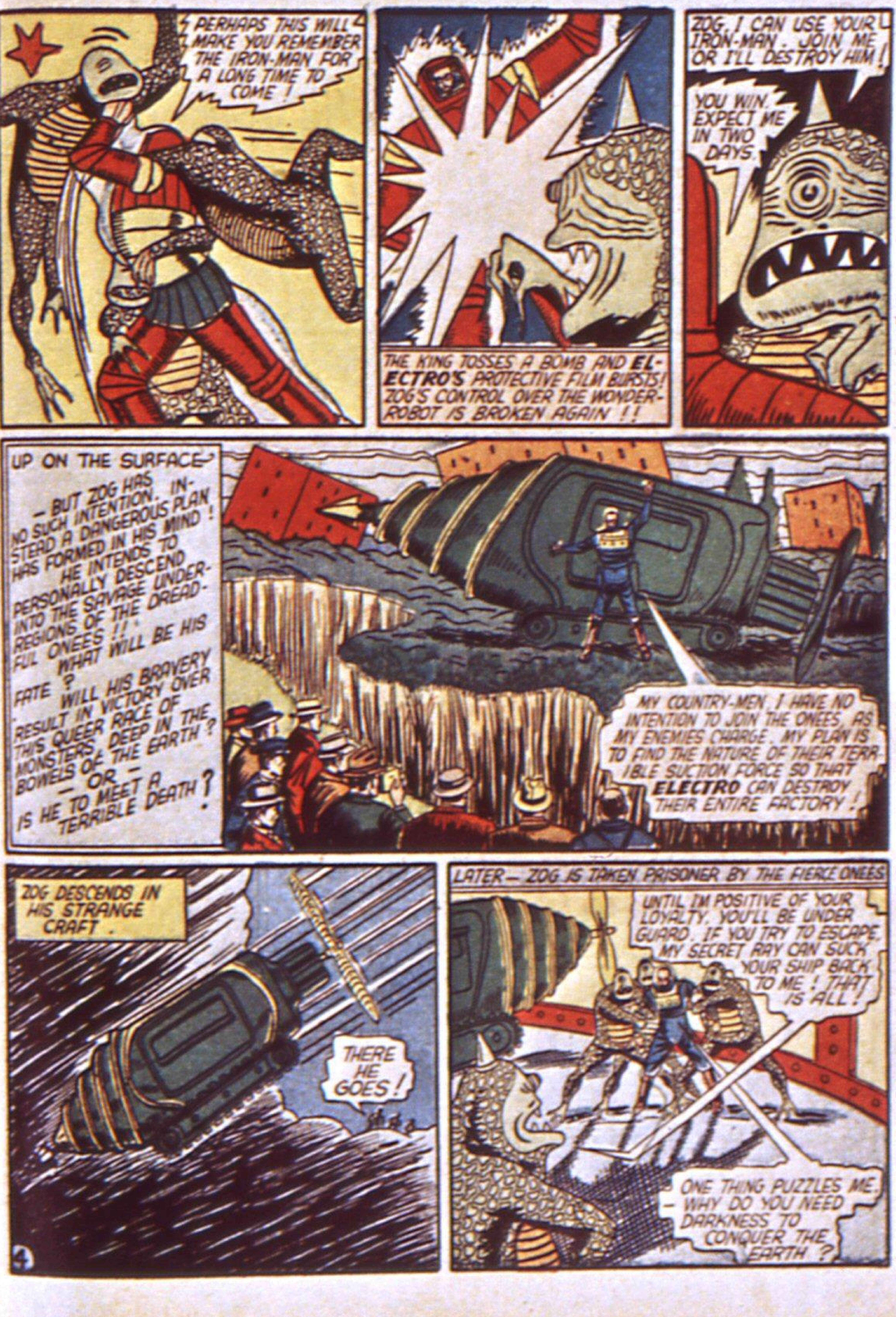

TERRY SLOWLY WORMS HIS WAY UP THROUGH THE SOOTY INTERIOR OF THE PIPE...
AH...THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD...AND I CAN HEAR THEM CLEARLY NOW!
TERRY REACHES THE END OF THE PIPE...
WELL... HERE I AM! IF ONLY DR. WATSON WOULD START HIS NOISE...
WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY UPSTAIRS!
COME ON... WE'LL SOON SEE! CHUCK-YOU STAY HERE!
GOOD OLD DR. WATSON... RIGHT ON THE JOB!
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
NOW'S MY CHANCE... IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS LOOSE...
TERRY EASILY REMOVES THE SCREWS HOLDING THE IRON REGISTER, AND QUIETLY ENTERS THE ROOM!
I WISH THEY'D HURR BACK... I GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS PLACE...
WHAT THE--!
UGH!
THAT'S THAT!
6

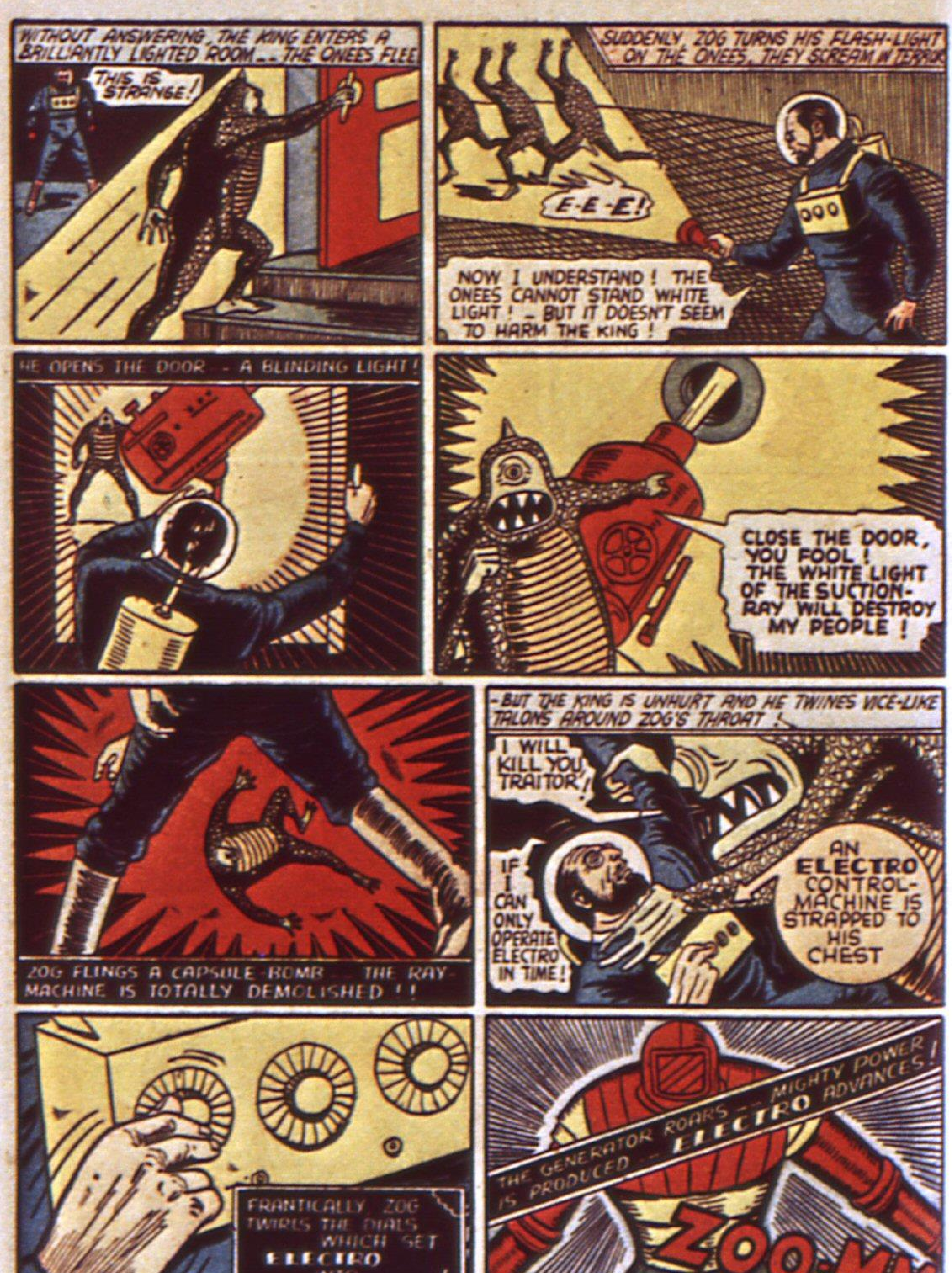

WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK THE WAY I CAME! I THINK THEY'RE COMING BACK...
GEE! YOU WERE WONDERFUL! THANKS... LOADS!
SAVE THE THANKS TILL LATER! RIGHT NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO SLIP INTO THIS THING AFTER ME! I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET HURT WHEN WE REACH THE FURNACE! AFRAID?
NO... NOT AFTER I SAW WHAT YOU JUST DID!
THE GIRL IS GONE! SOMEONE TOOK HER THROUGH THE HOT AIR REGISTER... LET'S GO!
WHAT--?
IT WAS A BIG BLACK THING! IT CAME OUT OF THE WALL!
DEADLINE ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME!
IF WE LEFT THE CARS HERE... WE COULD SNEAK UP ON THEM!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! ALL RIGHT MEN-LEAVE THE CARS HERE!
WHERE'S THAT CELLAR DOOR?
OVER THERE. I THINK...
I'LL SHOW YOU A CELLAR DOOR... WITH NICE IRON BARS IN IT!
WHAT'S THIS-- COPS!
FOLLOW ME...
THERE THEY ARE... SAFE AS KITTENS!
WELL... I'LL BE--!
AWW... IT WAS NOTHING!
WELL... MR. VANCE, I'VE BEEN RESCUED BY HANDSOME HEROES BEFORE... BUT I MUST SAY THAT YOU'RE THE BEST! AND THE NICE PART IS THAT YOU'RE THE REAL THING!
HAHA! GIVE IT TO HIM, DIANA! WHAT A STORY... TERRY VANCE... HERO!
Follow TERRY VANCE
AND HIS FUNNY ASSISTANT DR. WATSON
AND HIS CUB REPORTER PAL DEADLINE DAWSON
...IN MARVEL COMICS...

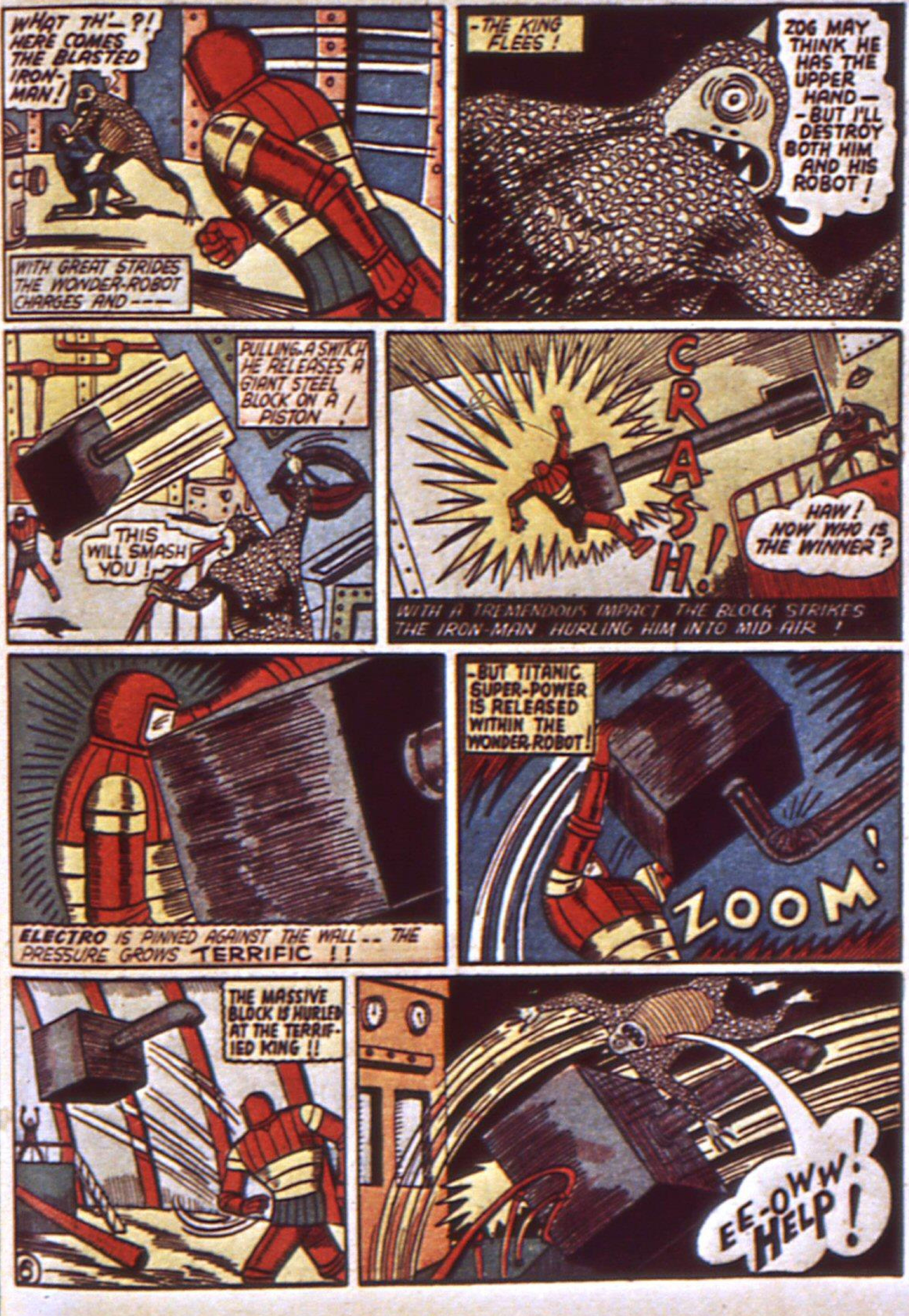

ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
THE FAIRBANKS IRON WORKS IS BEING SUCKED INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH ! HUNDREDS ARE BEING KILLED ! PROFESSOR ZOG AND HIS WONDER-ROBOT ELECTRO IMMEDIATELY FLY TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER ~
by STEVE DAHLMAN
FAIRBANKS IRON WORKS. INC.
SAVE US !
HELP !
WE'LL ALL BE DESTROYED !
WITHIN THE SPEEDING PLANE..
FLASH ! TWO MORE BUILDINGS HAVE SUNK INTO THE EARTH IN FAIRBANKS ! THE PRESIDENT ASKS THE NATION TO KEEP CALM. EVERY AVAILABLE EXPERT IS WORKING ----
ELECTRO WILL DESCEND TO FIND THE CAUSE OF THESE DISASTERS !
THANK HEAVENS !

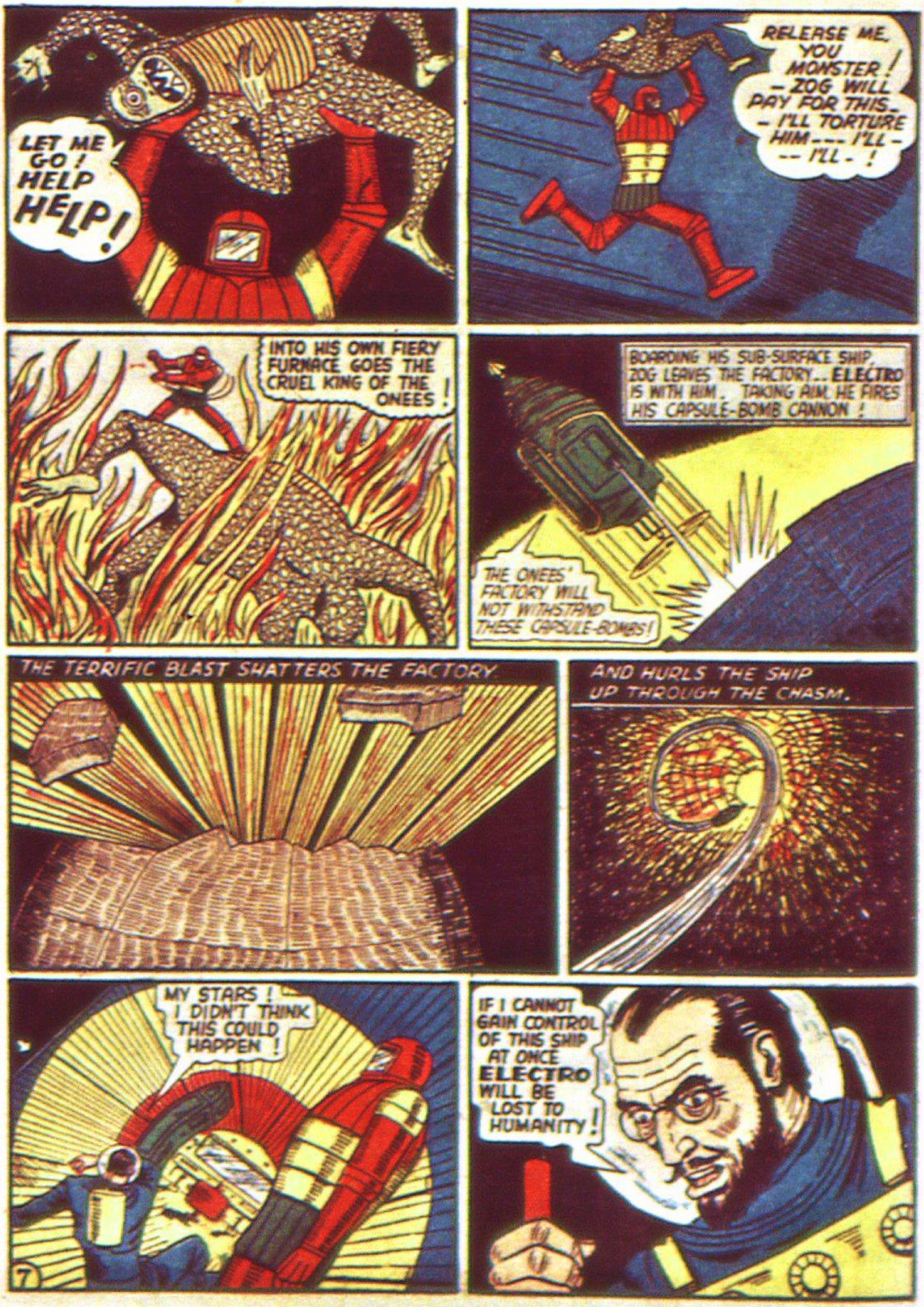

ELECTRO DESCENDS !
THE MYSTERIOUS SUCTION-FORCE HAS GRIPPED ELECTRO. ZOG HAS LOST CONTROL OVER HIS ROBOT.
GREAT HEAVENS ! ELECTRO WILL CRASH INTO THAT HUGE METAL BUILDING !
SUDDENLY, A BLOCK OF THE BUILDING SLIDES OPEN !
ZOG SEES EVERYTHING IN THE TELEVISION - SCREEN _ _ _
IT'S AMAZING !
MOVE FASTER, YOU LOAFERS !
UNDER A HUGE GREEN LIGHT, A MONSTROUS ONE-EYED BEING COMMANDS OTHERS WHO TEND A TRANSMITTER BELT CARRYING IRON INTO A GIGANTIC FURNACE.
2

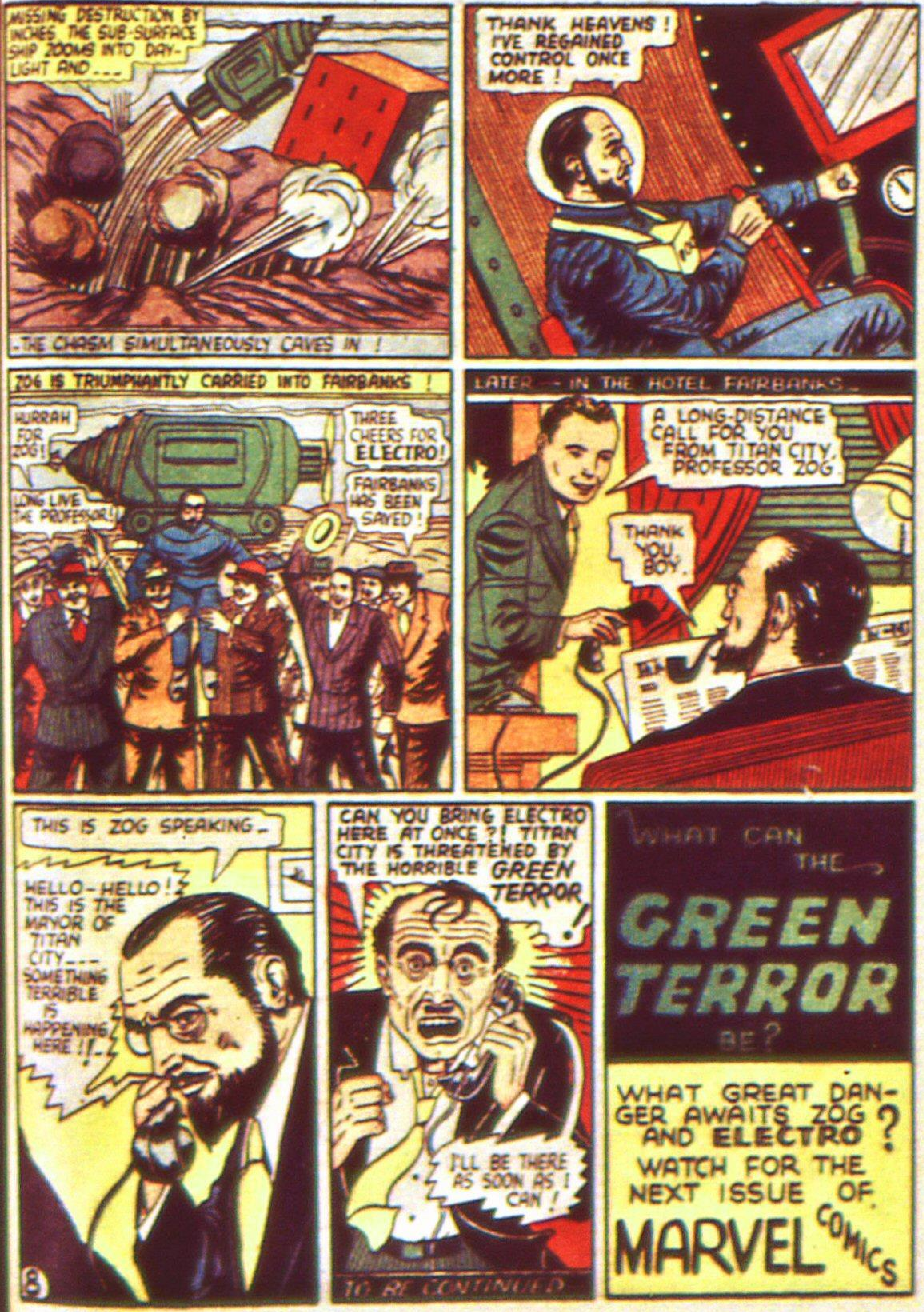

THE ROBOT IS HELPLESS ON THE FURNACE FLOOR
I AM ZOG FROM THE UPPER WORLD. SPARE ELECTRO AND WE MIGHT REACH AN AGREEMENT.
I AM KING OF THE ONEES, A SUBTERRANEAN RACE - YES, WE MAY BE ABLE TO COOPERATE -- BUT FIRST---
THE KING FIRES A STRANGE RAY-GUN WHICH ENCASES ELECTRO IN A TRANSPARENT FILM... THIS FREES THE ROBOT FROM THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE OF THE UNDERGROUND EMPIRE... SUDDENLY_
THIS SAVES IT FROM THE FURNACE __ I SHALL HAVE USE FOR THIS ROBOT!
I'VE REGAINED CONTROL OVER ELECTRO!
SURFACE MAN, MY PURPOSE IS TO PULL ALL IRON TO MY KINGDOM. THIS WILL MAKE THE EARTH LOP-SIDED AND FORCE IT AWAY FROM THE SUN. TOTAL DARKNESS WILL RESULT. THEN I WILL OVER-RUN THE EARTH WITH MY ARMY!
NEVER! YOU SHALL BE STOPPED!
THE ONEES ATTACK!
DESTROY THAT BLAZING ROBOT!
TAKE THAT!
3
AN IRON FIST FELLS THE KING OF THE ONEES!
FIENDISH MONSTERS LIKE YOU SHOULD BE DESTROYED!

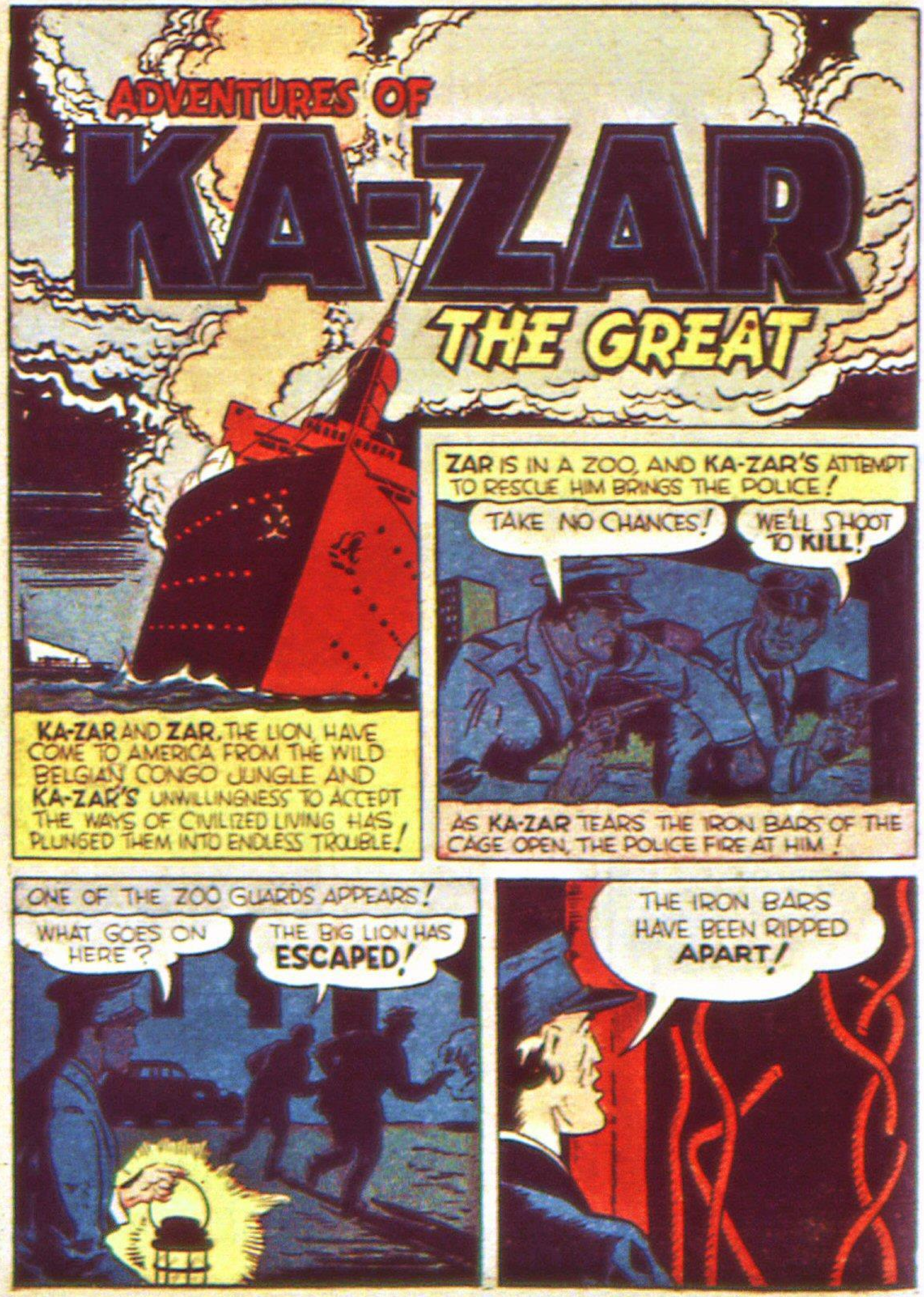

PERHAPS THIS WILL MAKE YOU REMEMBER THE IRON-MAN FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
THE KING TOSSES A BOMB AND **ELECTRO'S** PROTECTIVE FILM BURSTS! ZOG'S CONTROL OVER THE WONDER-ROBOT IS BROKEN AGAIN!!
ZOG, I CAN USE YOUR IRON-MAN. JOIN ME OR I'LL DESTROY HIM!
YOU WIN. EXPECT ME IN TWO DAYS.
UP ON THE SURFACE—
— BUT ZOG HAS NO SUCH INTENTION. INSTEAD A DANGEROUS PLAN HAS FORMED IN HIS MIND! HE INTENDS TO PERSONALLY DESCEND INTO THE SAVAGE UNDER-REGIONS OF THE DREADFUL ONEES!! WHAT WILL BE HIS FATE? WILL HIS BRAVERY RESULT IN VICTORY OVER THIS QUEER RACE OF MONSTERS, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH? — OR — IS HE TO MEET A TERRIBLE DEATH?
MY COUNTRY-MEN, I HAVE NO INTENTION TO JOIN THE ONEES, AS MY ENEMIES CHARGE. MY PLAN IS TO FIND THE NATURE OF THEIR TERRIBLE SUCTION FORCE SO THAT **ELECTRO** CAN DESTROY THEIR ENTIRE FACTORY!
ZOG DESCENDS IN HIS STRANGE CRAFT.
THERE HE GOES!
LATER— ZOG IS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FIERCE ONEES
UNTIL I'M POSITIVE OF YOUR LOYALTY, YOU'LL BE UNDER GUARD. IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, MY SECRET RAY CAN SUCK YOUR SHIP BACK TO ME! THAT IS ALL!
ONE THING PUZZLES ME. — WHY DO YOU NEED DARKNESS TO CONQUER THE EARTH?

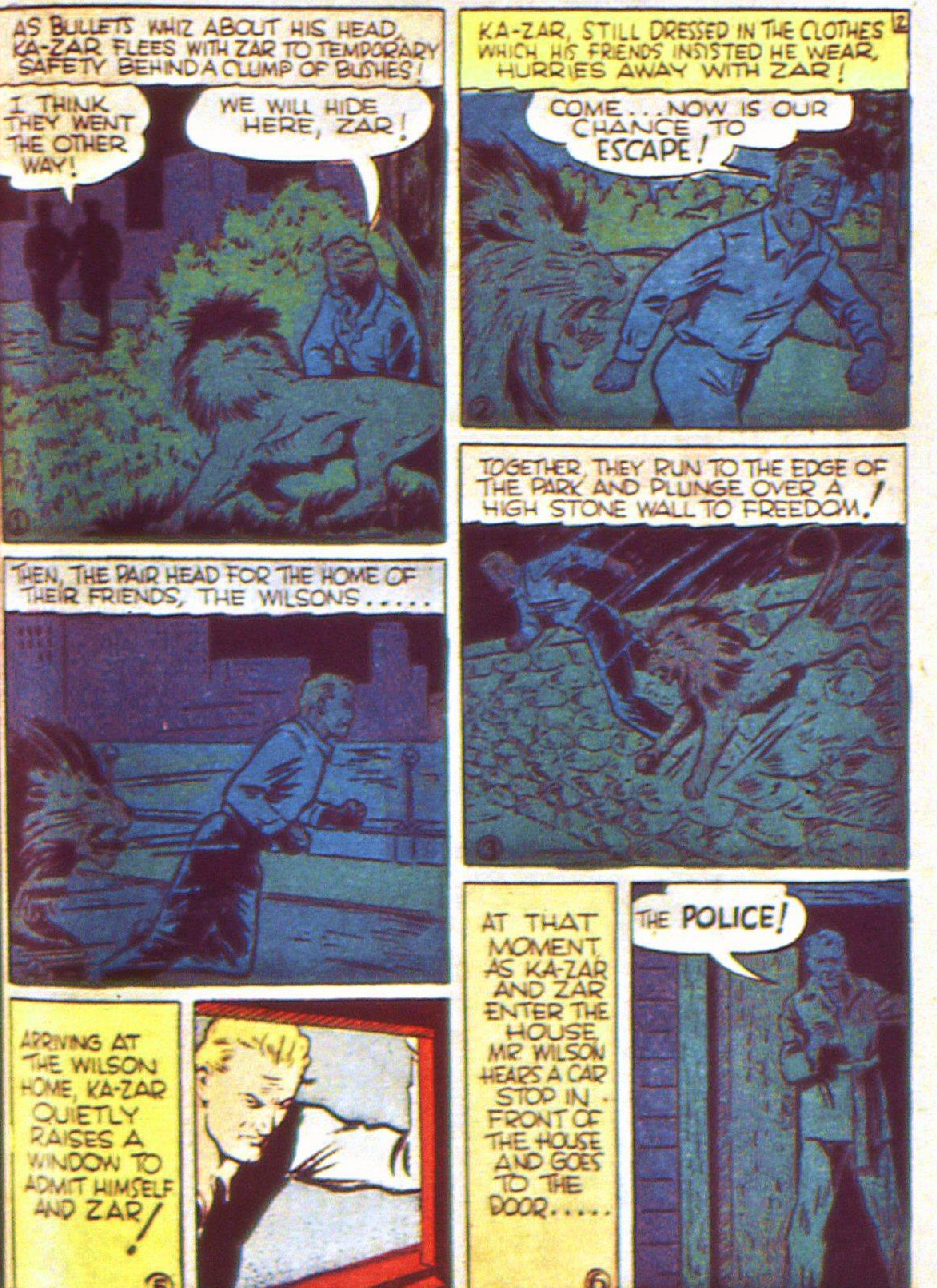

WITHOUT ANSWERING, THE KING ENTERS A BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED ROOM -- THE ONEES FLEE
THIS IS STRANGE!
SUDDENLY, ZOG TURNS HIS FLASH-LIGHT ON THE ONEES, THEY SCREAM IN TERROR
E-E-E!
NOW I UNDERSTAND! THE ONEES CANNOT STAND WHITE LIGHT! -- BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HARM THE KING!
HE OPENS THE DOOR -- A BLINDING LIGHT!
CLOSE THE DOOR, YOU FOOL! THE WHITE LIGHT OF THE SUCTION-RAY WILL DESTROY MY PEOPLE!
ZOG FLINGS A CAPSULE-BOMB -- THE RAY-MACHINE IS TOTALLY DEMOLISHED!!
-BUT THE KING IS UNHURT AND HE TWINES VICE-LIKE TALONS AROUND ZOG'S THROAT!
I WILL KILL YOU, TRAITOR!
IF I CAN ONLY OPERATE ELECTRO IN TIME!
AN ELECTRO CONTROL-MACHINE IS STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST
FRANTICALLY ZOG TWIRLS THE DIALS WHICH SET ELECTRO INTO MOTION!
THE GENERATOR ROARS -- MIGHTY POWER IS PRODUCED -- ELECTRO ADVANCES!
ZOO-MM


WHAT TH'—?! HERE COMES THE BLASTED IRON-MAN!
WITH GREAT STRIDES THE WONDER-ROBOT CHARGES AND ---
-THE KING FLEES!
ZOG MAY THINK HE HAS THE UPPER HAND— -BUT I'LL DESTROY BOTH HIM AND HIS ROBOT!
PULLING A SWITCH HE RELEASES A GIANT STEEL BLOCK ON A PISTON!
THIS WILL SMASH YOU!
CRASH!
HAW! NOW WHO IS THE WINNER?
WITH A TREMENDOUS IMPACT THE BLOCK STRIKES THE IRON-MAN HURLING HIM INTO MID-AIR!
ELECTRO IS PINNED AGAINST THE WALL.. THE PRESSURE GROWS TERRIFIC!!
-BUT TITANIC SUPER-POWER IS RELEASED WITHIN THE WONDER-ROBOT!
ZOOM!
THE MASSIVE BLOCK IS HURLED AT THE TERRIFIED KING!!
EE-OWW! HELP!

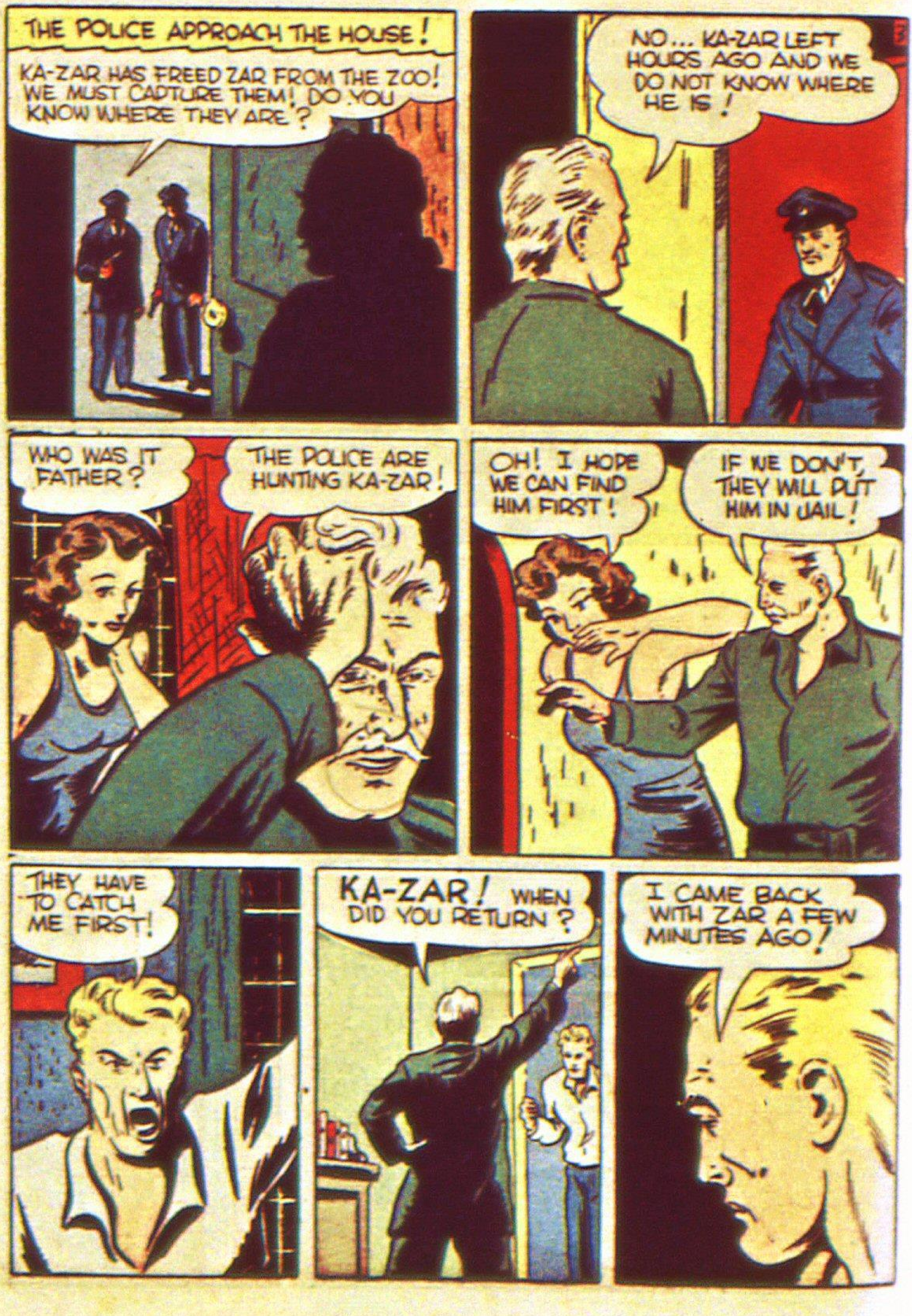

LET ME GO! HELP HELP!
RELEASE ME, YOU MONSTER! – ZOG WILL PAY FOR THIS... – I'LL TORTURE HIM--- I'LL – -- I'LL - !
INTO HIS OWN FIERY FURNACE GOES THE CRUEL KING OF THE ONEES!
BOARDING HIS SUB-SURFACE SHIP, ZOG LEAVES THE FACTORY... ELECTRO IS WITH HIM. TAKING AIM, HE FIRES HIS CAPSULE-BOMB CANNON!
THE ONEES' FACTORY WILL NOT WITHSTAND THESE CAPSULE-BOMBS!
THE TERRIFIC BLAST SHATTERS THE FACTORY.
AND HURLS THE SHIP UP THROUGH THE CHASM.
MY STARS! I DIDN'T THINK THIS COULD HAPPEN!
IF I CANNOT GAIN CONTROL OF THIS SHIP AT ONCE ELECTRO WILL BE LOST TO HUMANITY!
7

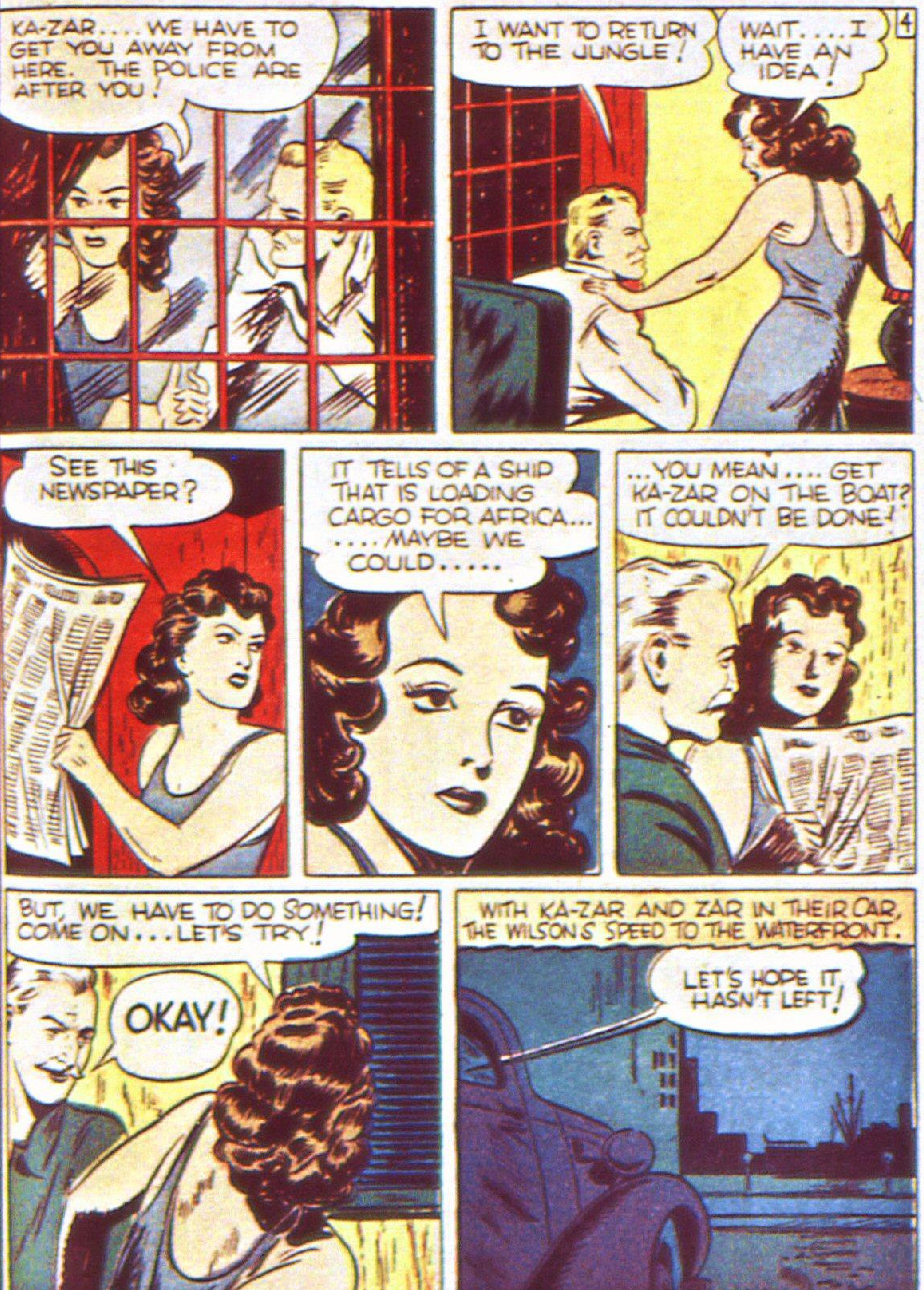

MISSING DESTRUCTION BY INCHES THE SUB-SURFACE SHIP ZOOMS INTO DAYLIGHT AND . . .
- THE CHASM SIMULTANEOUSLY CAVES IN !
THANK HEAVENS ! I'VE REGAINED CONTROL ONCE MORE !
ZOG IS TRIUMPHANTLY CARRIED INTO FAIRBANKS !
HURRAH FOR ZOG!
THREE CHEERS FOR ELECTRO!
FAIRBANKS HAS BEEN SAVED!
LONG LIVE THE PROFESSOR!
LATER - - IN THE HOTEL FAIRBANKS . . .
A LONG-DISTANCE CALL FOR YOU FROM TITAN CITY, PROFESSOR ZOG.
THANK YOU, BOY.
THIS IS ZOG SPEAKING . .
HELLO-HELLO! THIS IS THE MAYOR OF TITAN CITY - - - SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING HERE !! -
CAN YOU BRING ELECTRO HERE AT ONCE ?! TITAN CITY IS THREATENED BY THE HORRIBLE GREEN TERROR !
I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN !
TO BE CONTINUED
WHAT CAN THE GREEN TERROR BE?
WHAT GREAT DANGER AWAITS ZOG AND ELECTRO ? WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

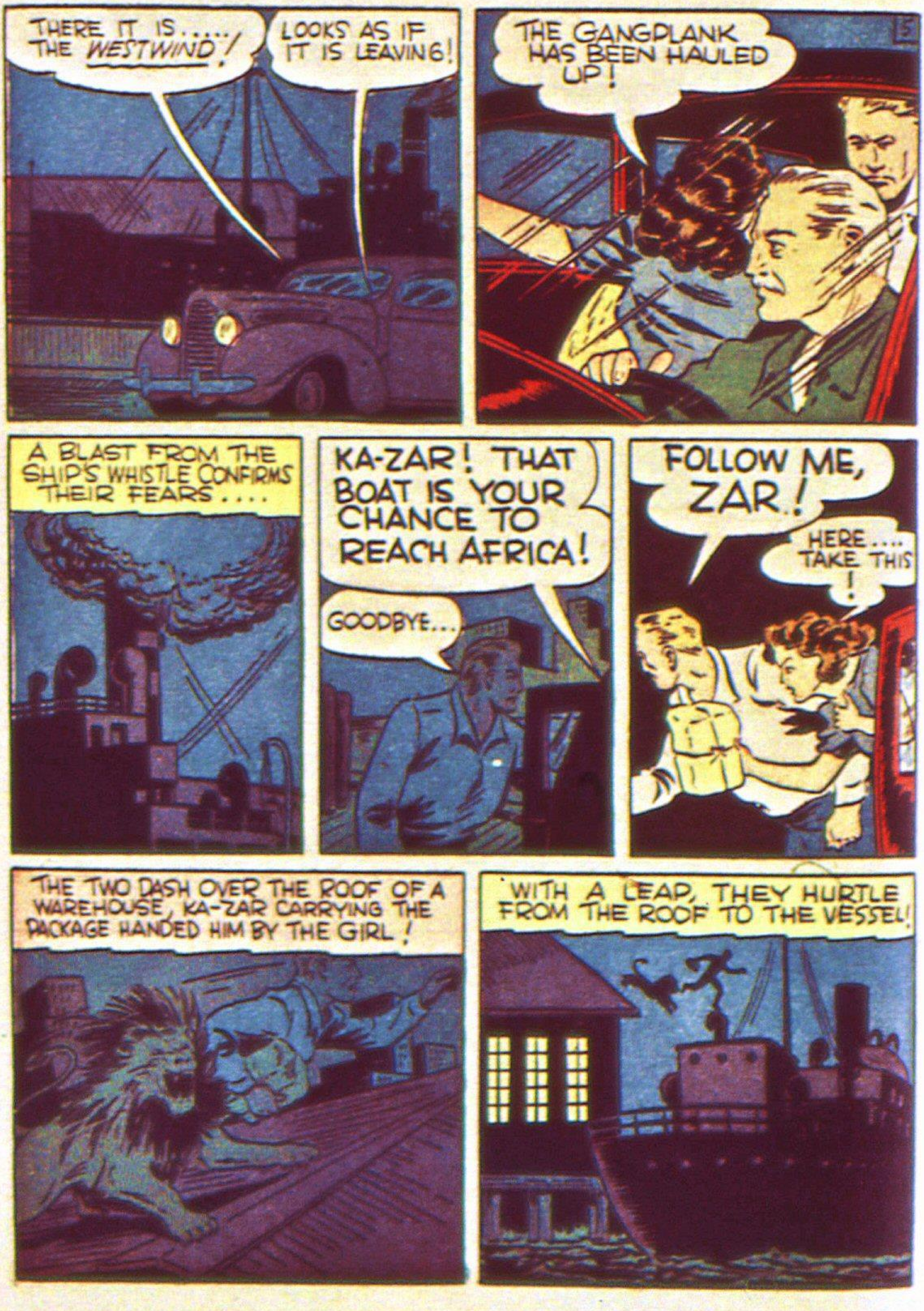

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
KA-ZAR AND ZAR, THE LION, HAVE COME TO AMERICA FROM THE WILD BELGIAN CONGO JUNGLE AND KA-ZAR'S UNWILLINGNESS TO ACCEPT THE WAYS OF CIVILIZED LIVING HAS PLUNGED THEM INTO ENDLESS TROUBLE!
ZAR IS IN A ZOO, AND KA-ZAR'S ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM BRINGS THE POLICE!
TAKE NO CHANCES!
WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL!
AS KA-ZAR TEARS THE IRON BARS OF THE CAGE OPEN, THE POLICE FIRE AT HIM!
ONE OF THE ZOO GUARDS APPEARS!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?
THE BIG LION HAS ESCAPED!
THE IRON BARS HAVE BEEN RIPPED APART!

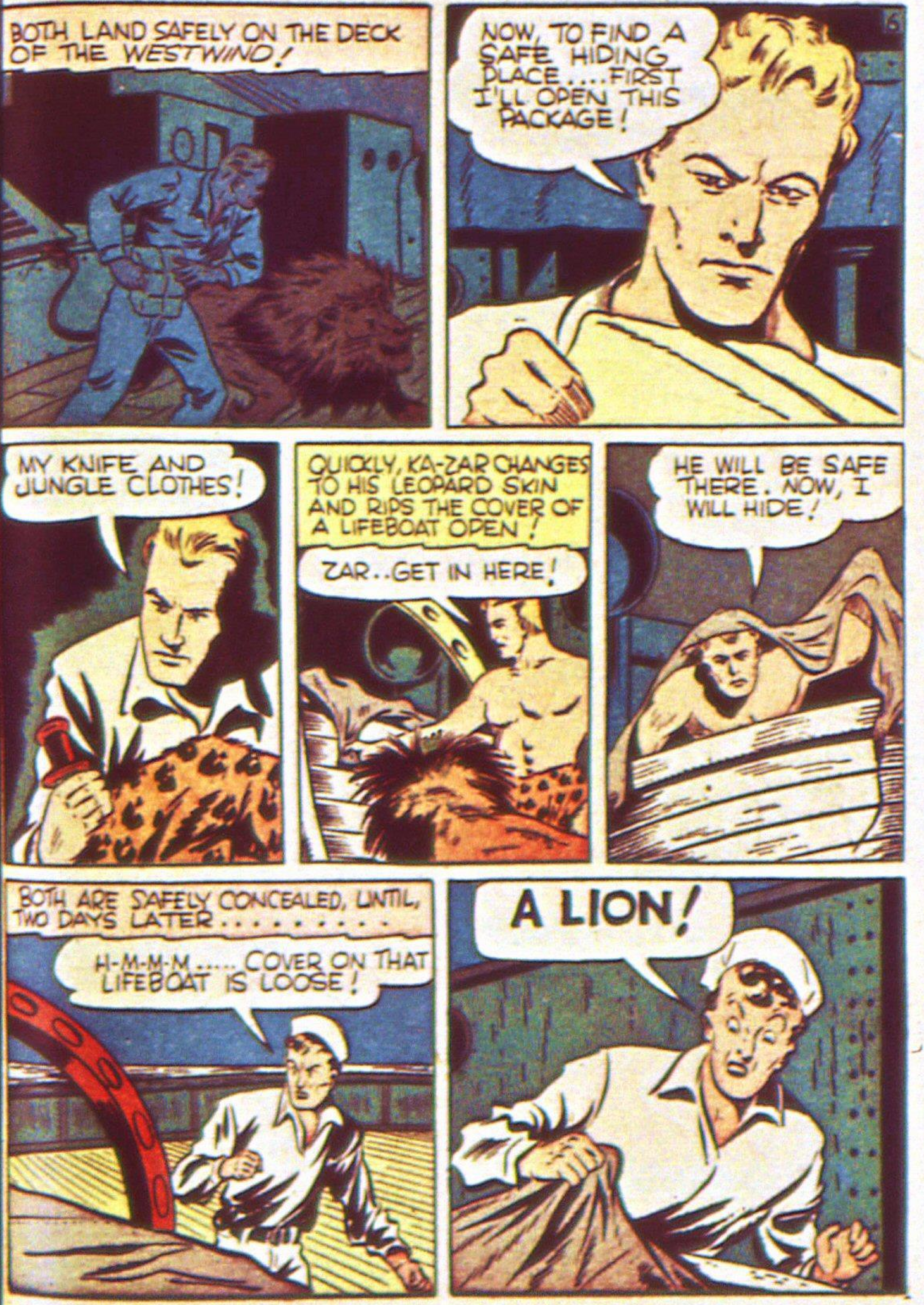


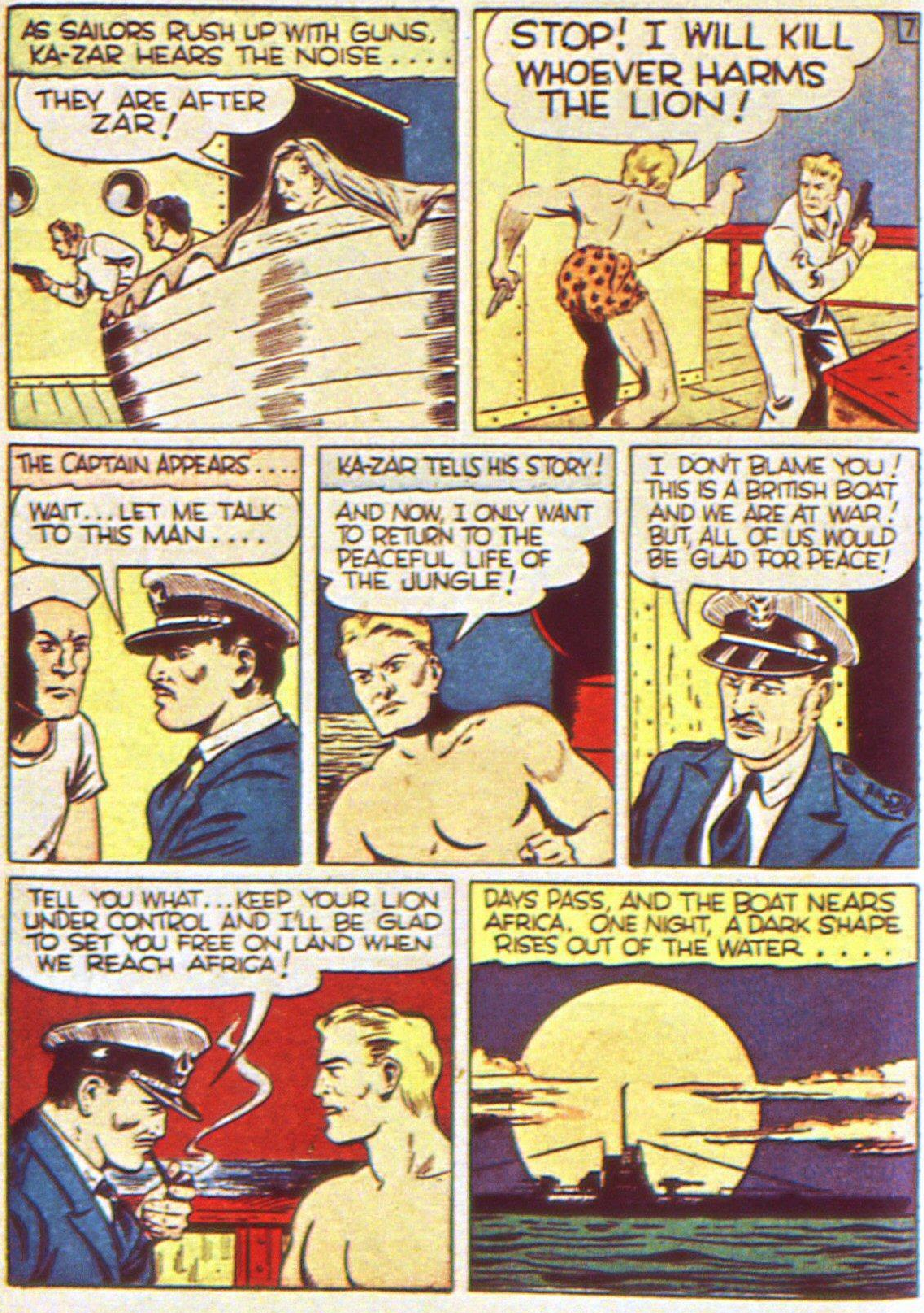
AS BULLETS WHIZ ABOUT HIS HEAD, KA-ZAR FLEES WITH ZAR TO TEMPORARY SAFETY BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES!
I THINK THEY WENT THE OTHER WAY!
WE WILL HIDE HERE, ZAR!
KA-ZAR, STILL DRESSED IN THE CLOTHES WHICH HIS FRIENDS INSISTED HE WEAR, HURRIES AWAY WITH ZAR!
COME...NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
TOGETHER, THEY RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE PARK AND PLUNGE OVER A HIGH STONE WALL TO FREEDOM!
THEN, THE PAIR HEAD FOR THE HOME OF THEIR FRIENDS, THE WILSONS.....
ARRIVING AT THE WILSON HOME, KA-ZAR QUIETLY RAISES A WINDOW TO ADMIT HIMSELF AND ZAR!
AT THAT MOMENT, AS KA-ZAR AND ZAR ENTER THE HOUSE, MR WILSON HEARS A CAR STOP IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND GOES TO THE DOOR.....
THE POLICE!

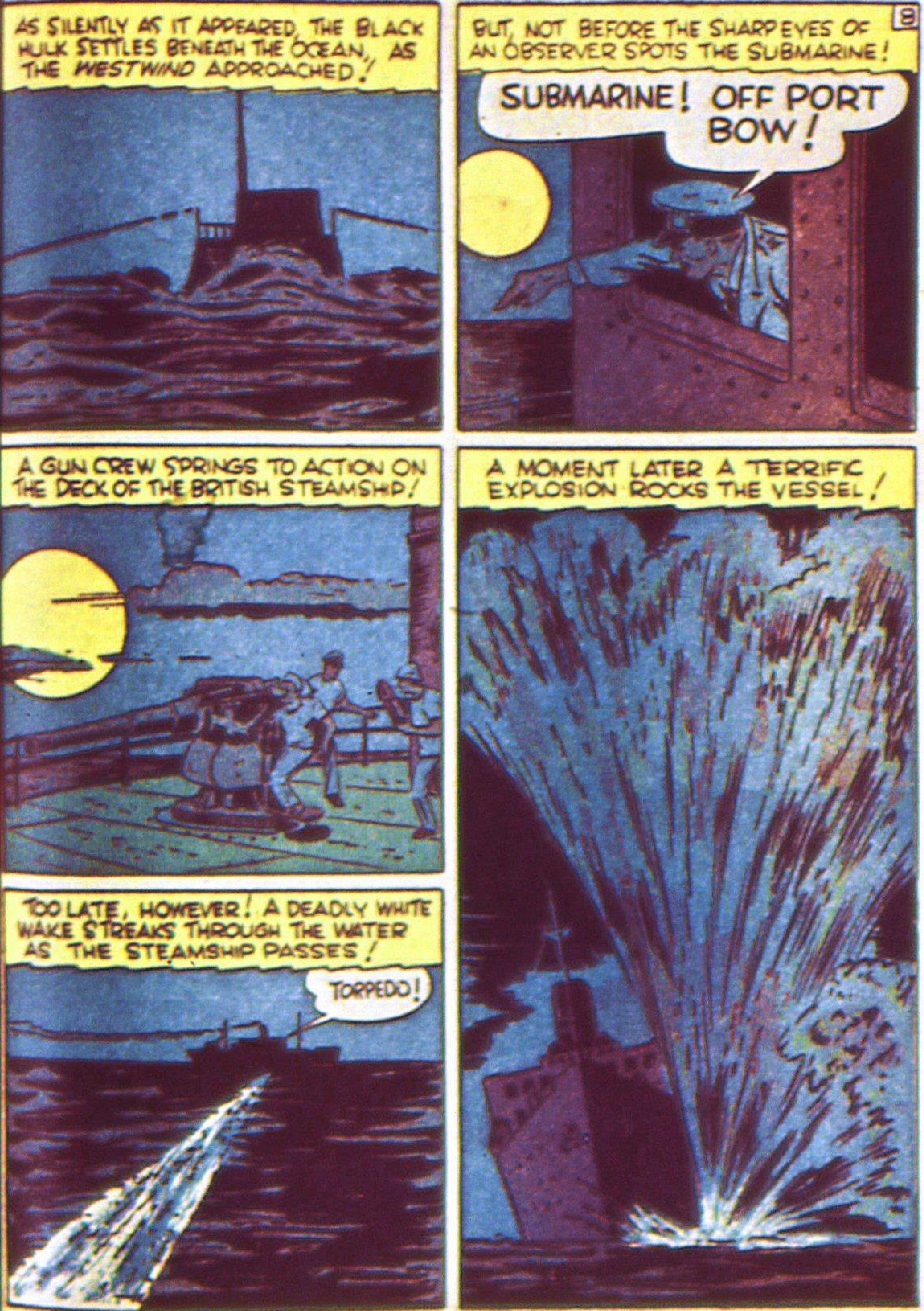

THE POLICE APPROACH THE HOUSE!
KA-ZAR HAS FREED ZAR FROM THE ZOO! WE MUST CAPTURE THEM! DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?
NO... KA-ZAR LEFT HOURS AGO AND WE DO NOT KNOW WHERE HE IS!
WHO WAS IT FATHER?
THE POLICE ARE HUNTING KA-ZAR!
OH! I HOPE WE CAN FIND HIM FIRST!
IF WE DON'T, THEY WILL PUT HIM IN JAIL!
THEY HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!
KA-ZAR! WHEN DID YOU RETURN?
I CAME BACK WITH ZAR A FEW MINUTES AGO!

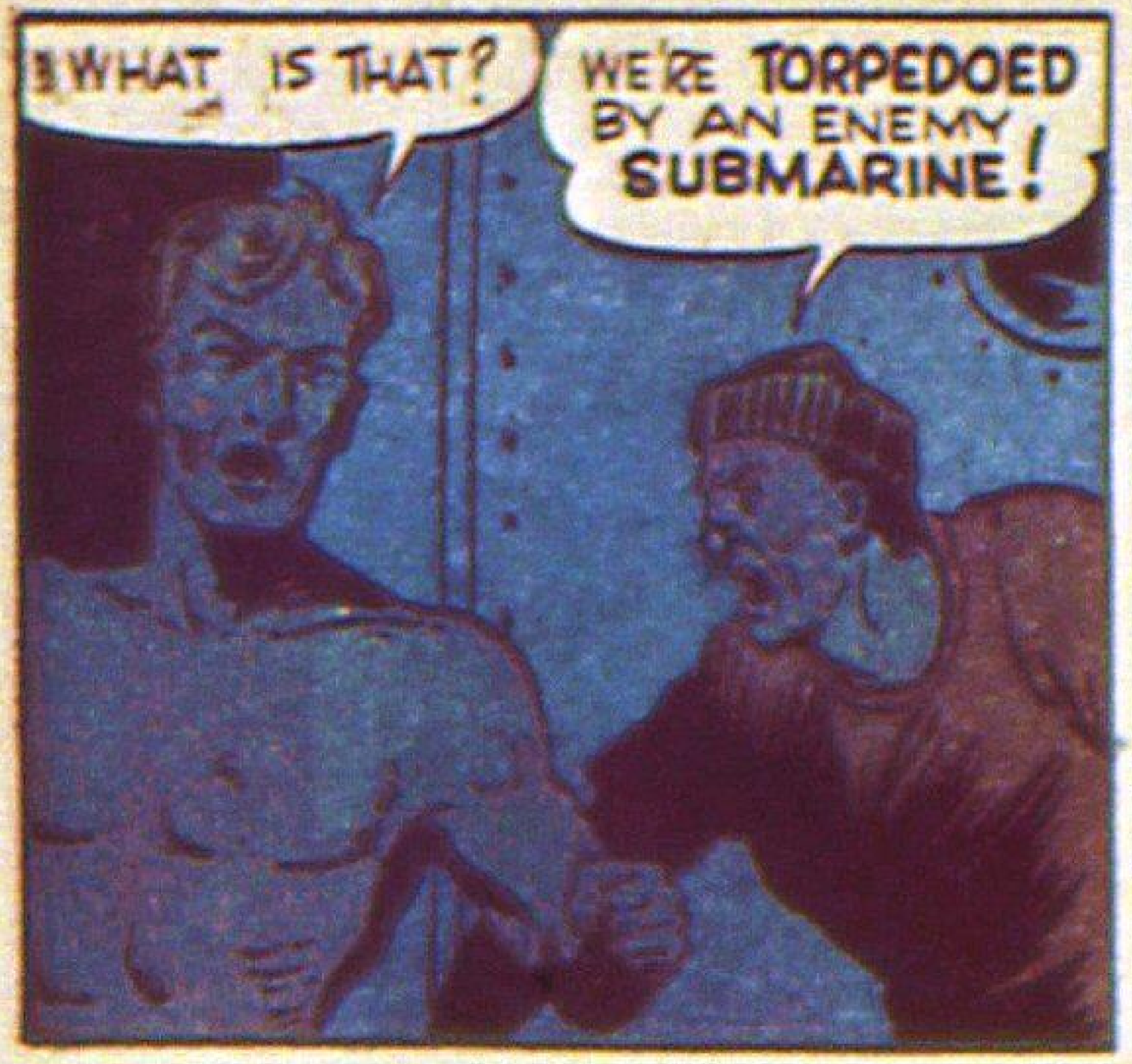

4
KA-ZAR.... WE HAVE TO GET YOU AWAY FROM HERE. THE POLICE ARE AFTER YOU!
I WANT TO RETURN TO THE JUNGLE!
WAIT.... I HAVE AN IDEA!
SEE THIS NEWSPAPER?
IT TELLS OF A SHIP THAT IS LOADING CARGO FOR AFRICA... ....MAYBE WE COULD.....
...YOU MEAN.... GET KA-ZAR ON THE BOAT? IT COULDN'T BE DONE!
BUT, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! COME ON... LET'S TRY!
OKAY!
WITH KA-ZAR AND ZAR IN THEIR CAR, THE WILSONS SPEED TO THE WATERFRONT.
LET'S HOPE IT HASN'T LEFT!

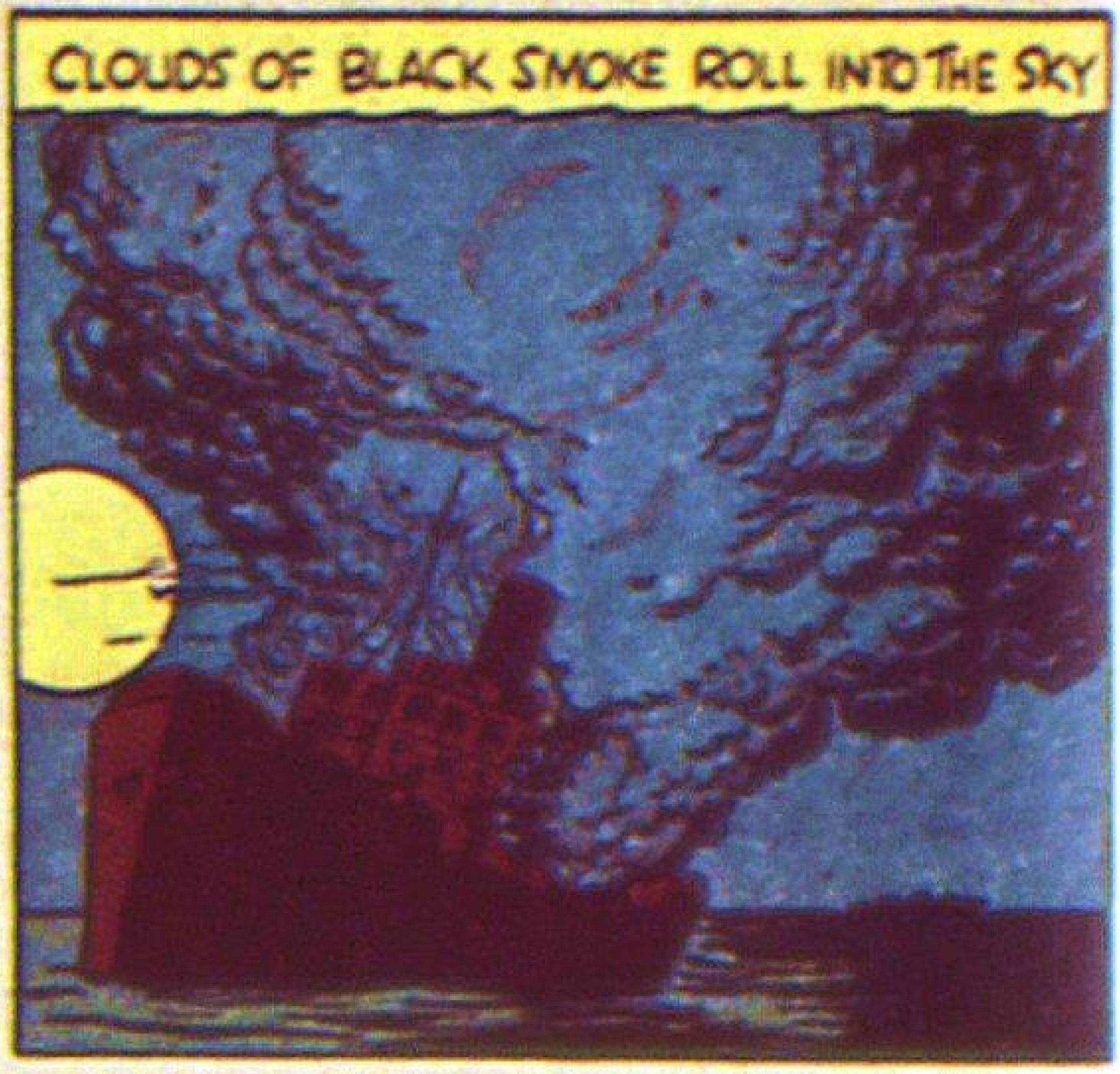

THERE IT IS..... THE WESTWIND!
LOOKS AS IF IT IS LEAVING!
THE GANGPLANK HAS BEEN HAULED UP!
A BLAST FROM THE SHIP'S WHISTLE CONFIRMS THEIR FEARS....
KA-ZAR! THAT BOAT IS YOUR CHANCE TO REACH AFRICA!
GOODBYE...
FOLLOW ME, ZAR!
HERE.... TAKE THIS!
THE TWO DASH OVER THE ROOF OF A WAREHOUSE, KA-ZAR CARRYING THE PACKAGE HANDED HIM BY THE GIRL!
WITH A LEAP, THEY HURTLE FROM THE ROOF TO THE VESSEL!

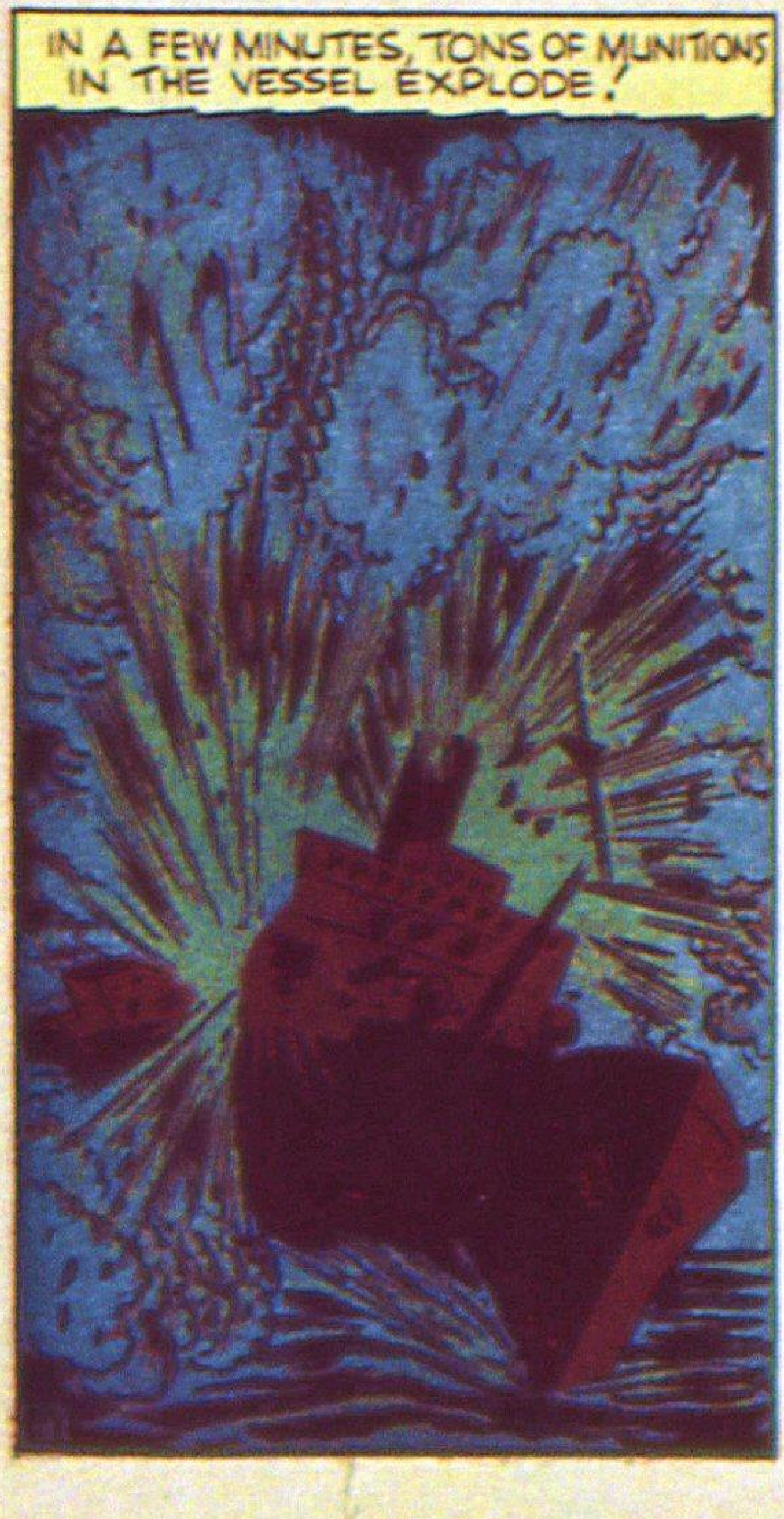

BOTH LAND SAFELY ON THE DECK OF THE *WESTWIND*!
NOW, TO FIND A SAFE HIDING PLACE.....FIRST I'LL OPEN THIS PACKAGE!
MY KNIFE AND JUNGLE CLOTHES!
QUICKLY, KA-ZAR CHANGES TO HIS LEOPARD SKIN AND RIPS THE COVER OF A LIFEBOAT OPEN!
ZAR..GET IN HERE!
HE WILL BE SAFE THERE. NOW, I WILL HIDE!
BOTH ARE SAFELY CONCEALED, UNTIL, TWO DAYS LATER..........
H-M-M-M..... COVER ON THAT LIFEBOAT IS LOOSE!
A LION!

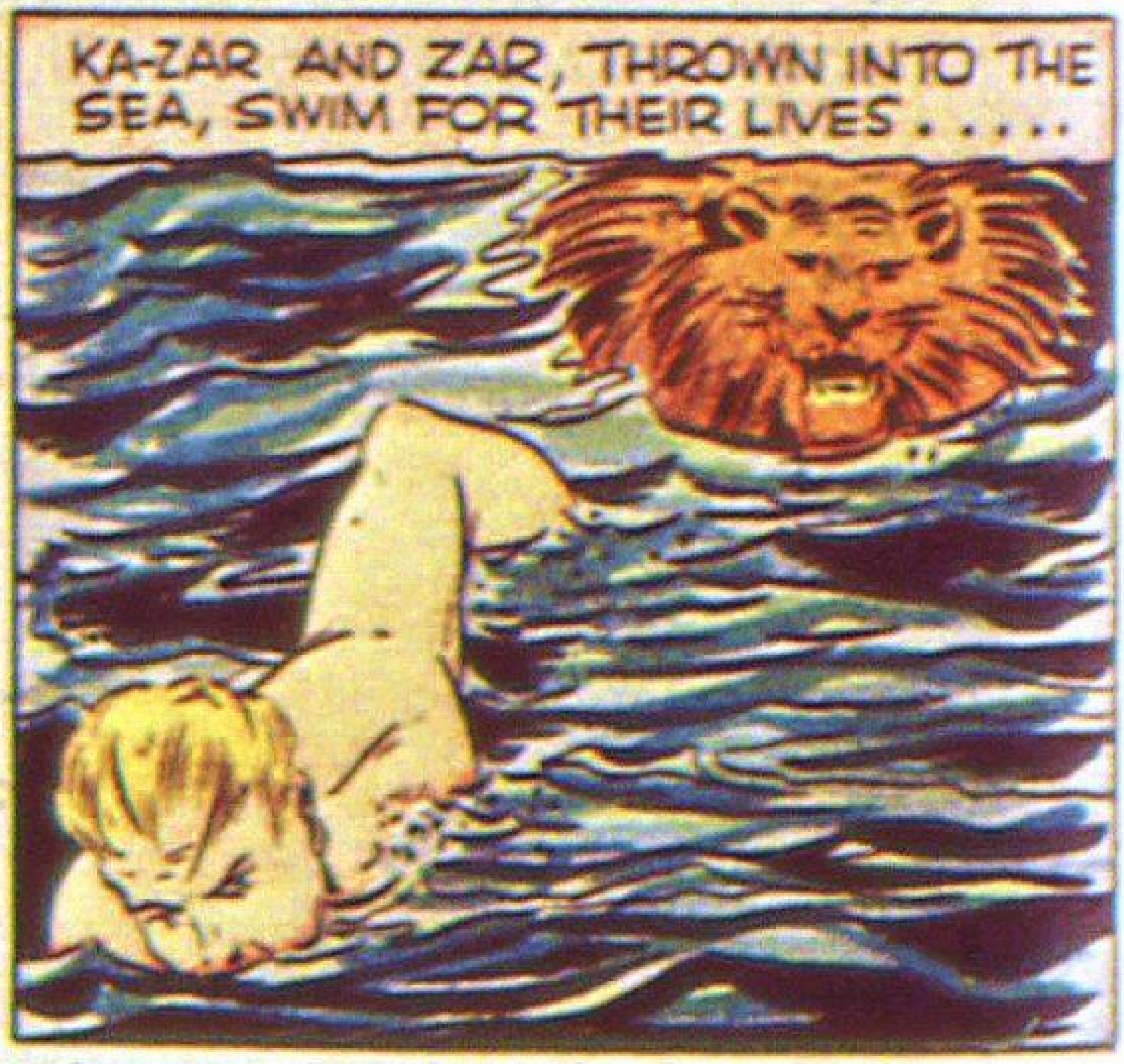

AS SAILORS RUSH UP WITH GUNS, KA-ZAR HEARS THE NOISE....
THEY ARE AFTER ZAR!
STOP! I WILL KILL WHOEVER HARMS THE LION!
THE CAPTAIN APPEARS....
WAIT... LET ME TALK TO THIS MAN....
KA-ZAR TELLS HIS STORY!
AND NOW, I ONLY WANT TO RETURN TO THE PEACEFUL LIFE OF THE JUNGLE!
I DON'T BLAME YOU! THIS IS A BRITISH BOAT, AND WE ARE AT WAR! BUT, ALL OF US WOULD BE GLAD FOR PEACE!
TELL YOU WHAT... KEEP YOUR LION UNDER CONTROL AND I'LL BE GLAD TO SET YOU FREE ON LAND WHEN WE REACH AFRICA!
DAYS PASS, AND THE BOAT NEARS AFRICA. ONE NIGHT, A DARK SHAPE RISES OUT OF THE WATER....

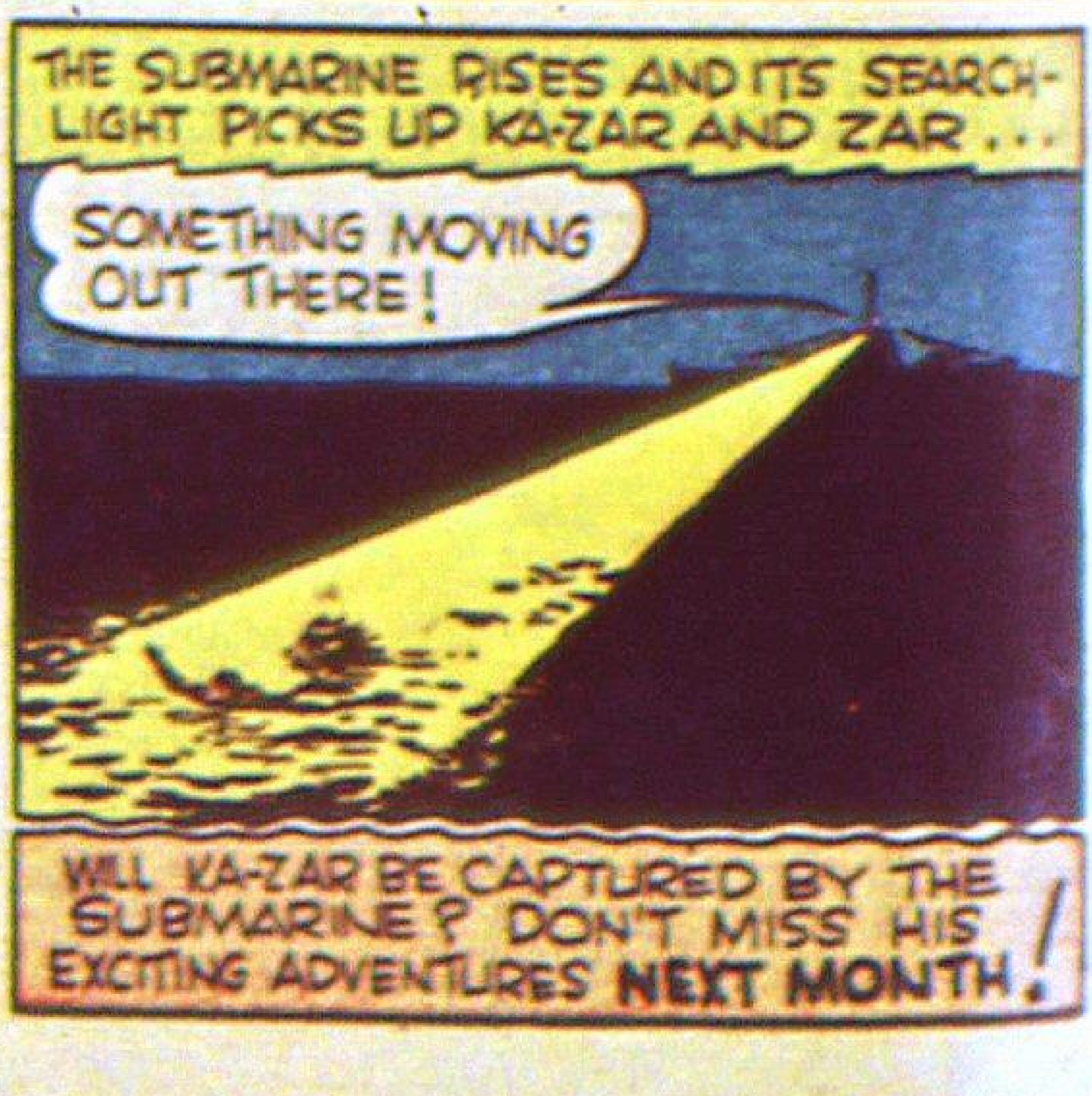

8
AS SILENTLY AS IT APPEARED, THE BLACK HULK SETTLES BENEATH THE OCEAN, AS THE WESTWIND APPROACHED!
BUT, NOT BEFORE THE SHARP EYES OF AN OBSERVER SPOTS THE SUBMARINE!
SUBMARINE! OFF PORT BOW!
A GUN CREW SPRINGS TO ACTION ON THE DECK OF THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP!
TOO LATE, HOWEVER! A DEADLY WHITE WAKE STREAKS THROUGH THE WATER AS THE STEAMSHIP PASSES!
TORPEDO!
A MOMENT LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE VESSEL!


WHAT IS THAT?
WE'RE TORPEDOED BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE!


CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE ROLL INTO THE SKY


IN A FEW MINUTES, TONS OF MUNITIONS IN THE VESSEL EXPLODE!


KA-ZAR AND ZAR, THROWN INTO THE SEA, SWIM FOR THEIR LIVES.....


THE SUBMARINE RISES AND ITS SEARCH-LIGHT PICKS UP KA-ZAR AND ZAR...
SOMETHING MOVING OUT THERE!
WILL KA-ZAR BE CAPTURED BY THE SUBMARINE? DON'T MISS HIS EXCITING ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH!

BOYS! GIRLS! *Enjoy*

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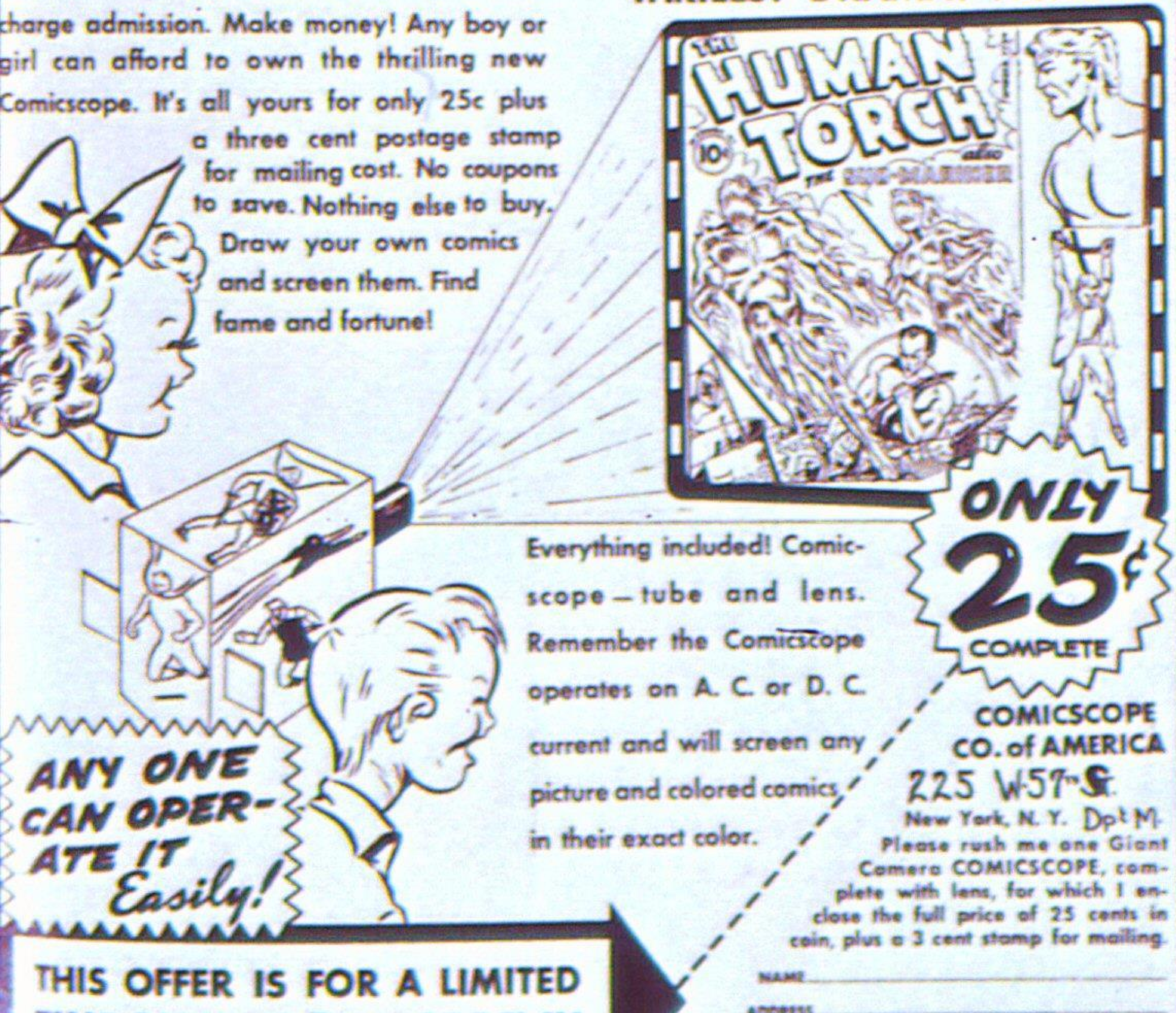

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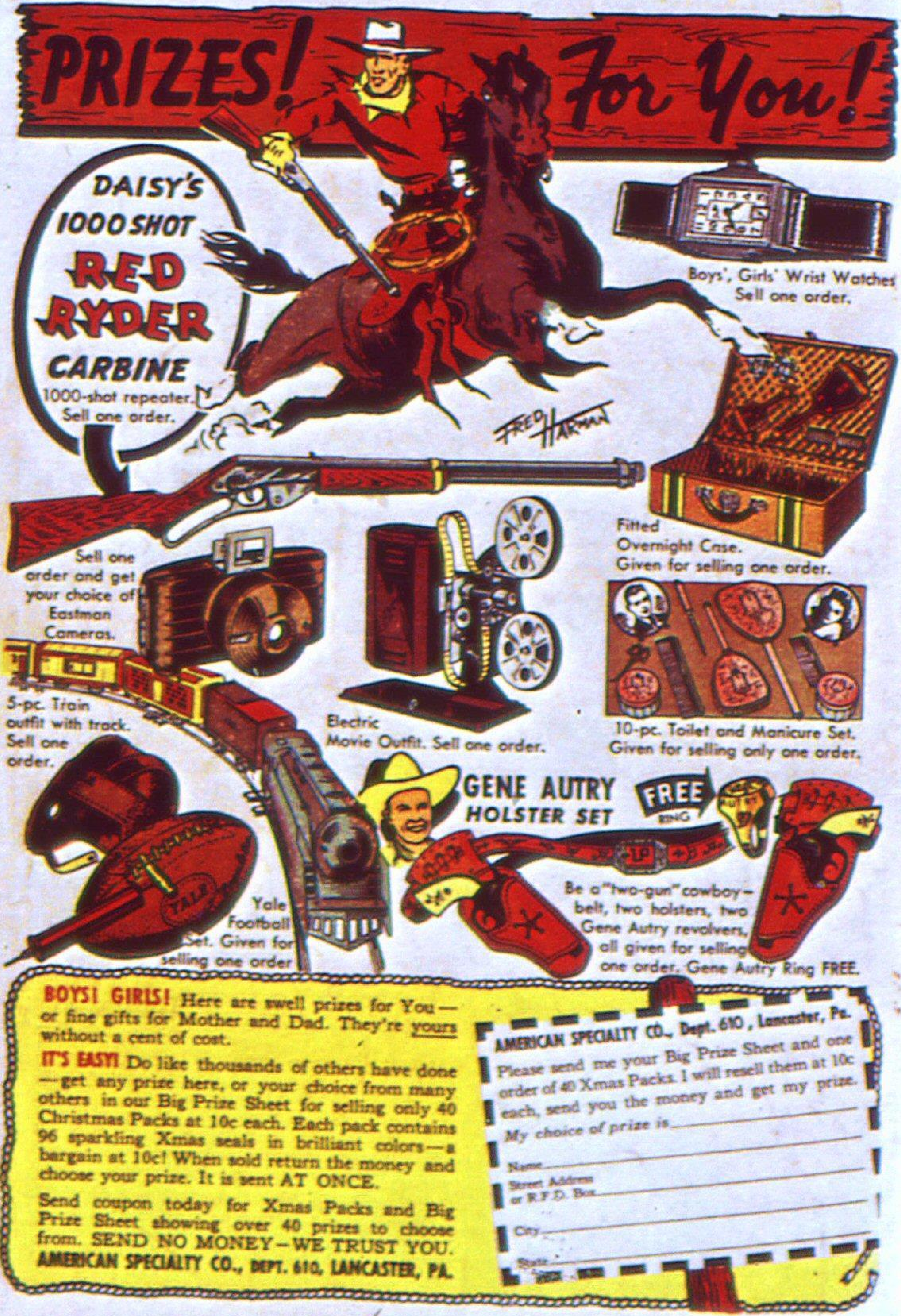

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